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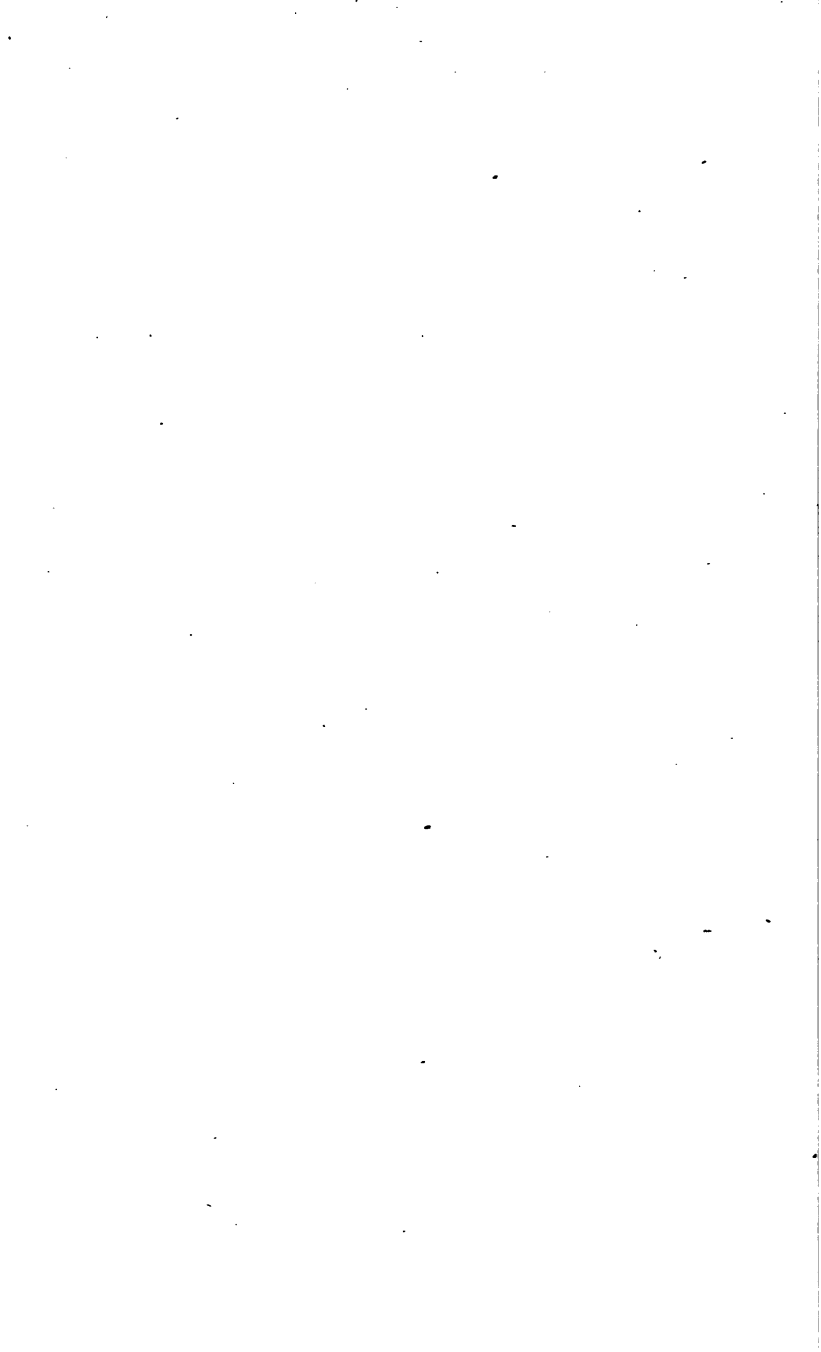
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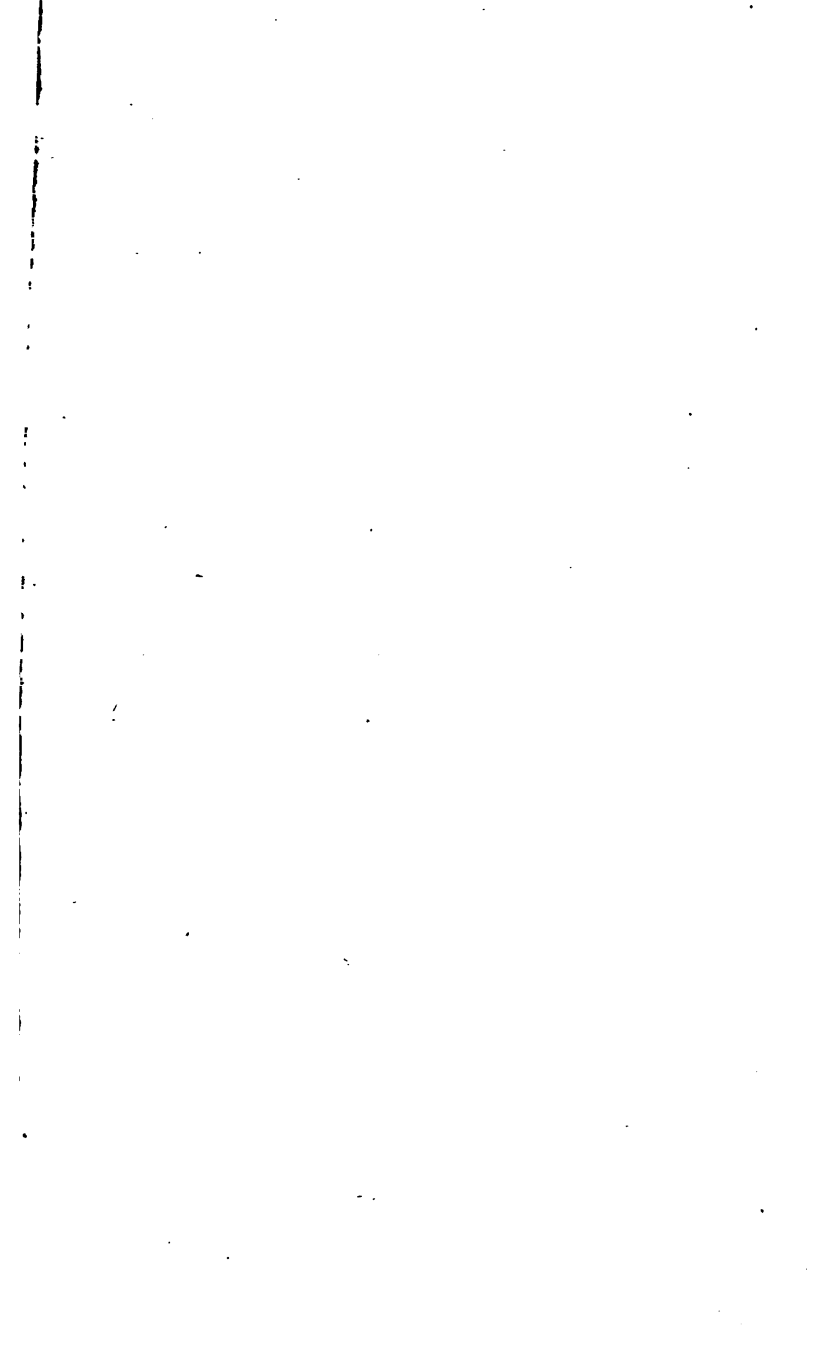
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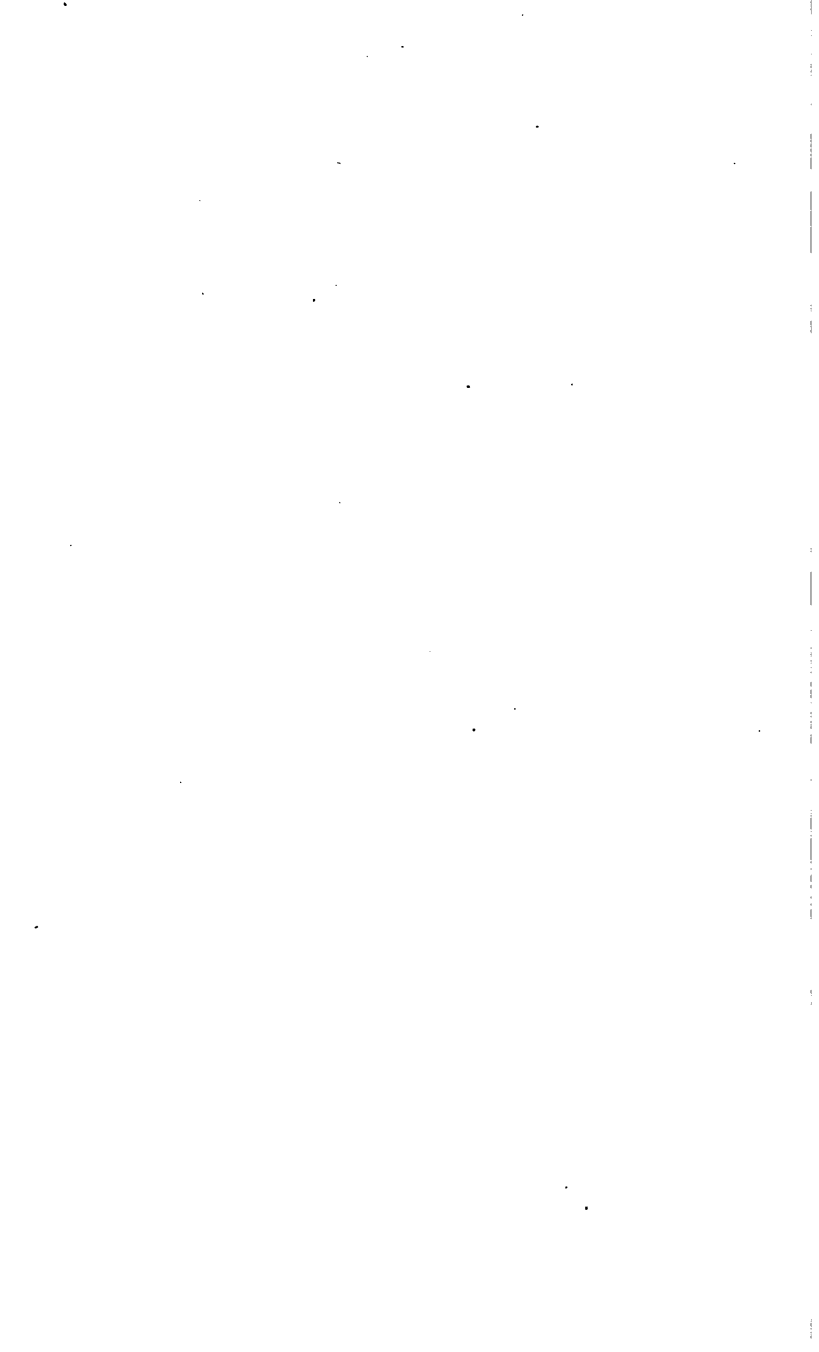
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INSIDE OUT:

A CURIOUS BOOK.

BY

A SINGULAR MAN.

By Samuel M. Francis, M.D.

See first that the design is wise and just:
That ascertained, pursue it resolutely.
Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.—SHAKESPEARE.

NEW YORK:

MILLER, MATHEWS & CLASBACK, PUBLISHERS,
757 BROADWAY.

1862.

A L 1584. 8. 15

1863. Sept. 21

Left

Mrs Caroline Easton (Pabody)
of Cambridge.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862,

By MILLER, MATHEWS & CLASBACK,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

JOHN F. TROW,

PRINTER, STEREOTYPED, AND ELECTROTYPED,
50 Greene Street, New York.

DEDICATION.



THIS work is respectfully dedicated to the first young lady who can, truthfully, assert that she has read from title page to colophon without SKIPPING.

Such is the determination of

THE AUTHOR.



INTRODUCTION.



May Fortune with returning smiles now bless
Afflicted worth, and impious pride depress!

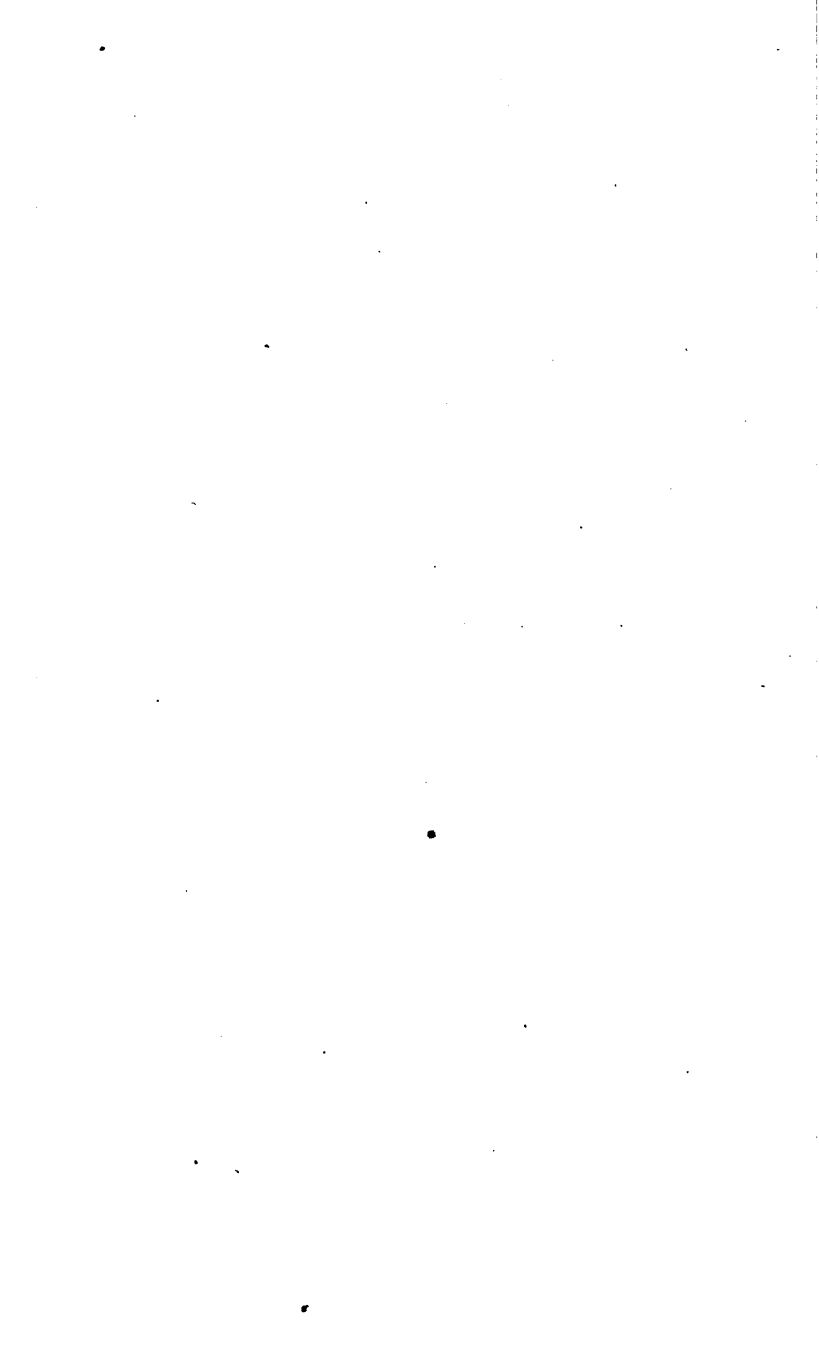
HORACE.



P R E F A C E .

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit.—GAL. v. 17.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth ..
nothing.—JOHN vi. 63.





INSIDE OUT.



CHAPTER I.

"Where care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths
Round the gay ceiling flies."—HORACE,
per WARREN HASTINGS.

IN a large and spacious room, hung round with mystic thoughts and permeated by a softened light, reclined a man, employing, in his elegant ease, three articles of furniture : a sofa for support and comfort ; a velvet chair for his pet leg ; an ottoman, ranging at an obtuse angle, to break the fall of the other extremity, as it slowly glided off the satin couch, and, with its perfect model of a foot, graciously descended upon a temporary throne. His right arm curved, with the beauty of a listless playfulness, over the cushioned side of the elaborate sofa ; and, with its dimpled hand affectionately coaxed the curly, rounded head to sweet repose. The left marked time, upon his nether

limb, to some slow, gradually developing thought, that seemed unsettled and unfixed : now hovering around his vivid mind, and now beclouding that clear, healthy visage, which looked as if no sorrow dared, or, if courageous, could possess the heart to ruffle, for a moment, that calm, peaceful sense of innate strength of purpose, intellect and self-rectitude.

An easy dress, of Derby make, loose, fitting well, and in perfect harmony with the outline and appearance of the youth, rested, as it were, against the wearer, as if trained to cause no effort to the still reflecting cogitant. It served only to protect his delicately formed proportions from the invidious elements, at present fiercely striving to obtain an ingress through the roaring chimney ; where they met hot-headed sentinels in the midst of battle-smoke, scaling the steep, sooty mountains to engage in open conflict with a world of snow, good Santa Claus presiding.

That personage was in a room ; that room was in a house ; that house conspicuous in a most frequented and admired avenue ; that avenue the finest in the city ; and that city the best and worst in a noble country, falsely named America.

As we sit and take a mental inventory of the

proud possessor and his riches near him, we are forced to enter on our pleasing task with a calm deliberateness, tempered by a genial glow of suffused contentment at having found within a chamber, occupied by fashion, the two laws of ancient happiness, *το κάλον*, influenced by the healthy sentiment of Aristotle, *μηδεν ἄγαν*, "do nothing to excess." If there be anything oppressively distressing to a refined organization, it is either the squandering of one who does not appreciate his valuable possessions, be they thoughts or money ; or the waste of rich material as seen in a fat saint who, with half her size, could make two worthy Christians. And the same rule holds good with setting a dinner table, helping a guest and not piling up a sacrifice to appetite ; or choking the outlets of a drawing-room with rich conceitedly staring, brocade chairs, that move for no one, and yet possess a clean and etiquettical dignity that makes one think before he sits, and sitting, think before he rises ; or loading alabaster fingers, that cannot be improved upon by man, with gaudy brilliants that attract and distract by their multiplied and variously located charms, which, well enough alone, are like a mixed and confused light, from all four corners of the globe, at variance with an artist's taste ;

each radiation, though reflecting its own special beauty, casting a dark shadow on the others ; and all, in due proportion, leave a dull, revolving sense of splendor shaken-up and, with its liquid magnificence, not allowed repose sufficient to settle down to one clear crystal of a spotless elegance. There is another sentiment or law which, when applied to woman, mellows light and softens, as a soothing chord in music. It touches feelings quietly responsive to all strains of deeper meaning.

One, of experience, has remarked that she is best dressed who reminds you least of individual apparel. Let her be like well-mixed colors, forming one calm, glowing, kept down, latent tint of refined taste. A well made cake should not be overdone with sugar, eggs or butter. The partaker of a properly apportioned dish should feel within that this is one most truthful, delicate suggestor to the nerves of taste, so that the analytic mind of the follower of Epicurus is merged, unheedingly, into a synthetical total of focal enjoyment. The three most difficult things to do in this world—oh ! strange law of compensation—are the three most often done, namely : to walk, dress, and eat. And yet how few there are who can go through life's rounds with a measured, dig-

nified demeanor, and not betray some characteristics sufficiently conspicuous for ridicule? How few adorn their persons with a view or care to follow out the dictates of their forms, outline, style, expression? And, *horribile dictu!* how fewest of all few eat, masticate, or chew, with that decorum which a Chesterfield admired and a Johnson never knew?

Now there exists eminently, in the human voice, face, walk, manner of dressing, eating and utterance, one text peculiar to each individual which may, with a philosophic terseness and laconic brevity, be termed expression. And it is thus we would speak, without more verbiage, of the deeds and actions of mankind all recognizable by their own expression. In furnishing an apartment for the fashionable world to contemplate with wonder and amazement, the parvenu seeks to overload each chamber with all the splendor it can carry, a sure proof of an inherent want of delicacy. I myself, autotatos, have seen a ceiling groaning, in a loud and gorgeous house of one of our richest citizens, with the heavy, thick clotted wealth of advertising competency. Now this is neither a good proof of taste, nor does it cover with the gloss of money the sure evidence of feeble minds. It evinces a deficiency of original con-

ception, which can never be engrafted on the mind of man.

Taste, like an air in music, must gently glide through the several divisions of the scheme and, with each movement, bear on its surface a certain special characteristic expression. But we want, in lofty mansions, the melody of æsthetics, floating on with suggestive sweetness. We care not to overload the sentiment with such alternate variations that the thread is lost in the maze of crowded thoughts. Really to enjoy and reduce the furniture of a chamber to a science, we must liken the mind unto the body, and, following the laws of hygienic appetites, rise hungry from our meal, ready to appreciate, again and soon, another course of condiments. One must look around on curbed elegance, and think and feel that something more might add to this or that apartment, and yet not feel or know the article to introduce. By this means two ends are certainly obtained : one is not oppressed by a congested ease, and secondly, the grateful feeling of self-approbation, at having found apparent flaws, prepares the mind to see all that remains surpassing beautiful. A friend, on the tenth visit to the house, should discover something that has always been there and yet never, once

before, called forth an interest in its latent charms ; but now, at length, he sees the great necessity for such an ornament, and looks with pleased interest into the other corners for some hidden charm of virtue, that will not come forth from its elfin nook, till glowing thoughts, responsive to its innate wealth, call up a sympathy to prove congenial.

Again we enter on the narrative and seek to ravel what is complicated by the laws of life. All around, so full of luxury, kept down by taste, invites one to abstain from every pretext toward the stage of labor. Thought, in fragmentary ecstasies, must be allowed to enter freely and, without assistance, leave a rosy-tinted impress of a latent text, which breathes three sentiments suggestive of the room : seclusion, taste, and home !

Are not these terms, so rarely to be met with on our paths of duty, worthy of the deepest meditation ? Can a healthy mind, freed from contaminating influences, fail to welcome the faintest evidence of these three harmonizing elements ? Far be it from the busy intellect of innocent creations to refrain from the enjoyment of enamored thoughts !

The time is five P. M. ; the season, winter, "come to rule the varied year." Cold and

chilling is the wind round yonder corner, as it gathers up a reënforcement of the frosty, crispy snow, and hurls it with a shivering success against the huddled beggar widow and her crying babe, who have sought protection on this piercing night within the archway of a portecochère. Now, settled down to meet a sleepy death of lethean forgetfulness, they cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance, as if to meet the harbinger of woe half way. And, poor human nature, even in a storm, with another handful of earth's winding sheet it bows submissively before a beauteous maiden and her lover, kissing, in its passage by, her wavy hair and oval face; and, a fit emblem of her purity, crowns that noble form with a white wreath of crystal charms as evanescent as her bubbling thoughts, as pure as her own heart's emotions.

As the clock on the heavy mantel strikes, with golden sound, the ringing time, and, on the emblematic timepiece another flower blooms with modestly opening petals, the old hickory log of wood, so long attacked by that most genial element, succumbs and, with a hissing, crackling, rumbling noise, rolls over either andiron and forms new shapes to suit the poet's mind or youthful genius of romance. The heavy curtains, rich in pattern and brocade;

the lofty windows with generous plate glass ; the deep, carved wainscots panelled, and of gloomy colors intermingled with a jealous care ; the ceiling, frescoed not oppressively, but with most appropriate decorations ; the soft velvet Axminster of delicate make matching, with a Frenchman's accuracy, the flowery tracings directly overhead ; the pressed leather on the walls of massive build, into which the heavy, easy moving doors had sunk, and the soft, faintly luminated shadows in secluded corners combined to form an apartment which could please and soothe the most fastidious or satisfy a man of vast experience in the ways and means of life.

Pendent from above a chandelier was hung, composed of eight full-mailed knights, bearing each a flambeau round a tent in centre ; and, though not any present use was made of the small flame emitted from the burners, a light blue, as feeble as a sulphur torch, as diminutive as a golden pea, formed a quietly suggestive circle full of magic hints and courting pensive moods. An atmosphere of healthy, pure and faintly breathing perfume, wreathed itself above a scented taper ere it caught the counter currents and went forth to mingle with the spectre forms on ceiling, carpet and deep

window recesses. If anything, a sparsity of chairs betrayed a mild hint that but few were ever here to meet in genial conversation. No couch, save that on which the man himself reclined, encouraged others to partake of equal comfort ; and, though no prim regularity or eccentric taste evinced a chamber occupied by him who called himself a bachelor before the world, still the surroundings pointed out suggestions ample to convince the penetrator of exteriors that this chamber was evidently made and furnished but for one. There was a unity that pervaded all. Though the chord of feeling was resplendent, rich and full of heart, it gave forth in harmonious strains one single, minor key which, answering to a sympathetic silence, breathed forth in clear, liquid strains : "Sad solitude."





CHAPTER II.

"Mens immota manet: lacrimae volvuntur inanes."—VIRGIL.

SOFTLY now ! as we approach the genius of this work—the one in whose every action we discover talent, mind and checked emotions ; whose movements seem uninfluenced by the state of other minds ; whose calm, unruffled, deep exterior served as an impassable coat of flexible mail, adaptable to all contingencies, yet admitting nought of idle curiosity ; which checked the entrance of a cold and selfish worldly sympathy ; yet beneath that surface beat a warm and loving heart, early taught the painful lesson of neglected love.

A noble forehead, broad, expansive and full of rich and latent capabilities ; eyebrows arched ; a nose slightly deviating, by its attribute of perseverance, from the much admired aquiline, with the curved nostrils of a proud

being. Eyes of a liquid brown, that sad hazel, rarely met with, but when once seen, impressive and most fascinating. Eloquent mouth, whose upper lip was shaded by a gentleman's moustache, characteristic of the man, and the refined reverse of a fop's "Hungarian twist" or the speedy growth of a debauchee.

His clustering curls of glossy brown—a softened black—formed most gracefully the undulating outline of his symmetrically powerful proportions. The whole effect was that of a youthful figure carelessly tossed, with princely elegance, upon a downy couch. His hand was not the soft, oozy palm of the indolent man of wealth, but the delicate form of exquisite refinement, permeated by the health of innocence.

Such was Albert Mountjoy, of some five-and-twenty summers, as he rested, on that afternoon, and meditated in a minor key upon the past and gazed into the future, unrevealed, that held in sad reserve some labors yet, ere happiness could bid him welcome and corroding cares depart forevermore from his unmoved determination.

A vista of deep black, the shadow of a troubled soul ; the absence of all colors from a ray of hope, passed to and fro in his sequestered atmosphere. Still he meditated, still he gazed,

while the timepiece flowers bloomed anew ; the embers glowed, and the musical box, of delicate construction, played in liquid melody the dying song in Lucia. On the rosewood table, held up by four heavy claws of dragon make, lay a tinted invitation for a ball that night, which had been opened ten days since, without an answer. Now, at length, young Albert had decided to cast off, for one short evening, his firm resolution never more to mingle with the giddy, thoughtless fashionables of the day.

While thus existing in a negative passiveness, dreaming 'mid the fog of an unsettled cogitation, a merry, cheerful, singing, girlish, bubbling laugh rose from the street, and seemed to enter the apartment with a downy presence, bringing with it freshest air and pure suggestions.

In an instant that calm countenance paled : that inanimate form bounded to the closely shut window. A moment more and its easy, sliding sash was up and, the fine set of teeth compressed, a piercing eye glowed through the distance to the pavement, following with startling orbs the receding step, in outline, of a lady leaning on the arm of one a little shorter than herself, busily engaged in a pleasant, jaunty

conversation. Albert rapidly surveyed the outlets to the avenue, pressed his hand against his breast to stop the beating of his heart, and with the other gently pulled a bell, which was as instantly responded to by the entrance of a well dressed valet, in full black, who quietly awaited orders.

“Santie, bring my sable cloak and coupet to the front entrance ; mount yourself.”

A low bow and the valet as quietly retired.

“That laugh suggests the principle of my long-pictured happiness ! I named it to myself as the sure attribute of one who bore those features. Can ! oh ! can it be ? Fair woman ! my creation, here—alive ! I will test once more the truth of hinted feelings and, at least, become aware of the appearance of an instrument that could produce such ringing melody ! Never shall existence purchase for me one short respite, while a prospect of success attends my hasty movements.” Saying this in broken sentences, young Mountjoy pulled his fur cap well on his head and, with a noiseless step, descended to but enter the coupet, whose door was closed by springs as soon as he was seated.

On both the valet’s arms two jet black cords were hung. One pull and Santie started the

mouse colored horses ; two quick jerks, he walked them gracefully on crispy snow and under moonlight silver nooks. The English side fans indicated that the coupet held no person ; but the small holes, to admit the air, were quite sufficient for the purpose ; and the eye of intense interest followed the two figures, while the heavy breathing of the inmate evidenced emotions of an anxious character.

On the couple walked, apparently enjoying the communion of exchanging thoughts, and ever and anon the merry jingling of a sleigh-bell voice vibrated through the very nerves of Albert's heart. As they turned to the right and crossed the street, Santie's dexter arm was slightly pulled ; and the horses walked accordingly. They crossed again. This time the opposite direction was pointed out by the monitor of his left arm ; and the stylish carriage rolled on with easy impulse. And, as they walked and laughed and talked, the master and his passive servant followed, till, ascending the front steps of a lofty house they rang the bell. This time a firm pull on the left arm caused the coupet to turn slowly round and thus afford the inquirer time to look alternately through one fan, the back sash and the other side, and thereby see the half veiled features of the lady

and the countenance of him who bowed adieu. As the door closed the coupet tracked the well-dressed man to a gambling house, and then drove off to its accustomed home.





CHAPTER III.

"Non vi, sed sæpe cadendo."—OVID.

SLOWLY ascending the massive stairs, with flushed face and eye of melancholy, Albert entered his private room, flung a log upon the dying embers, and placing an easy chair directly facing the suggestive fire, sank, in dull despondency, into its soft, cushioned seat. Above the mantel was a delicate curtain of antique, embroidered tapestry, representing many a curious device of olden times and hanging in luxurious folds, bordered by a heavy, aged, oaken frame, with most ingenious figures of a quaint conception.

Pressing with his foot a corner of the marble hearth the curtain slowly rose, with rolling meaning, to the exquisitely subdued melody of a plaintive mandolin, revealing, in its gradual ascent, the half-length portrait of a female,

framed with all the taste of Gibbon's carving and superior workmanship. The dreamy light, emitted from the steaming logs, afforded just sufficient aid to bring before the mind of him whose memory was familiar with the subject, what the eye could scarcely make out for the troubled youth. And, as he gazed, with passionate intensity and streaming eyes, his spirits seemed to leave with each declining moment and his countenance to lapse into a pallid marble moulded in a dying throe!

The portrait of such vital import was the work of some great master, and revealed the features of a lady sprung from a noble family, if not in birth, in education and refinement.

It was Everline in her sixteenth year. An oval face, the ellipse of beauty; hair negligently thrown back with a careless, wavy ease, like the ripple on a peaceful lake—a rich and raven hue, beneath a hat with ostrich feather and round brim. Grecian nose with oriental nostrils separated by a septum of transparent delicacy. Cheek blushing clear. Eyes of a deep, deep black: not the gipsy bead; nor the Italian, latent passion; nor yet the dull night of hidden feelings: but an open jet set in an azure globe—a confiding, meaning, innocent, refined eye—with dilated pupil, the sole indi-

cation of a being who could entertain emotions far beyond the temporary outbursts of a Titian's countryman. The zealous lashes, careful of their charge, descending with a curved beauty, seemed most anxious to commune with those that guarded the bright orbs below and, thus meeting, strive to soften the harsh sights this world presents to uninitiated, pure, exalted beings. Her lips, stamped with the imprimatur of a cupid's bow, were slightly parted as an evidence of native impulse influenced by self-possession. A classic brow, susceptible of rapid change, and full of the rare power of intense expression. And withal her smile so rich in beauty, so replete with generous thought, so mingled with a confidence in others' rectitude, so beaming, permeating all the other portions of that sweetly gentle countenance, yet tinted, by the stamp of earth, with the gauzy covering of a hinted shadow, as if portending some sad trials to an angel spirit at a future time. Her rounded bust of lasting health was gathered with a gradual persuasion to the essence of a waist, encircled by a happy girdle that confined the flowing riding habit, thereby setting off an envied form more favorably than any fashionable costume, that must ever be subservient to a changing law. One hand, in gauntlet, held an

ivory whip which played in quiet ecstasy about the drooping skirt : the other was extended to an unseen friend about to enter and but touch the alabaster excellence, while on its finger glanced, with radiating brilliancy, a sapphire of unequalled length and breadth and hue. The background was a grove in autumn. In the distance were both horse and hound. Above, the evening blush tint of a sleepy sky, and all throughout an innocence that calmed.

Albert sat in motionless bewilderment and gazed in exquisite soliloquy. Such was the portrait he had purchased, when abroad, in some back room of a curiosity shop. No clue could be obtained that might unfold to him the rare original whom he alone desired to discover. He kept the secret close confined within his breast : and, having caused it to be cleaned and elegantly framed, studied every feature in the lineaments ; gave to it attributes of special import ; discovered traits of delicate organization, conjectured, in his mind, the history of that painting and the strange circumstances that caused him to meet with what he had longed for so many years. Clothing it in real characteristics, he vowed never to seek respite from his earnest labors till she from whom the earthly imitation had been borrowed should reward this

just ambition and his zealous heart. Full of youthful poetry and deep romance, Albert travelled throughout Europe with this view alone to prompt his efforts. Many beauteous creations crossed his dedicated path, but none could satisfy the measure of inherent excellences that he had pictured to himself in that image now implanted in his very being.

The beauties of an oriental clime attracted his keen observation and conveyed to his heart-strings emotions of a gratifying character. Parisian ladies, by an imperceptible exterior, fascinated portions of his brain : the solid health and genial firesides of ruddy English daughters brought before his hungry mind most promising repasts : but a something lacked in each that could not be enunciated or responded to by any of the belles as yet presented to his magic talisman. His head not unfrequently glowed with the scintillations of congenial wit ; but never had the inner self come forth enthusiastically to greet her whose pictured essences spoke silently and eloquently from that peaceful chamber of his choice. Some fancy that a love, denied to honest and impartial spirits, will ere long evaporate or take wings and leave the victim to dyspepsia or a morbid sensitiveness. That may be true with those who have received a mandate

from authority to abstain in future and no longer seek returns where no sympathy can ever more bud forth. But when, up to the present time, the ideal has not yet been found, exactly in proportion as the interest was great will be the steadfast energy and zealous love till blest results or total ruin crown the labors of ambitious youth.

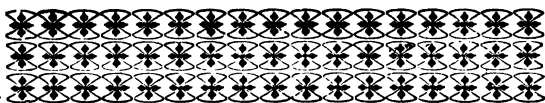
Albert gave vent to feelings of the strongest nature, full of purified affliction, shaded by the certainty of never yielding to the gloomiest prospect. "I wonder has she changed from that sweet innocent whom I have often looked upon and loved and called my own bright future? Has she become superior in her woman's grace and all surroundings to the kind and unassuming playmate with that guilelessness? Yet, though more developed in exterior than this mossy bud of promise, at whose shrine I long to linger, still I trust and cannot but believe that she is nowise changed in purity from that pearl-drop of priceless value!

"What strange and ignorant views of life must that man entertain who thinks to smother feelings when once roused, and keep subdued the beatings of a heart whose native element is the sunshine of her countenance: whose Utopian food the music of her liquid voice—for such it

must be—in accordance with the harmony of her expression, which murmurs love and breathes affection.”

Why could not this worthy son of soundest principles find out the dovecot of the bird of Paradise and, mingling joyous ecstasy with sweetest aspirations, end the narrative before commenced? Why cannot two superior specimens of youthful excellence be happy from their infancy? Ah! now you hit upon the secret of existence. Were it otherwise and ends came forth to meet the laborer before his toils entitled him to proud success: did women marry those they found congenial and become the blest recipients of a peaceful life, the Fall of Adam would no longer be appreciated and fewer would be the prayers of gratitude to Providence for rescue; less the incense that arises from the saddened spirits of a disappointed race. As from the clouds descend the drops of rain for thirsty earth, so through the spanning mist is seen the bow of promise.





CHAPTER IV.

"Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt."—SENECA.

COUNT MALFAIRE, he who had been tracked to this abode of gloomy deeds and untold villainies, entered with the air of one who knew his ground and cared not for the etiquette of hypocrites. Such he deemed the gaily dressed and shiny men of sin, who stood conversing with the ease of conscious strength and conversance with worldly views. The scented murmur that met every guest with feverish cordiality, now ceased within the lighted room of mirrors as Malfaire was scanning those who entertained a homelike feeling for the gaudy furniture and luscious tints. Old men were standing with their leaden faces, dead even to the blush of an exciting drink ; their features cast into three distinct forms of character. One class betrayed the habits of supremest

selfishness ; another indicated the sure marks of slow, well-merited disease ; the third was lost in that unmentionable air of "bid defiance" which pervades a race of beings far beneath the higher instincts of rude animals.

Now and then a smothered, well-checked laugh betrayed the perpetrator of some hidden crime. Another group, made up of rising juveniles, convinced of their own powers, whose class might be designated with great ease, conceit, swaggered out their words ; strutted thoughts, and puffed ideas at brazen silence, till some latent circumstance called them to important duties. No longer hovered near them that sweet dignity which purified emotions stamp upon the surface of a proper life. Grasping the helm of their own stubborn choice, they steered into the whirlpool of excited dissipation, and, flushed with the blaze of self-importance, gleamed with expanding vacuity. The pause in conversation that arose from the count's quiet entrance was but momentary ; for, like some vehicle with quick acting springs, delayed an instant by impediments, the panorama rolled smoothly on again, and playing seemed the order of the night.

"Malfaire, have you seen the paper of

to-day ? ” exclaimed a thin-lipped gambler, clothed in jewelry and black.

“ No. What is in the oracle of fools ? ” replied the count, with cold indifference.

“ Nothing much, save a slight notice of a certain deed which comes to light to-morrow, if detective skill can ferret out the master mind that planned the graceful undertaking.”

“ Speak plainer, man. What have you new ? ”

“ Why it is said by some, my dear Mal-faire, that young Pequin, a Frenchman, in a banking house, has been arrested on suspicion, and that he has secretly confessed to have seen old Payton’s head clerk just one hour before he left for parts unknown.”

“ Why when did this take place ? ”

“ This afternoon.”

“ At what time did you say ? ”

“ Just two o’clock.”

“ Can it be true.”

“ Come, count,” remarked another listener, full of red and oily humor, “ as the poet says, ‘ to entertain so false a view is but to harbor truth’s great rival ; ’ but I fain would ask how is it that so old a friend as you have been should be so ignorant of what concerns the *dearest* friends a man possesses on this mundane sphere ? ”

"Well, man," the count replied, "when I have told you that I know nothing of the story, don't you think it would look much more sensible to tell it, than stand eyeing when you cannot see ; probing when you cannot find, and laughing when you know not why."

"Certainly, you shall become familiar with the fullest measure of my knowledge. It seems that Backstep, Mr. Payton's confidential clerk, has changed his tactics for some time, and, though leaving all upon his ledger free of access, his abstracted manner and too hasty answers have led others to regard him with an eye of interest. From what is circulated, it is now reported that Backstep requested, as a favor, that he might leave after twelve o'clock for the specific purpose of attending the sad funeral of some much-loved relative. It was granted, and he took with him the small sum of just fifty-thousand dollars, which *you* know, Count Malfaire, must sadly inconvenience Mr. Payton, whose large income seems to vanish, as his health grows feebler every year."

"Is it possible ?"

"Quite so, sir."

"And was Backstep caught ? Did he succeed in getting off ?"

"Oh yes ! you see they say, of course it is

only a rumor, that the manner employed in obtaining the money is of no ordinary method. It is not the American way"—looking full at Malfaire—"it has a foreign touch about it; some say Italian, but of course I don't know."

"Repeat that again, Coldharte," said the count, for a single moment flushing.

"My dear fellow, you and I have been the actors in much worse deeds than this mere mathematical astuteness on the part of a young clerk, eh? We have clothed in poetry many delicate reunions of congenial spirits that might not exactly suit the too fastidious views of justices of peace."

"Be that as it may," returned the count in measured tones, "what possible connection can exist between the absence of this wicked clerk and what you term Italian schemes? For I, of course, am forced most painfully to comprehend your sarcasm."

"Well, my beloved Mentor, since you ask authoritatively an explanation, I will seek to be brief—pithy and to the great point at issue, in explicit words."

"Remember whom you are addressing, lest sad consequences interfere."

"Could I forget your presence? If you ask, I answer that I know some person who

could name, without much difficulty, an intelligent and energetic meditator who, perhaps, is more familiar with the bystrings of this mystery than even the detectives with their learned theories. Has not this feeble, aged gentleman, whose property has been thus sliced, a beautiful daughter? Is she not as bright a jewel as one mortal being dare set in his richest casket? Did not one susceptible acquaintance of the family become enamored of her every movement, and long for the very friendship of her loving parent? Did not this (*whispering*) Peccati, alias Count Malfaire—" here the count spoke eloquently in his livid face—" did not this kind sympathizer in the family misfortunes, strive by presents, soft fair speeches, much attention, and the exercise of every outside virtue, to but win the title deed of only one small tapering finger on her lily hand? True, he courted not her wealth, for his was thrice each day her month's allowance. In his favor also was the generosity with which he offered to dispose of certain claims upon her father's property, if permission were accorded him to entertain the faintest promise of a silent acquiescence on some far and distant day. Position was his goal. A good name rather to be chosen than fair riches his desire.

“Now that he perceives success about to vanish, and a cold indifference force its way through the plausible exterior assumed to suit the orders of her father even, at this time, beholden to him for pecuniary favors, does he not buy secret stock, of which old Payton is the owner, and then “bear” it by an overwhelming of the market, till the aged sufferer sells out at fearful odds to save a portion of the many thousands thus involved. Once more, my talented companion, and I’m done. All this, of course, is privately transacted through accommodating agents. This admirable count becoming, by mere accident, acquainted with the circumstances, comes forward like a man and, by judicious counsel and *informal* signatures, frees the emaciated widower from all anxiety concerning future difficulties. Does he not advance, if the much loved friend, who is so addicted to vain pomp and show and outward splendor, will permit him to continue his short visits to the quiet home of the surpassing woman? Is not the devoted daughter begged, implored by him, who is alone in troubles, to merely meet the generous count half way, and influence by sweetest tones the tenor of his mind; warm the cold impulses of a creditor’s expression by the beaming smile, and drown the intimation

of a day of payment by the ringing laugh ? And now, that matters move too slowly, debts are being paid by the half captured debtor, and some secret aid lends money without usury, young Backstep, influenced by subtile causes of concealed, involving dissipation, is persuaded to absent himself from business life and travel for a change of air. I've finished, patient count. You can best judge if Coldharte has perused aright the pages of an interesting play—I hope it may not end in tragedy ! What think you of calm penetration and matured conclusions ? ”

Most men, if what had just been uttered, had the shadow of a truth in it, would have come quickly to some desperate determination, and immediately given vent to uncontrollable revenge, long before the taunter ended his most irritating narrative. Malfaire, however, deep in philosophic certitudes, maintained the order of his mind ; permitted not one ray of latent fire to escape from those gray granite orbs that gazed unmeaningly into the soul of him who spoke.

He listened with a smiling curiosity till all was done, that he might ascertain the full extent of Coldharte's knowledge of his private life, and then decide upon his fully measured fate.

"I think, friend Blueskin, that your mind is overteeming with imaginative theories, which would do credit to an author, and make up a plot for stage or novel worthy of a better cause. But say, good partner in misdeeds of bygone days, a joke is never out of place with two, till it be told to a third party. So be careful and laugh only with me now and then. Farewell, for I must go to-night to Mrs. Startell's ball, and music, as you well know, is most cordial to my ear."

"Au revoir, sir : Destiny," said Coldharte.

"The genial thoughts of one who carries purposes upon the surface of his open countenance ;" exclaimed the count, now bowing to this mass of hardened conscience, and exchanging nods, as he passed out, with youthful by-plays on the stage of this sequestered life.



CHAPTER V.

"Manet alta mente repostum."—VIRGIL.

QUIETLY leaving the room of players, who no longer noticed those that came and went, so intent were they upon the sordid gains, or crushed by fate's decree, Malfaire called a carriage and gave orders to drive down to a low wharf upon the east side of the city's drowsy precincts. Dismissing the vehicle, with liberal remuneration, the count passed with an easy stride down the long mud paths of a business thoroughfare. The night was gloomy and foreboding, with a yawning sky, surmounted by a pimply shadow. Even the bright stars, those never-failing sentinels of a holy truth, seemed unsteady and disquieted by the swift, fleeting interference of white fleecy messengers of coming storms. The count's set features, schooled to the politeness of surrounding etiquette, now let

loose to the full luxury of gratified intensity of hatred, distorted so the passport of a human being, that a passion, long familiar with the countenance of civilized creations, would have lost its way and sighed for bitter death. First came the rage of one discovered in his guilt. This formed the background of the gambler's visage. Next, undisguised surprise that his foul plot had been exposed to view. This made visible the outline of his thoughts. And lastly, the exulting—hopeful—savage thirst, of murderous intent, filled in the shadows of a darkened future. This completed the demon-like expression of the sole pedestrian in the streets.

Huge casks stood holding converse with the dock-rats on their nightly errand. Cotton bales forgot their shapes and grouped themselves in most suggestive circles of a blackened character. The outstretched arms of striding masts bid calm defiance to the elements: and, as the wind spirit ran along the stays, and ratlins, halliards and hard hawsers of a mammoth size, to one, whose mind was not intent on a specific purpose, the swift gliding of concealing currents and undeviating energy told of an inner life responsive to the sound of clocks.

Taking from the earthly streets the garbage of a filthy trade the sighing tide, now falling,

wrestled with controlling influences and lashed what it could not rise above in quiet power. There exists about a long wharf, in the midnight hour, an impressive silence most appalling to the youthful mind, and full of meaning meditation to one aged in the thoughts of a reflective life. The utter desolation of the mixed up spars; the wet chopfallen pathway near the mighty ships; the tary—musty—chilly—clammy atmospheric impress of the air; the cataleptic pause from each day's labor, photographed by night's black camera; the total and exclusive power of a conscious loneliness pervading every muscle, and the never ending growth of fungoid thoughts, that spring up with a startling certainty, combine to make one soon grow shorter from contracted fear; paler by a sympathy with self; weaker by an innate want of leadership, and older from protracted nightmares. Such was this place, where the count, enveloped in the dark folds of his cloak, paused to look about as if uncertain of his bearings.

Taking from his pocket a gold key he whistled three times in low notes and awaited the uprising from the deep—it did appear—of a thick-chested, burly, woolly-headed man of middle age.

“Pass the word.”

"Venetia," said the count in haste.

"'Tis well," said Rasper, "what does Jupiter command?"

"Row me out into the stream that I may be more safe from watchmen."

Swiftly did they shoot forth from the spotted lanes of burnished gas. Coldly, silently, impressively, did they both search each other's faces, to but find the door of truthful answers closely barred and nought but hinted demons hovering about their shaded images.

"Take me to the 'Moonbeam,'" said the count, "this current is too strong to shape one's thoughts from. When seated in the cabin I can give directions, offer rich rewards and leave results to strongest frames." The sturdy seaman, in some ten long pulls, came sideways up against the outline of a rakish craft whose tapering masts, like fingers dipped in blood, now pointed eloquently to the retributive Heavens.

Too dark for observation, the fierce count descended to the brilliant chamber below deck. On asking for another helpmate, Rasper replied that he was off to purchase liquors for the next long cruise.

"Well, then," said Malfaire, quickly writing a few words in strongly marked characters,

"give him this in one hour ; as you say he will return. And tell him to take you in company."

"Aye ! aye ! sir."

"Mind what I say."

"Never fear but I will," said Rasper with set teeth and closing eyes.

"You both know Coldharte."

"That indeed, sir."

"If then I can read, in to-morrow's paper, of Coldharte's death by drowning, apoplexy, violence, or suicide, my word for it, good fellow, you and Grimjaw shall each receive one hundred pounds."

"Faith, then, an I'm afeerd the man's a goner. But where did yer honor say we'd find him ?"

"I left him at the gambling house in Charity place near Theatre Square."

"I know."

"He will play high to-night ; for when he's up a reckless hand prolongs his stay."

"Yesir."

"Mind the time, one hour hence." The count once more, with softer features, softer from the relaxation of accomplished purposes, now took his seat in the small gig, and, under cover of the gloomy vessels, gained the shore and hastened home. Up the windings of a

secret staircase did he glide, an emblematic movement of his serpent-like propensities. On entering his rich apartment he as quickly dressed for the gay ball and left the house to work new schemes.





CHAPTER VI.

"On se fait cuisinier, mais on est né rôtiisseur."—FRENCH MAXIM.

THERE are various kinds of dogs. Each, in his own peculiar way, if of the finest breed, possesses special characteristic features, as it were, by means of which we designate their latent merits and point out the individual superiority of separate classes. The setter has his shaggy coat, lap mouth, web foot, and is obedient to the marksman's voice. The swift hound, though, in his own branch of duty, quite unlike the former animal, bids fair to equal in his master's favor, by the certainty of rapid strides, the cheering howl, and the sure energy with which he overtakes the frightened hare or brings to earth the leaping deer. We form in mind the attributes that should belong to all the different races of created game and look not for a single trait but what ought, by nature's

laws, to lie inherent in the breast, or rather instinct of begotten animals.

A terrier is recognized by color, coat, true spots, his rat tail, "standing motion," and activity of sight. While the fast horse may be fully known before a trial by his promises of shape, "a well-drawn" outline, broad, deep chest and capabilities for breathing tests. The "rete mirabile" or exterior network of small veins, upon the surface of his body, proclaims his virtues for a tax on circulation, and affords endorsement for the appellation of the "blooded racer." This may be easily accounted for: the rapid return of venous blood is, in a measure, impeded, internally, by the exceeding muscular exertion incident upon such hasty movements; hence this outside safety valve assists the respiration and, with more facility, renews the blood.

We might, psychologically, enlarge upon the subject and state that a flower was purchased for its perfume or the color of suggestive purity, that nothing is expected from good sheep but wool and food; a furnace gives out heat: a minor chord in music soothes the troubled spirit and brings sweet repose to overwhelmed emotion; but sufficient has been stated to maintain the fact that each element

has its apportioned duty ; every character specific details to perform ; and all humanity essential features by means of which they differ from surrounding nature and betray an innate self of private make.

Now, when the mind is called upon to realize a villain in the shape of man, and personate a genus from whose species we derive uncomfortable sensations, physiological principles cannot alone point out the way for true deductions and correct perception. For instance : one who is possessed of basest purposes must necessarily be wanting in benevolence ; and a deficiency of the well-wishing element consequently terminates in selfish gains and heartless theories.

Agassiz asks but for the scale or gill of any fish to demonstrate to those about him all the traits and habits, shape and climatology of this inhabitator of water. Buffon, if shown the claw or scapula of rarest birds, could draw with accuracy on the board, for students, the entire outline of the biped, and, from his own picture, lecture on what it must necessarily subsist. But with man's motive power this neat practice oftentimes is the reverse. It is said that some one is the victim of a sad disease ; his character is changing : that another perpetrates a crime

and, of necessity, is to be classed among a dangerous community. But, in the present century, it is not possible to point out the course to be pursued by one though much abhorred ; or, with security of judgment, stamp the future of a man's instinctive actions, as the bee is tracked ; the jungle sought ; or the sure resting place of salmon known.

One may take deeds and then draw character as the great Lavater did of Mirabeau without a knowledge of a single feature ; but it is impossible to portray the deed from features, form, or genial countenance. Those who study bony shapes and phrenological developments can, in certain limits, execute a sketch of the true character of man. Let the analyser of the *mind*, not *matter*, study the expression of the features, be they deeds, thoughts uttered or the looks of guilt, and then, by careful and judicious reasoning, combined with a conscientious comparison of what has been done by this or that one, and perhaps a little insight may be formed. But rarely may conviction follow through the reasoning faculties of mind. Rather would I *feel* than argue with myself. We are taught that he whose frontal eminence is large must be a man of thought and power : that the pugilist has always much of animal propensities and

physical endurance. Amativeness is an increase of the cerebellum. And, with great truth may these statements find their way to broad realities. But there exist, and will exist, exceptions to all rules laid down by puffed up man. Nature has no laws. The genius of her mind is active in performing, for specific ends, the simplest course that will accomplish what she has in view ; and when a puny author seeks to read her title and form some idea of the machinery of life, he, not nature, is obliged to lay down laws that may guide him and keep before his little mind the slight conception of surpassing beauties. Hence we never meet with those whose intellects have stamped immortality on their productions, but some feature, habit, or expression grates upon our anxious minds and warns us to forbear.

Many mighty warriors have been diminutive in size : countless authors, when beheld, have disappointed those who cherished their rich names and gifted minds ; and feeble forms too often act in concert with first principles of purest worth, to the astonishment of multitudes at their real power of thought, severity of analogy and fecundity of excellence.

It is said that those who die of phthisis have invariably a flatness on either side of their

own temples, indicating a deficiency of alimentary stamina, and the melancholy future of their saddest fate. Again, one of our greatest metaphysical physiologists asserts that he who practises a self denial of the lower passions may be recognized by the cracked appearance of the longitudinal view of his finger nails. Also, the animal in man, if over indulged, betrays the circular wrinkles in his face ; while he who overcomes propensities both lengthens his visage and straightens out the lazy features of a latent countenance.

This is pleasing to the mind and gratifying to the senses ; quite beautiful in theory and correct in principle ; food for study and incentive to protracted thought. Yet there have been saints whose cheeks exposed to view the luscious curve, whose finger nails exhibited no proof of self-denial or a punishment of bodily infirmities. Their foreheads evidenced no mind, but their writings mark the era of a century ; their movements indicated but a sluggish temperament, yet their actions were the result of a titanic intellect.

Let him who seeks to find a villain under human guise beware of false impressions. For even as a deadly sting may poison the rude hand extended to pluck off the precious floweret,

so fair exteriors oftentimes disguise the sentiments of vilest make ; and wretched faithlessness may dwell triumphantly within the noblest frame, or look out from the beauteous window of a doomed soul. It is not possible to fix the standard of a villain till one proves him sinful or detects that which leads to crime. There have been demoniacal rogues whose very features froze the blood, and, O mysterious Providence ! there have been saints, to all external measurement, who, while they smoothed the sick man's pillow, quenched his parching thirst with the concentrated extract of a deadly draught. Hence we must judge of what we know, *per se*, and not proceed of necessity to portray one whose very presence awes by the ferocity of countenance.

Malfaire was a villain, and though blessed by fortune with a pleasing presence, possessed some of those characteristics that point out defect of principle and originality of purpose. Veneration and benevolence were not visible, and his forehead, this time obedient to the laws of man, slid down from elevated thought. He was far-sighted, and his eyes were wide apart, looking at the same time on both sides ; the one for dread detectives and the other for a victim. His thin, firm, upper lip ; high-cheeked

bones of instinctive forethought, and hooked nose of Jewish perseverance, warned the keen observer of his man. While the cold gray eye, of cat-like stealth, betrayed no purpose but deliberate calculation. Straight, oily locks of coarse black hair, not the genial conversational curls so admired by shrewd Aristotle, hung in lines on either side of his brown face, whose mouth, devoid of all its bow of promise, was concealed by that screen of dull, half-uttered thoughts, a deep, well-dyed mustache. His look was that of wicked satisfaction, which gleamed forth from every lineament ; while his high, square shoulders indicated obstinacy and defied the violence of practical revenge. The count was short. Nature, when she forms angelic woman of diminutive proportions freely gives equivalents for want of size by the perfection of her model, and the symmetry of love, combined with essences of shape. But, when forced by unseen destiny to bring forth a small-villain, she seeks a recompense by shrinking from her duty ; and a want of unity in outline soon betrays the lesser evils.

When one cannot read the purposes of a successful hypocrite from his mouth, if hidden by a hairy veil, look into his eyes and sound for truth. In proportion as a man sinks deeper

into crime and blackened deeds that conscious winking is overcome by self-possession, and, in time, by careful training, they can meet unflinchingly the calm collected gaze of rectitude. But there remains yet one guide more for the student of the human heart : it is that no one, practising dark sin, when silent and met face to face by innocence, though flinching not from your own glance, or closing lids to shut out the reproving eye, can stand forth with a full, round orb exposed to light. They all, with few exceptions, gently let the curtain fall half way from up above, and either smile to raise the under part, or, frowning, shut up from the sides.

Such was Malfaire, the natural growth of early sin and a persistent disobedience to the laws of God and man ; who, from killing flies and stealing pens at school, at length found out, was sent from home to harden by a contact with cold selfishness and hollow Christianity. Soon, by talented expedients, he made his way up in the gambling house. And now, possessed of riches not his own by law, he sought to gloss over the unfavorable atmosphere which, like the cuttle fish, he had thrown all around him to conceal realities of crime, by obtaining from Everline what he could not otherwise expect, a good name and fashionable standing in the idle

world. With this talisman he could accomplish every little craving of ambitious meditation ; for the "ton" are so desirous of partaking of well-served dinners and enjoying gaudy effigies in luscious homes of hardened wealth, that if the perjurer, stock gambler, atheist, or parvenu, but form a covering of thinnest fabric for his special guilt, they cling to this slight pretext, and of seeming charity entertain in turn. They smile and bow to him they cannot but despise, and praise the boastings of an ignorant philosophy.

The count knew this and sought to win Everline, but in vain. His wealth proved no allurements ; his appearance at the house but tolerated, and her ringing laugh occasionally flung at him only when her father pleaded with his careworn eye for some kind action that might stay a coming shadow and conciliate the man who ruled his future on this earth.

She knew of no misdeeds committed by Malfaire ; nor did she ever hear one word of scandal uttered with his name. His address was ever most polite, and bearing that of etiquettical experience.

His ready answer to her repartee ; his clear analysis of newest works ; his justness in describing parts of countries he had visited, com-

bined with a subdued and cheerful manner might have fascinated one less capable of looking up to mind, than was the quiet, dignified Everline.

But there is in woman's pure and mirror heart a wonderful talisman that asks no education, seeks no counsel to discriminate between the youth of promise and the man of sin. It is remarkable that when one seeks improvement on this earth, advancement and ambitious ends, advice must be most closely followed and the past experience of sagest minds investigated, for the object to obtain is peculiarly material. But to shun guilt, avoid error, detect the poison in a glance or foul schemes in seeming innocence, instinct, the stamp of original conception from above, by an intuitive perception frees woman, noble unsuspecting woman—pristine excellence! from the meshes of a talented philosophy, and liberates her from the influences of ensnaring argument.

If conscience, the nerve of the soul, be neither hardened by false usage, nor tainted by neglect; if the saintly precepts of a holy mind never once be blemished by premeditated fault or an improper insight into gilded imperfections, then the pure cerulean blue of testing truth, direct from heavenly abodes, will blush a signal as it

dips into the acid of a soured, vitiated taste, or is approached by what agrees not with sweet aphorisms.

Thus it was that Everline had shunned Malfaire and knew not why. Her vestal lamp oft deadened in its flame as the noxious gases of a morbid life neared its purest atmosphere.

Did he love her? Can the filmy glass, of thickened make, reflect, admit, or greet the softer rays of violet delicacy and refinement? Can the aurometer of a dulled sense transmit to a heavy mind, clogged with witnesses of innate treachery, those exquisite vibrations of a sensitive organization?

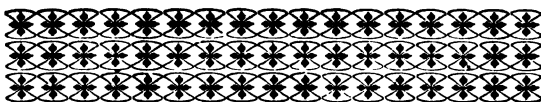
Man, as a lover, may absorb the whole of woman's brilliant qualities; but when her husband, he should, like the prism, be but the blest medium that breaks up for the benefit of others, this one ray of virgin light and refracts from it the seven cardinal virtues of the rainbow's promise, thus revealing angel excellences from the land of bliss.

Plate glass, of finest qualities, unblemished and most truthful in its powers of reflection, due to the amalgam of good deeds and noble principles, when, by an accident, it is brought in contact with a similar companion, clings with unequalled sympathy, be there nothing inter-

vening. And the very presence of this outer circle of surrounding elements is the reason of the utter uselessness of striving thus to separate congenial spirits. While the laws of human nature differ from electrical phenomena, there does exist a moral, in comparison, of use to him who searches after certitudes.

Everline, being good, the count from his unlikeness sought her out to make his whole : while she, surcharged with positive purity, by inductive feelings from above, repels the least attempt to closer commune, and awaits, with confidence in Heaven, for the scintillation of a brighter future.





CHAPTER VII.

Notre défiance justifie la tromperie d'autrui.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

As the door closed on Malfaire at Everline's house, she swiftly mounted to her room, where everything betokened taste, yet evidenced no luxury. Neatness pervaded the apartment. White and blue represented the inherent fancy of accomplished thought.

Adjusting an embroidered sack, which added to the symmetry of her appearance, she quickly came down stairs and headed the tea-table of her widowed father, who that evening entertained a single friend, whose main characteristics were wit, dry and crispy, knowledge of comfort, combined with honest talents, and a love of teasing only to be borne by those he dared approach.

"Well, Miss Housewife, how I've waited for your cordial smile and pleasant bow of self-complacency."

"That's all very right, Sir Charles ; and do you not deem a woman's recognition worthy of a little patience ? "

"Such a lady's ! most certainly."

"And now let me become interrogator. What were you about this afternoon of chilly temperature ? "

"At what time ? "

"You know very well ; the moment was when you were seen in a by street of most unfashionable reputation, bearing in your well-gloved hand a tin kettle of no small proportions. You, the man of dignity and lazy habits."

"Before I answer, let me also ask the cause of your short sojourn in the same cold region ? "

"My response is easily made. A pompous crowd, following a gay procession, with a full brass band, so frightened our horses that I told Johnson to drive down the next short turning, lest an accident might prevent my meeting you at the appointed time. And now give me as satisfactory an account of your strange movement."

Charles, forced to speak, at length, with the real blush of a discovered charity, confessed that he had made beef tea for one of Dr. Take-

well's poorest patients, who, from destitution, had been at the doors of death. Satisfied, she nodded an approval of his generous exertions, and perceiving that her father was subdued in manner and most sad in countenance, she turned to Charles and said—

“Dear friend, you know the results of this unfortunate day. My father's firm has lost 50,000 dollars, stolen by his head clerk. But we will talk the matter over when alone ; I need advice.”

“And *I* love to be consulted.”

“There is one thing that I will assert from positive conviction, namely, that young Backstep had not mind sufficient to form such a scheme or work it out alone ; but, led on by a demon spirit, he has been influenced, at some weak moment, to give way to bribery ; and now with money comes the fear of future punishment. The rest is easy ; self-interest will keep him quiet and preserve the name of the suggester of the crime.”

“Miss Payton,” exclaimed Charles, “I used to be considered worthy of the name of ‘shrewd.’ I have neglected opportunities and led an existence of a *dolce far niente* character ; but now, at this most interesting moment, I do pledge never to be idle till I ferret out and

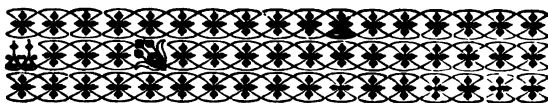
bring to justice the perpetrator of a villany, mighty in proportion as it mars the happiness of one who never should exist, save in the sunshine of her own good deeds and bright example. Stop me not ; I'll say no more, but act." Charles rose to leave with thoughtful brow, and promised to return at half past nine, that he might see her to the ball:

"That's right, Everline," said her father. "Go, my child, and keep up cheerfully, lest creditors suspect and deem me lost to payments. We must all make sacrifices on this earth, and though I would not add a feather to your lightsome mind, I ask the favor of your presence at the party. Angel daughter ! " cried the old gray man of many secret sorrows, "you can consult with our much-loved friend ; but go to-night by all means, deary, for you're always missed, and I would be alone with Mr. Wisestep, the detective officer, that I may satisfactorily explain the true nature of the case, and warn him of each movement in my own behalf."

The three thought of the same bad man with opposite deductions and peculiar plans.

"I go, dear father ! and much more would I endure to lessen the great weight that seems to burden your once cloudless spirits."

Charles retired. Mr. Payton sought his study to give all the details to a hired friend, and sweet Everline, after silently partaking of her frugal tea of choicest make, with the calm set features of resigned trust in Providence, more slowly sought her room, and with a sigh looked out upon the heavens. Left to herself this noble woman, whose each motion betrayed character, put up her wavy hair in rich, suggestive folds ; chose from her many dresses one of white tulle besprinkled o'er with evening stars, and looked up to the skylight for a brighter future. Quickly reading over a short negative to an enthusiastic offer, sent two hours since, she put it in her bosom and left that sad house of unbought trouble with a parting kiss and cheering word to her kind, weak, deceived old parent, who feared lest his night of death might find him unprepared, or forced to part with his bright jewel to procure a respite. He had not the strength to break with Malfaire, and loved her too much to know him.



CHAPTER VIII.

Good men are scarce, the just are thinly sown :
They thrive but ill, nor can they last when grown.
And should we count them, and our store compile,¹
Yet Thebes more gates could show, more mouths the Nile.

JUVENAL.

CHARLES TEWPHUNNY was a man in every sense. Not the embodiment of intellect with no legs to carry it ; nor an athlete devoid of mind ; nor yet a “*pâté de foi gras*” man, that is, one who cultivates a single organ—be it thought, fancy, or ideas—or ordinarily used in life one set of muscles, a thing most common, in the present age, with men and women who indulge in quaintest theories and leave the greater part of their respective selves to wander, rust, or atrophy. On the contrary, he had been the blest possessor of a round head, and he lived in the centre of it. Not like others, who, though furnished with an excellent brain, dwell so on one particular side, that the other

becomes weedy, and in time plays false with former habits and correctest views of philosophy.

The son of advanced parents, he as a consequence was very soon advanced, and practically profited by the warning that "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do." Charles, when younger, made a business, not a pastime, of accomplished tricks, and joked his way up through three years of punished holidays. But withal a good heart overcame his criminal propensities ; a mother's dying smile forever sunned itself in one deep recess of his heart, and through his college studies and apprenticeship "down town," none ever entered with more zeal or honest purpose into the spirit of the business, or more successfully accomplished what he undertook, than did Charles Tewphunny.

Deprived of both his parents at an early age, and coming into a handsome family income, Charles broke up housekeeping as an intolerable bore, and settled himself in gorgeously fitted-up "apartments," looking down a pleasant and sequestered street. He breakfasted at home, dined at Delmonico's, and "tea'd out," as he euphoniously termed it. Alone for two study hours to collect his rapid

thoughts and strengthen mental calibre, and after that as ready for a frolic, pic-nic or convivial supper, as you please. He was what at once designates character, namely, a type man. Not one of a class, but one who formed classes by the originality of his powers and the freedom of his thoughts. He never volunteered advice, and with certainty as little brooked the meddler's interference.

When he desired to probe those he took a fancy to, he followed out his special test of excellence and intrinsic merit by waiting till they passed him in the street. He then slowly tracked them ; studied much their special walk, and in accordance with his most original test, measured the superiority of the person by the length of time a smile remained upon their features after meeting those they had recognized with marked politeness. More may be learnt from Charles Tewphunny's philometer than might at first seem possible. This man of leisure rose at nine A. M. He did not trouble his mind relative to the conscientious reasoning of his namesake, Lamb, who lay in bed to give both pro and con a chance for argument ; but simply for the reason that he liked to roll about. A pleasing thing was it to hear the milkman call out in the cool, gray morning, he-o-up !

milk ! then turn with gentle stretching to the other side, and laugh at early duties. He breakfasted, at ten precisely, on two hot French rolls, an omelet and delicious automatic coffee, while leisurely perusing daily news and literary items. Then while calmly scenting a Cabana, he laid down diurnal rounds of charitable gifts, but never long prosaic counsel. Rarely would he extend rich donations save to those who could not in any way return. Charley cultivated whiskers and sensations. By a careful study of the good in everything, he managed to extract a comfort or refreshing sentiment from any sight of rarity or excellence. All movements of the body he maintained produced, if carried within the bounds of rationality, a corresponding feeling of a grateful nature. He at one time went so far as to experience a satisfaction while dressing, and declared that vast enjoyment might be felt while going down a pretty flight of stairs ; though as yet he could not fully appreciate the luxury of an ascent. He always paid a due respect to talent, be it in an artist or beneath the garb of villany. On one occasion, when his room was entered and in place of watch he found a note from the purloiner, which displayed uncommon knowledge of the world, he laughed and said,

all that he regretted was, to have been out and missed the visit of so intellectual a character.

Charles visited two persons every morning : one as a tonic and the other to produce a sedative sensation. This prepared his mind for healthy business and increased the keenest relish for a delicate repast. A lady of high rank was visited in such a street for her expression ; it was full of human pathos and good purposes. He sought not more in this one person, and in consequence no disappointment palled upon his sunny brow. Another pet acquaintance looked "exceeding well," when roused by contradiction. Hence discussion brought forth all the latent fire of her noble front and sparkling eye. Charles used to say, "Two snaps from her dark orbs were equal any day to the best Mumm champagne." The brilliancy of her emphatic energy ; the warmth of creamy utterance, and the expressive naiveté flavored his rich dinner and produced a glow throughout his frame that tingled every nerve and roused him for an evening exercise. Charles smoked. When calmly wreathing clouds of lazy circlets he could pause while thinking over pleasures that had passed, and thereby prolong a lengthened ecstasy. While coiling atmospheres of his own make, he formed hinted

imageries for his sequestered mind that soothed a healthy spirit and raised incense to a sacrificed existence. Always welcome, ever gentlemanly, he received an invitation for each day, and often met with scoldings on account of an unfortunate want of ubiquity. His secret of success was embodied in three suggestive maxims : never stay too long ; say all the good you can of any one, and leave your neighbors to decry the virtues of another ; and abjure political discussions.

Charles was often most accommodating for the benefit of others. Acting as an egg in salad dressing, the connecting link between a vinegared old maid and the oily manners of a hypocrite, he often produced a happy blending of seeming incongruities, and smoothed down unsocial thoughts.

He had loved, in silence, some one it would be unkind to his most gentle spirit even here to mention. Finding—oh ! the first discovery of such a fact ! that sympathy did not exist, he kept down from external view the thoughts that lie too deep for tears, but watched and cared for her he never hoped to gain.

And now we see him dressing for the ball with that rapidity which only handsome men acquire, who are satisfied with their own dignity

and care not for their looking after it—a mighty common trait with mushrooms of this day. This wicked boy, when ready for his carriage, slyly slipt his watch chain on his vest, bearing in its links the testimony of at least six rings from youthful ladies who had pledged eternal friendship.

I like Charley—don't you, too ?





CHAPTER IX.

Surely no blessing in the power of fate
Can be compared, in sanity of mind,
To friends of a companionable kind.

HORACE.

ARRIVED at the house and ushered in by Brown's shrill passport, Everline and her beau went to their respective dressing rooms, where as much human or inhuman nature may be learnt by careful students as one cares to see or ascertain down stairs. The laconic brevity and meaning of half-uttered sentences more frequently disclose a secret knowledge of mysterious deeds than may be ascertained elsewhere in five times the period. A general air of independent statements floats along the room as though with each removal of a cloak or overshoe one may as readily strip friends of character and deprive associates of any principle.

"I do hope Laura will be here to-night,"

exclaimed a would-be Don, who was all absorbed in twisting his well-trained mustache.

"I say, Willy," remarked a rounded man in fat, smoothed down with black, who was ineffectually attempting to take off his india-rubbers ; but at each descent and clutch at his extremities his face turned purple ; that peculiar grunt rolled forth : he took a hop and with a crack of something very like a strap, gave up to menials what he could not of himself perform.

"I say, Willy, have you seen Puck's daughter yet ?"

"No. Why ?"

"She's just the woman for you ; full of life, a rocky coast but no secreted shoals ! What say you, will you take her ?"

"Well, that's cool ; will she take me ?"

"Of course, man ; that's a certainty—your side eye is unequalled, and the symmetry of those propor"—

"Stop, now, I tell you ; and let's punch this thin dandy, who retreated late last night, and left that horrid bore on our hands for two mortal hours. Hah, hah ! if you could have seen old Jack clinging to a lamp post and vociferating vengeance on the Union, not excepting Washington."

"That's not as funny," said another maukish fellow coming up, "as the feeble struggles of his little nephew when he held him tight—ha, ha!—and poured down his guttural throat a pure libation offered 'up in testimony to the worth of innocence. A rich sight was it to witness the exertions of two officers ere they could break up that cock fight down in Abbey's Lane. I tell you that was sport. Give me sparring any day in preference to the feeble theatres of simple plot."

"Come, boys," sung out an exquisite, "the ladies long for us below. Let us descend."

"Proceed, your ludship ; we will follow."

The full-dressed, low-necked females betrayed in their turn some weaknesses of their peculiar nature. Subtle whispers, hinted sarcasm, hopes and fears that "such would happen," much anxiety lest Mrs. Poppinjay would wear her diamonds and outshine the "only broach" Miss Gainsay brought for her display ; severity with Annie Playfair for decoying Timothy and leaving natural Ellen to exist on what she had obtained without a future prospect of assistance from the shy old gentleman. Agatha exulted over Martha's punishment when she beheld her in the same brocade more richly trimmed. Elizabeth groaned when Aminta praised the

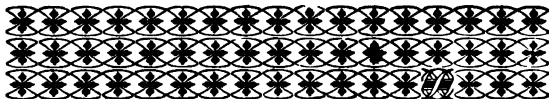
marked attentions of young "dancing Jimmy," and the antiquated Madam Marplot flushed with anger as she heard her rival's daughter meekly state that "sprightly Bob" engaged her two weeks since to lead the German with him on that very night.

Called to earthly details by the sound of music, those quite ready for the evening business, closely packed, strove with poisoned smiles and sniffled eloquence to force their way through crowded avenues to the presiding queen of the establishment on that night: not for the purpose of expressing thanks for cordial invitations, nor to show that they had not forgotten to present themselves in honor of the lady hostess, but to exhibit their fine dresses and pass muster—vying with each other in their pleasing manners and luxuriant attirement.

One mass of heads, well combed, curled tight, and shining with an oily surface, blocked up the way. A maze of scented mist filled space above, and suffocated waltzes crouped forth dance time. A sacrifice of crinoline made sad havoc with ephemeral coverings. Thick clotted conversation gurgled through mixed sentences, and strained efforts to drown reverie kept up the buzz and hum of voices not their own. Now laughter and emitted thoughts

keep down the muffled melody, and only the hoarse time monitor—the double bass—is heard above the din, with his sepulchral tones sufficient for imaginative minds, and feet as well advanced, that turn and turn and stop within the same radius of a contracted circle. Now the lights flicker, screaming silently—most wonderful phenomenon—and gasping out like human infants for pure oxygen. Ever and anon they burn brighter, and leap forth with joyous greetings as the door is opened to let in a pallid guest and the uninvited but appreciated winter's wind.





CHAPTER X.

Jucundum nihil est nisi quod reficit varietas.—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

EVERLINE had not entered ere her hand was claimed for the first redowa, and off she went to whirl and turn with one whose chief expression was self-satisfaction ; his credentials money, and his mind within his boots.

Charles Tewphunny approached a little lady just come out ; a moss rosebud of uncommon excellence, whose youthful knowledge of the world had been confined to dancing school, thanksgiving dinners, Christmas trees and New Year's visits. Like the " Adonis " of our present bar, he kindly brought forth those who were not known, and " to be loved needed but to be seen."

" Well, Miss Susie, at length fledged, you venture out to act a part on this gay stage of life ! "

" Yes, Mr. Tewphunny ; and, do you know,

I like it more than you prepared me to expect."

"Now, young maiden, it may be a foolish thing to open still wider those bright eyes which seem to gape with pleasure at the spectacle and drink in, with greedy ecstasy, the novelties of this fair eve ; but listen, when your senior speaks and write this down on memory's tablet. I give you one gay winter for excitement, equal to the fumes of opium or its richer imbibition : one year after all will be deep intrigue, or at best, a knowledge of your neighbor's faults ; the third, you'll 'doubt truth to be a liar,' struggle for a husband, if by then you are not married ; and after that a set melancholy, only kept from view by gaudy clothes and artificial manners, will deprive your heart of freshest meditation, and destroy the peace of mind unknown to mammon and her votaries."

"Why, Mr. Tewphunny, how strangely you do talk ! Not happy ? I have never known what joy, real pleasure was before to-night. To see all gaiety around ; an apoplexy, as it were, of richest luxury—and your very self, an old, though not consistent, beau, here for the seventh season saying probably to me what you have uttered more than fifty times to others who have found you out. Explain yourself be-

fore I credit what you so emphatically give out as a doctrine of the future. How can you reconcile your presence at the festive house and aphorisms of a different character ? ”

“ Simply by—but only look at that hundred dollar dress ! and to be worn but once. Do you know that lady ? ”

“ No, I don’t. Who is she ? ”

“ I will mention her peculiarity, and leave her name for you to ascertain.”

“ Go on, then, you most singular man.”

“ She prides herself upon the best appearance at each winter’s ball, and her blessed husband, now not seen, is down town every day, sometimes raising money on his note, and oftener at the rate of twenty per cent. premium. I know it for a fact.”

“ But where is he ? ” said Susie, looking grave and full into Charlie’s face.

“ Ah ! you can’t find him before supper. Sick and tired of this hollow show and wretched pomp he spends his evening in the dressing room, till summoned to drown cares in wine not purchased by himself. I left him just now heaping curses on the trash—extravagance and nonsense of such womanless employments.”

“ Is it possible that persons acting in this manner and feeling thus, can look for pleasure

or derive a single comfort from such scenes as these ? But no, I'll try my way, and seek simplicity and truth."

"That's as it should be ; but you'll not be likely to find here what grows only under shady trees, beside the mossy bank, or in the village church. However, fairest Susie, you must run the gauntlet and judge for yourself. As I have seen you gradually rise in virtue and the higher orders of a proper education, I will leave with you three rules for action as a guide to health of mind and spirits.

"Firstly. Act upon the surface as you feel inside.

"Secondly. Never believe in any man's attention till he offers heart and hand.

"And thirdly. Can you but let a lover know that you don't fancy him before he sacrifices pride by falling at your feet—and tell me, on your wedding day, that you have never been obliged to tender a refusal to a single person—and I will stamp you as true woman, the exalted essence of original integrity—the embodiment of lasting honor and the inheritor of endless happiness." Saying this with increased warmth and pressing tenderly her cordial hand, Charles left his young admirer, and in another

moment busied two stout ladies in replying to his badinage.

He met a pompous lady on his way, and shaking hands, exclaimed, "Good evening, Mrs. Sweat, and how are the little perspirations?"

Soon he wandered to make puns and gossip with a young wife whose aged spouse was quietly reposing in a distant corner, counting up the profits and sad losses of the Erie compromise, only cognizant of his party clothes and benedict condition, by perceiving through the crowd of gentlemen the animated features of a woman, who displayed upon her pretty face varieties of fascinating looks, reserving for his lonely self but one expression of dull, motionless emphatic—"Richard, you well know I sold my body—but my mind was not included in the bargain—nor my heart and manners—please then favor me with further drafts."

Count Malfaire had entertained a few picked men at the punch bowl; conversed for twenty minutes' heats with young widows and old dowagers, who calmly criticized the novelty or antiquated style of each new comer, while they called attention, with an unsophisticated look, to their "dear, happy Julia, and asked his unbiassed opinion if sweet Helen and the charm-

ing 'Lou' did not equal those rich Strutters or obnoxious Harpies."

"There now," remarked a richly dressed old lady, much increased in falsities and flesh, "would you believe it, count, I've seen that woman, standing near the door, wear that very lace three times consecutively, and think to hide its sameness by a change of its locality. Last week she wore it as a veil at Mrs. Haretop's ball; Monday it formed a gorgeous cape to her white boddice, the same wedding dress she has not yet worn out, though her second child is weaned; and now again to-night she has the impudence to talk eloquently while it drips in innocence as a 'just imported flounce.' I do declare I have no patience with a person who seeks to show off with one apology for elegance."

The count smiled his assent and answered with becoming deference, but his especial habit was to ask a question that required a long answer, and while favorably situated to survey the groups and study character, with secret intent to form future schemes. Since Everline had arrived his eyes had slowly, but more often wandered in calm thoughtfulness, yet with a determination, to see when they met her own—the only opportunity to read the heart of her first glance—if she paled—started, or became

confused. But no ; she had recognized him when his back was turned, and as he looked up he met with a recognition coldly cordial, if such a term may be appreciated. No hidden thoughts betrayed themselves on her exterior. The dignity of elegant simplicity and lettered intellect stood forth. His eyes dropped low—a moment more and he had disappeared.

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CHAPTER XI.

Unsullied faith, of soul sincere,
Of justice pure the sister fair.—HORACE.

TOWARD the end of the fourth waltz, when most of those invited had arrived, Albert entered the front room with the subdued emotions, anxious eye, and calm exterior of settled purposes not yet accomplished. He bowed low to those of the refined establishment who entertained the motley throng, and, with slow moving steps, looked for what did not appear; took a long breath and quietly subsided into the luxuriant folds of a deep window curtain, near the conservatory, where he could take in the spectacle and gaze upon this little artificial world, unnoticed and alone. There is an exquisite enjoyment to the saddened heart in feeling desolate while all around is cheerful and resplendent with the beams of happiness. The

very strength of contrast dignifies secluded misery and minor feelings permeate the inmost recesses more softly, while the outer man keeps down expression and chains any outburst of concealed surmisings. The gay strains of sparkling wit, commingled with the merry laugh and choicest music, elevated by the breath of rarest flowers, bid defiance to an angry passion, sooth distracted thought, and call forth the plaintive reasonings of an injured nature.

Albert's every action indicated the intensity of his private character. It more resembled the checked champings of a curbed charger, that, to move one step, seems to vibrate his every muscle and exhibit talent even with each respiration. While the latent fire in the rolling orb betrayed a world of hidden feelings bubbling to the surface, but as soon as recognized lost to the earthly vision, merely the sure evidence of something down below.

Like Malfaire, he had been the object of keen study ere he found the person for whose presence he had wandered many years and labored over foreign countries, but in vain. Fearful lest, as in other days, when measuring this form, those features and the fair expression with the picture of his own imagina-

tion, he should find the strongest link to a reality not there, he cautiously surveyed, and at each fresh test glowed with enthusiastic exultation at the promising success so soon to crown the tedious efforts of a lifetime. Could it be? Had anxiety departed from his breast no more to gnaw, with its protracted agony, the better nature of a noble mind? Was dull despondency to leave a saddened heart and sound, in delicate vibrations, the unequalled tidings of a lasting liberation? Would the sombre desolation of postponed aspirations now no longer weary the determined watchfulness of sacred pledges for a final struggle? Yes, the awful moment had arrived. Awful—for like those poor captives who have lived in isolated cells, enduring silent misery till it became a second nature, and no longer forced to stay within the worn-out precincts of prescribed existence, fear to go forth, and with a trembling smile almost cry out to be permitted to remain and perish in their hollow resting place—he now scarcely felt himself quite equal to the pleasurable task of seeking that unrivalled creature, who, for four long weary years, had held, unconsciously, the lifestrings of his dearest wish. A chilly trembling took possession of his manly frame, and his dark eye swam in dizzy thought.

His heart refused to send the signal through each little capillary, and a freezing happiness proclaimed the new birth of revived beatitudes. These pangs subdued—this surplus growth of ecstasy at length o'ercome—and the former man was lost in present bliss. Language fails to furnish the expression of young Mountjoy's fresh, exulting, awe-struck satisfaction.

Controlling the first impulse to rush forth and throw himself at the feet of one whom he had seemed to know for many, many lover's moons, he recollected the true state of his condition, and awaited the most favorable opportunity and self-possession ere he ventured forth to meet those eyes, and hold communion with a mind of whose every attribute he felt a perfect knowledge. To find a friend, explain the nature of suppressed desire, be presented and stand the sole companion of this exquisite reality, was the short transpiration of ten minutes. But a generation of ideas sprang forth in that brief period—the exalted theories of evening meditations now formed tangible sensations, and a perfect feeling of repose in mind lulled swelling passion and brought peace to every faculty of innate pensiveness.



CHAPTER XII.

The present joys of life we doubly taste
By looking back with pleasure on the past.—MARTIAL.

SINGULAR was it, indeed, that Albert, though now for the first time the blest auditor of liquid truths, felt in his heart that he was talking with an old acquaintance. Every movement of the body—of original description—each new phrase of Everline's utterance, seemed to recall a dream of past existence, so minutely had he conjured up to his imagination the essential qualities of her whose portrait he had studied in the gray of morning beauty during midday clearness, and when the evening shadows, from a flickering fire light, proclaimed the silent hour and afforded time for a mature conclusion. Under so many circumstances had young Mountjoy unfolded to his inner self what she must be. So often, in the

fields of native excellence, had he discoursed alone ; that now each person seemed to name afresh to him the wonderful reality of her own presence. Every faculty of hearing, seeing, and the very atmosphere, recalled sensations of his past acquaintance with her youthful self.

There was that peculiar circle of mesmeric influences, her own special element perhaps, not inappropriately termed expression, that endorsed the feeling of implicit confidence in her identity and satisfied his carefulest deductions.

The countenance may be lost to its suggestive form ; the outline even of the being may have been so shrunken by sad sorrows, or developed by accumulated pleasures, that no trace remains of early infancy or girlhood innocence. But there exists about a person of marked character a key note of undeviating truthfulness, and never, while the soul, unchangeable in its own individuality, remains on earth, can that same test be lost to view or the inherent qualities lie dormant on the page of life. Woman, ever on the scent for delicate susceptibilities, dives deeper still for a response to her own feelings. Man, however, reasons with his privately conceived determination, and an answer brings with it the stamp that cannot

find a counterfeit or lie concealed beneath the veil of superstition. Woman pauses till the rising to the surface of a hinted something leads her to the truth, or, near the current of secluded thoughts, betrays a hidden purpose, the result of that unique conception.

Has man never been led on to gloomy meditation by a soothing air of deep-tone chords, which, by their recollections, plunge him back into the past, where one, whose hand can never more be clasped in love, was wont to discourse plaintive melody? Has not a brilliant flash of scintillated ecstasy gleamed forth from our ready memory as the forgotten perfume of a fragile violet alluded to the nerves of smell the cue to past flirtation, and the rarest counsel of one special friend who ever was most grateful for those tints of fancy? Is there any maiden of a thoughtful memory, whose mind has not recalled emotions difficult to be described, when seeing for the first time in long years the familiar smile on features of another form, or maybe their peculiar walk? Stranger still, a set phrase thrown out at random, may have called her present gay-toned mind "to thinking and to fancy-linking." So it was with radiant Everline! radiant as the noonday's sun; a clear penetrable light; not the evening sunset borrowing

lustre from the rouge-faced clouds, brilliant in their artificial, gaudy hues and various shades of color, each a trap to catch a sunbeam—but a “set-fair” expression, not soon to be o’er-ruffled or easily to be concealed by mistaken nothingness.

There was that about the earnest Albert that renewed the past—a sort of dream—or the solemn sound of muffled drums. Everline could not, to herself, define the feelings of her breast akin to happiness—a sort of pleasurable pain she would not banish from her mind.

It appears, from fixed results of this mysterious nature, namely, the delicious recognition, in a new acquaintance, of an idolized, devoted friend—as though a sympathy of some mesmeric character caused the congenial of this world to meet in ether and hold converse, while the body temporal pursued the even tenor of its way and suffered loneliness. Even as one cannot stifle generative thought, or chain the wanderings of a poetic mind, so the comminglings of a similar creation force their way through earthly obstacles ; annihilate the slow-paced time ; break down the barrier of cold reserve, and free the bond-chains of an earthly tenement. Albert Mountjoy had so pictured this completest moment of existence, and, with unknown

zeal, bethought him of the living representative of his imaginings, that he now entered with experience upon a recalled pleasure, and perceived the subtle footsteps of his former mind.

Everline, from an innate consciousness of early imageries and youthful joys, of meditative birth, renewed the being of her infancy, and lived anew what half-grown thoughts had uttered in her younger days.

If nature can confound the student and o'erwhelm the sage philosopher, who may with certainty fix limits to the lofty mind, or mark out a course of dull realities ?





CHAPTER XIII.

"From his first entrance to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain."

ALBERT now no longer felt embarrassed, but as if conversing with a loved companion through the longest trials, and, with unassuming deference, addressed her in the simplest manner.

"Miss Payton, you seem formed to find the most appreciative elements of this confusing evening and sift out the benefit from all the chaff."

"Quite true," replied Everline, looking calmly in his most attentive face, "I find much pleasure, of a certain kind, in this real butterfly existence; but I rather more enjoy the looking on and seeing others happy. Oh, I think there is so much of interest in a really happy countenance, whose every thought stands

forth, in noble innocence and readily confutes the soundest theorists and baffles impudent associations."

"These are my same views, much better set forth by yourself, Miss Payton."

"Certainly," she artlessly replied, "I do not know a pleasanter sensation than upon a 'Christmas eve,' to run with merry children to greet Santa Claus, divide their pretty toys, play blindman's buff, and listen to the germ of that clear, bell-like laugh. How far superior to the fop-like sentences of disappointed men, who wrap [themselves in the dull mist of scented thoughts, and seek to find applause in every listener."

"I used to feel exactly as you do, Miss Payton, and expect ere long to gain anew that essence of a crystal youth ; but lately I was rusting out existence ; forming saddest pictures within a gloomy room ; perceiving naught but most expressive sadness in the subtle shapes of dying embers, and as each bright and illumined thought formed promising realities, the glowing embers sank to rise no more ; the spark of life died out, fulfilling none of their bright promises. So constant was this habit and so often did sad circumstances hesitate to give encouragement to my renewed exertions for one

such reality, that after I had read the outline of a future destiny on this rude log of nature, ere I could commit to memory its rules of conduct, the least draft annulled the evidence of thought and banished hope from every article on which to rest. When forming wreaths of smoke I sent others through them and found each as fair as that which had preceded it, as silently roll forth with broad success ; yet, at the very moment it had formed a magic circle, it grew with a quiet rumbling less distinct, less faithful to its former friend, I shut out thought, no longer sought for aid, but took a passive view of objects that dull sense and harden nature."

Albert thus half talked, half uttered, what had burst forth now that he had reached the goal of his desire. Knowing naught save that his vitality had sprung a mine, he half soliloquized, half sought to free himself from what had lain concealed in musty confidence so many years.

"What can you mean by this wild conversation, Mr. Mountjoy ? I perceive more depth in what you say than most of those around me ; but there is a missing link to solve the mystery and truthfully connect the sentiment," replied Everline, much absorbed by the

very novelty of her companion's style, the vast superiority of his original views, and the freedom of his confidence ; an honor she well knew, from his expressive visage, rarely reposed in a new acquaintance. She was certain, in her mind, that very many evenings must elapse ere she could fathom his suggestive thoughts by even her pure test of excellence ; and yet she did not wish to lessen the amount of labor, for it promised satisfaction in the end, and served to interest her more by the profundity of his peculiar character and manly specialties. There was a richness in his quiet speech that evidenced good breeding ; a look that calmly penetrated the exterior, and manners affable, yet dignified.

"There is little in my words, Miss Payton," said Albert, fearful lest he must have said unconsciously what now he could not recollect. "But pardon the confession of my inner self. The truth is, that your face reminded me of days gone by, and some kind friend I have not seen for years. While feeling a response to your own utterance, I half answered you, half thought aloud. And now, with your permission, we will change the conversation and commence anew. Do you know a sage remark of erudite Agassiz seems to come upon me un-

awares to-night, so wonderfully did it meet the circumstances and become appropriate to the present generation of 'fine dancers'?"

"What was it, Mr. Mountjoy?"

"Simply, that grasshoppers hear through their legs."

"Capital analogy," answered Everline, "and I heard Charles Tewphunny, that gentleman, all smiles in yonder corner, say almost as good a thing, but half an hour since. I deem it only equalled by your own ideas."

"Pray what was it, will you tell me?"

"Certainly. While Mr. Tewphunny was walking up and down with me, I pointed out two lovers much engaged in conversation, quite sequestered from the public gaze. I said carelessly, 'but only look at those two turtle-doves'——

"'Mock turtle, you must mean,' said Tewphunny, 'his calf's head will ably carry out the metaphor.'"

"Most excellent," said Albert; "I must find him out and cultivate his style. May I hand you in to supper?" And so they went forth, arm in arm, toward that room we all remember echoing champagne reports, dish rattle, silver in loud conflict with Sèvres china, gurgles of hot "terrapiin," and Lafitte of "'44,"

combined in swallowing with well fed laughter. Hazy waxlights brought out boldly the ball dresses of affected females and displayed the jewelry of choicest make. Rustling crinoline awaited the kind offices of generous enthusiasm. Ranged round the much-extended table, groaning with game pies, set off by richest luxuries and the judicious exhibition of *blanc mange*, a marble effigy of Washington without a head, rum jelly, laughing sweets, and *Charlotte russe* of delicate suggestiveness, o'ertopped by pyramids of ice cream guarded by as many Nuga castles, forming four deep, stood the selfish patronizers of society, each calling for some reedbird, partridge, venison, or fried oysters, for his special comfort ; while those anxious to bring delicacies to the ladies were obliged to wait till some fat gentleman, replete with good things, dropped off exactly like those leeches whose capacity for sustenance has even a fixed limit. After supper came the "German," the mainstay of dancing epicures, who, weakened by a constant dissipation, now for a few hours, stimulated by the best wines, move elegantly in the dance and doubly find enjoyment in what overcomes the strongest musical performer. As the youthful couples formed a seated circle of light fairies and their partner grasshoppers,

Charles now and then gave utterance to some quaint thought, or pointed out the comical coincidences of the evening to two old scheming matrons in an outer sphere, whose bright representatives of days gone by were now participating in the graceful movements of the "bouquet."

"I do declare, your Matilda leads off well with that young Willy. It is all arranged?"

"Not quite, I trust," replied the anxious parent, who, like all good mothers, ran down those whose marked attention to their daughters called forth comment, till the final settlement was made, the very day put down, the hour named, and the dowry fixed, lest the deceiver slip his cable and it be spread abroad that "one more unfortunate" had met with blighted prospects and deluded hopes.

"Are you to dine to-morrow with Count Malfaire?" asked stout matron, No. 2.

"Oh, yes; I received my order to appear at court exactly as the clock strikes six P. M., but being well versed in the amenities of life, will not present myself till just four minutes after time. The dinner is nominally given to Miss Payton's father, but we all know the peculiar weakness of the count and his especial liking for herself. Of course I am invited as her

shadow, to gild over prejudice. I like to go to Malfaire's dinners, he loves so much to display the marvellous. Besides fine wines and rarest dishes, he may justly claim originality in all that he exhibits to the public gaze."

"Oh, tell us something, won't you, please?"

"No, you must see the whole establishment and judge of it from visible sensations. Have patience for one day, and you will see the residence of the American Arbaces.

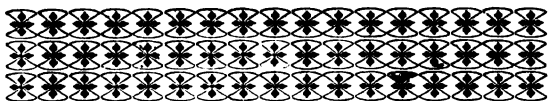
"And thus they talked and danced, and went to supper once again, where a few "dead heads" and live stomachs had remained from the first call to "food." And then good Brown, and calls of "coachey," "step up, rubicundity—Thirty-ninth street—come along, empty stomach—Fifth Avenue Hotel," and so on, ended what had lasted for six hours; been the vehicle for many secret whispers, meaning looks, suggestive messages, appointments only for the young, delicate slips of paper changing owners. As in days of yore, so at the present time of which we write.

Charles, in the midst of all his punning and gay talk, had watched and scrutinized Malfaire, but could detect no falsity of conduct in his manner. Malfaire had fathomed Everline

with as careful eyes, and met with nothing better in success ; he could not reason out her inmost thought. Albert had been introduced, conversed with, studied her, the goal of his proud days, but he could only feel that bonds of sympathy had rapidly united in their genial tastes : and Everline, though experiencing pleasantest emotions while exchanging thoughts with Mountjoy, had not yet been able carefully to analyze the cause of preference for his society.

Thus it is in this life. While to the shallow thinker all is surface, plainest truths and simple deeds ; to those behind the scenes and interested, every laugh brings forth an écho, each voice recalls some latent thought ; a sight subdues exulting converse, and the combination forms a chaos to the meditator.





CHAPTER XIV.

He who is taken unprepared,
Finds death an evil to be feared,
Who dies to others too much known,
A stranger to himself unknown.

SENECA.

HAVING bid good night to each respective member of the ball as they left for the hallowed shrine of love—named home—sometimes a jail, but more often the hotbed of all neglected duties—let us now return to Grimjaw, the paid tool of the abandoned Malfaire. He had promised on that very night, for one thousand dollars in hard cash, to place at rest the body of Coldharte, thereby preventing him from “making old bones.”

Some men set about their deeds of darkness with slothful, sluggish, dram-shop, smoky plotting—such as German Jews, who can sleep for nights anticipating the sure benefit accruing from a skilful murder. Others, while conversing with their future victim, measure his pro-

portions and count up the profit, loss, or danger of a struggle. Others, some who need a veil for conscience not quite dead, remove the obstacle by a "fair fight," and being armed, secure the life of him they seek to kill by the safe answer of a self-defence. There is still another class who, taking half the sum awarded to their daring, bribe a menial less in reputation than in boasting villany, and if the foul deed comes to light, they swear against an old accomplice and get rid of two at once. This is very common in great cities and their purlieus. But not such was Grimjaw. A shrewd slaver for the past twelve years, and connected with respectable old gentlemen of private interests—the portals of his heart, like Janus, had been closed to all but passionate indulgence. His mind, not quick, was of that bull-dog character which, when once grasping an idea, had burned with the dim steadiness of a dull lantern in a fore-castle which swings, beclouded by most noxious gases, fed by rancid oil, and only shedding light sufficient for itself.

The secret agent of the slaver, Malfaire, Grimjaw learnt to practise cruelties, pack well the crowded holes, and smother sobs and groans by ways and means originated in his vulcan brain. The count employed him when a sud-

den fancy to get rid of obstacles left nothing to be done in plot or artifice. Now maddened into frenzy at exposure of the truth by Coldharte—fearing lest, when warmed into confidence by wine, he might betray past deeds—the bold Malfaire had issued the command for blood, revenge and death.

Returning to the vessel, after rowing his proud master to the nearest wharf, old Rasper climbed the side for his inseparable brandy bottle, and a helpmate of Titanic, brawny arms. Grimjaw, come along with me—are all asleep ? ”

“ They dream in peace.” The answer satisfied ; and silently they sculled their way to the low stern of an old ship, made fast the painter to a sunken log, and, lighting two strong pipes, shuffled with a rolling gait and stealthy step toward the abode of gamblers. How peacefully they walked along the by-streets ; crossing over ; pausing to read numbers ; stopping now and then to take a stimulating draft from their secreted cans ; and when approached by any but policemen, dodging behind piles of brick, unfinished houses, or descending with a hurried step into a darksome area. Sometimes, when coming suddenly and unawares upon a group of men, they staggered to and fro as if return-

ing with both empty pockets from an evening "red shoe" party; now on short allowance, and, with tipsy movements, striving to make port.

Coldharte, when left by Malfaire, bidding him adieu with his sardonic smile, had wandered to the tables—lost ten eagles—soon won twice as much, and, ere ten minutes had elapsed, was laughing to himself at a "plucked chicken," who a moment since had signed away to him a twenty thousand dollar house at "faro," and was begging, all in vain, for only a five dollar bill that he might but return to quiet, clean, and straightforward Philadelphia, to recommence life as a clerk. The hardened gambler had refused him even fifty cents, and, with a heartless warning to look better after his own interest and reform in time, he went to supper to eat down surmisings, that Malfaire would harm him soon. But though the oysters, chicken partridges, and oldest Burgundy had never tasted with so rich a flavor; though freshest jokes rolled forth to mingle with the lights and mirrors in defiance against his forebodings; there existed in his mind a sense of weight such as binds heads before a thunderstorm, or tells one approaching his own dwelling that bad news awaits him. Yet still he

moved. It was far worse to stay and doubt. Nodding to the groups of busy criminals, Coldharte lit a capital Cabana, and emerging from a back door, slowly sauntered in the dark—though satiated with rich food—uneasy and most nervous.

Scarcely had he walked a block, when, as he crossed the staging of a scaffolding in front of an unfinished building, a stout man approached, and bowing very like a cripple, with his back against a lamp post, took from his pocket a white note and handed it respectfully to Coldharte, asking him if it was for himself. "I beg pardon, sir, but please attend at once to this !"

"Can't I read it when I reach my room ?"

"Why, no, sir ; Count Malfaire requested me to bring him back an answer from your own lips."

"Count Malfaire ! eh ? Why, this is Grimjaw."

"Yes, your honor."

"Well, old fellow, here's a quarter ; wait a minute."

"Long life to you," said Grimjaw, pocketing a fifty cents, while Rasper coming up behind like lightning, threw a double noose around the man's extended arms, and Grim-

jaw, grinning, plunged a two-edged Spanish dirk into his side. A second more his throat was firmly grasped, and though possessed of courage, strength and superhuman energy, this choking man, with maddened struggles, gasped and blackened, clutched and shivered, while the essence of existence glided from his inner being. It was the work of a moment; but while the rope was loosened and the dying man fell heavily against the railing, it gave way and Grimjaw was precipitated with the gambler's body to the bottom of a half-dug cellar. Both their feet had been entangled in the rope employed by Rasper to accomplish his part of the business. As soon as Grimjaw's helpmate saw the threatening prospect of unfortunate affairs, now fearful to be left alone, and deeming it expedient for his own safety to absent himself, he set out swiftly for the dock, maintaining that a crowd of lookers-on impeded more than they assisted.

Coldharte breathed a curse, and with convulsive blows on Grimjaw's head, died in mashed agonies. To disengage himself from all impediments would have been child's play to the much experienced murderer; but as he now sought to raise himself from Coldharte's clammy body, he perceived that in the fall his right

arm had been broken in two places, one cheek was deeply gashed, and all the muscles of his back were lacerated fearfully. The pain was so extreme that he could scarcely walk ; so, ramming, in his rage at "luck," a big stone down the dead man's mouth, he cautiously crawled up a ladder, and, not hearing the footsteps of any person, walked on slowly till he found it necessary to sit down and favor his position, in some measure to mitigate the agony of his progression homeward. At length, fearful lest from loss of blood he might faint on his way, though dreading it might reach Malfaire's ears, he sought to find some "surgeon 'pothecary, or good doctor," to alleviate his sufferings and staunch the flow of blood.

• "Curse on me, but it was a bloody death !" exclaimed the muddy, gory-spotted, half-gone murderer. "Had that vile gangway but held out, all would have passed off well. Them gamblers always dies by inches. Take a gentleman now : a kick—and all is overs ; but somehow if the willains does not fight, some evil spirits strikes a man for putting of them out of pain. If this was London, now, the red lamp would a' told me where I could ha' found a doctor." Talking thus in broken sentences, he staggered on till a glass office door

informed him that a Dr. Takewell was within, at home, and ready to receive. No longer did the moon shed softened lustre on the earthly tenements of weakened thought. A frowning cloud of blackened weight shut out all rays, and with a lowering brow, dulled stars and hushed the wind. A silence told the anger of a hesitating vengeance. Gloomy threatenings cowed the filthy man, and, with a creaking mind, he shrank in thinnest fear.





CHAPTER XV.

"Entremetteuse."

DR. TAKEWELL was the only son of an old couple, and according to the philosophic theories of physiologists, possessed a mind superior to the offspring of young married people. Obligated, however, to balance accounts with nature, his earthly tenement was spare, for he inherited their feeble frames and eccentricities of genius. It was a thin family, was the Takewells. One of those long races of ancestral dignitaries whose exalted patronymics had existed so far back and been carefully consigned by one lean son to his spare grandchild, that the family resemblance and high name, originally formed of good old Saxon size, had been so drawn out to reach both ends, that every one of them was thin about the middle, and presented lengthened traits of bony consciousness. Of course

the eldest of their human species had been fondled by that kind old gentleman, the conquered William. Their forefathers had come over in his vessel, which, if all the passengers had been on board whose proud descendants claim for them a first class cabin berth, must have been the vast original Great Eastern.

Their family tree resembled those whose origin it had mapped out. Long scanty limbs with little fruit ; all the Mrs. Takewells having confined themselves to the telegraphic communication from one generation to another, by means of a single "*poll.*" The family tree presented a tall lime district, living trunk, occasionally holding out to view a full blown blossom, dropping ere it had been plucked. That innocent "*Mayflower*" had conveyed an aged Takewell, with his fragile family, to the much honored Plymouth Rock, described so beautifully by an over anxious poet as being covered with thick foliage, adorned with shrubs and laughing flowers. The worn out parents passed away, and little Takewell striking root, soon married in Connecticut a tall lean woman, economical in habits, and exacting in her charities, who deviated from the law of single comforts and presented her beloved spouse with two "*brave sons.*" But dame fortune gave one

up to the exclusive fairies of Midsummer's Eve. The other followed the example of his father and took courage. From this stock, in due time, came the father of the present doctor, who, coming into property and losing his blest wife at the same time, lived with William (æt. 30) in a comfortable house, and strove to grow old gracefully.

"Three score and ten" proclaimed the exit of a most respectable descendant, and a physical decrepitude had never been associated with the least of mental troubles. Takewell senior was an old schoolman, whose mind, though of attenuated form, was well spun out. His body, of the bean pole order, was encased in layers of flannel. Three fine sentiments alone had emanated from his breast, and on their excellence he dwelt in peace. It was his theory that every man of parts should write a book, free one black slave by liberal donations and invent some labor-saving implement of daily use that might bring with it satisfaction and a proper compensation. Richard had got through with these apportioned duties, and now rested on his laurels; but the leaves were from the rowen tree. His book was published at his own expense and found its way to private libraries and public institutions. Its suggestive title was "Home as

as it should be," a really clever, most precise, and passable production, replete with meditation and a sparsity of thought ; but what was raised on this thin soil, quite clear, well washed, and hydropathically good, like all fresh emanations from a close-packed mind of icy habits, coldest truths, the very cleanliness depriving it of innate fire. If latent heat be termed "the heat of form," old Takewell could have had but little ; his flat presence indicated nothing in reserve. The second principle of action had been carried out, Connecticutically speaking, for he calmed his conscience by purchasing a slave, a baby, price \$50, and exported her before she grew. Two good reasons for this step endorsed the acted thought : first, the great increase of its expense as years passed on ; and secondly, perhaps a doubt that, if hard up at any time, he might be sorely tempted to sell "living property" worth fully \$1,000 for \$500 cash, deposit \$100 for the credit of his conscience, and pay off accumulating debts with the remaining sum. The third and final test of a great man, inventive powers, now became his single duty, and he soon came forth victorious. A model, patented, and useful toasting fork completed the full round of his accomplished duties, and he entered on retirement with a suffused enjoy-

ment rarely felt by many, and experienced at intervals by very few indeed.

On the principle of happy the father whose children resemble him, William, the sole bearer of the family escutcheon, was but a minute and shrunken likeness of a well-bred parent.

The president of an historical society and "ordinary refreshments," he convened his members every literary month. The chairman of some three religious and well-fed associations, and subscriber to all journals worthy of perusal, Mr. Takewell led a healthful life, perused his book each morning, sunned himself at one precisely, dined with William and a maiden aunt at sunset hour, by the almanac, and toasting bread as night approached, congratulated those about him on the quietness of his establishment, and coaxed and nursed each ailment of the mind or physical infirmity. Before ten A. M. and after seven in the evening, Mr. Takewell gave himself up to secluded leisure and became a dressing gown, a quaint generic term for all who comprehend repose of body and the luxury of thoughtful stretching, "crittur comforts and a good segar." There is always something to remind us of our earthly lives, and there was something to convince old Takewell that his Paradise was temporal; his freedom slightly

circumscribed. It caused the old man to express himself, "that sweetest flowers have a modicum of acid, every coat a button hole, and each of poor humanity some text which stares us in the face through life, and says to calm philosophy and wildest youth alike, 'as thou art mortal thou must bear thy share of Adam's woe.'" This text in life and stubborn fact, was the deceased and female Takewell's sister, née Trip, and in fear forever Trip.

To sum up old Trip in choicest phrase, we may state in brief that she was from New England stock ; outstripped the leanest Takewell in diaphanous sublimity, exhibited the skin of one who lived in private on a dish of vinegar and long slate pencils, and invariably wore high-colored silks, blotched with red, purple and a leafless plant. Her skirt discarded hoops. She ever deemed a man the essence of depraved imaginings ; a sort of outdoor animal to do his work, fulfil his mission, and respect the magic circle of a woman's presence, giving him at least ten feet. Miss Trip never entered or left an apartment occupied by man, but she threw up a window to let out the "ozone" and admit her darling oxygen. Miss Trip was a stove woman. She planted one of those radiating brain destroyers in each entry ; "dried

the parlors " long before they could be damp, and generally revelled in an air-tight atmosphere, at once destructive and unequalled in its certain consequences. Every year dear easy-going Mr. Takewell wrote upon his chimney wall the rare occurrences of each month, the greatest heat known during summer season, and the lowest temperature in February. Passages from learned authors found their way to some secluded nook, forming as a whole a list of items useful for immediate reference, and pleasing his own fancy. Every year in turn, when Franklin's dread and bookworm's horror led Miss Trip to take the fearful step of cleaning house ; having ascertained that soap and water could remove old pencil marks, this spinster waited for an epoch in the busy time. At length, when prolonged sittings at the Bible House called for a daily absence of good-natured Takewell, she, the feature of the house, washed off the precious data of one past twelvemonth, the spotless wall revealing cleanliness and ready for new "records of a good man's life." Miss Trip was what is called a "headache" woman, a well-marked race of females much akin to poor dyspeptics, known to all physicians as never-dying, still-complaining fretters, who out live the strongest, and on "feeble

health " make others do their work. If pressed to anger, they as quickly lose their breath, gasp out reproofs, and are immediately seized with all the saddest symptoms of a palpitating syncope. When asked to dine where they detest to go and "sit by men," they gently cough, clasp both their skinny hands against their flattened chests, and looking up in innocence, exclaim : " You know I have been for twelve years an invalid, and Dr. Sayall (some one always dead) was wont to say that one of my lungs was affected, and on no account was I to mix with any undue and prolonged excitement." One more characteristic served to separate Miss Trip from the profanum vulgus. There are two kinds of eccentric spinsters : First, the talking spinster, and secondly, the silent one ; which last, subdued in manner and reserved in speech, shoots sideways from her eyes, thinks plots, annihilates by whispers, and indirectly crushes by a hinted evidence. The talking spinster may be subdivided into three distinct realities ; first, she who enters into conversation that you may be both mutually satisfied, instructed, and amused with interchange of rich ideas. These traits are rare. The second class discuss with one that they may show how much they know,

a most fatiguing and oppressive race. And lastly, those who talk that they may clearly prove how little you do know ; such was Miss Trip, a sort of erotetic reductio ad absurdum. She talked at you, and at times not merely talked you down, but listened only to her wiry voice. She never could fulfil the aphorism of the learned Cecil, that true eloquence was vehement simplicity. How then did Takewell pacify or overcome so many counter elements ? Did he but venture to invite some learned scholar or distinguished member of the Oriental Club to dine with him, an outburst followed, and Miss Trip informed the gentleman, domestics and entire household, that " things didn't used to be so when poor dear forgotten Mrs. T. was living. *She* appreciated all her little efforts ; she gave credit for untold devotion, and now she is gone, and OTHERS, left to suffer, rendered helpless by their feeble health and weakened lungs, quite incapacitated for activity, are now permitted by a most mysterious Providence to linger on, a burden to the public, unheeded and put down ! " Such was the tenor of her conversation when desirous of obtaining any end. Can we wonder that a man may soon grow old when living under the same roof with one of such a nature.



CHAPTER XVI.

"Nihil scriptum miraculi causa."—TACITUS.

KEEPING in the mind's eye the recorded features of old Takewell ; the misfortune that his wife was dead ; the influence of Aunt Trip ; all constitutional infirmities and family resemblances combined with many eccentricities—we have only to exclaim that William Takewell was possessed of three original peculiarities. Now thirty, he awaited forty-five, the regular appointed period to become the proud companion of a living spouse. Fear No. One was that his forehead ran back suddenly, and thereby strengthened his resemblance to the Aztec children. Fear No. Two caused much uneasiness, for he became alarmed lest, when in a crowd, he might turn pale and seem a coward. This convulsed his frame—brought on, from over anxiousness, a fit of trembling, and affect-

cheered by the appearance of cold, clammy arteries, of huge red pitch-fork shape, now straddling a thigh bone. Suspended from a hook, in varied jars and seen through yellow alcohol, are hanging in brown rows pale portions of exsected human flesh. The oil cloth, though well swept, like Bluebeard's key, remains unwashed of purity and permeated by the tarnished blood of some less innocent than Rizzio. In front of the screened window is an arm chair, so full of invitation to such contemplation, but from its locality suggestive of the concealed knife and ether sponge—protracted sobs and non-paid checks. My dentist's house, though elegant, possessed four tall mahogany folding doors that led from great suspension into pain most active and young tears, when I was nine years old. Such now is the result of memory and hard association, that I can never enter and behold that light-grained shade but with involuntary muscles I close my mouth and brace myself for sudden jerks.

Young Takewell did take well "*va bene*," as Charles Tewphunny expressed himself, pursuing medicine, like Rasselas of old, to find unlooked for happiness. One morning—varying little from Lord Byron, who awoke to find himself deemed famous—Takewell roused from

dreamy moods the proud possessor of diplomas from his college, hospital and private class, and vested with authority to kill or cure ; liable to be called out at any time to pass just criticism on a dying victim, and endowed with vast responsibilities most fearful to an uninitiated, conscientious man. Though full of budding theories and amply stored with hearsay recipes, he was devoid of practical experience ; but, favored by hereditary baldness, classical, gold spectacles, and a venerable gait, he led those on, who did not know the circumstances, to place confidence in all he said. From sudden calls and varied cases, sprinkled with a calm reserve, grave looks, and well apportioned medicines, young William Takewell had done honor to his father's name, and found himself surrounded by kind friends, a paying reputation with both rich and poor, a handsome income, and as much as he desired to fulfil.

In ten long years he had learnt much : two, to try all kinds of remedies ; three, to examine hygienic laws ; and five, to succeed nobly in the cleanly rule and atmospheric freshness. He never gave a person up for lost until his death was published—never paid unnecessary visits, and lived on an anxious, doing-good, benevolent, unseen, nervous, varied life, still promising him-

self one day to cut all duties and retire, never more to study death, check fevers, or waste tissue.

May it be so, Dr. Takewell !





CHAPTER XVII.

"Non facile solus serves, quod multis placet."—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

GRIMJAW let himself down, with slow movements, till he reached the round bell handle of the doctor's office. Ushered in by a small black, he grunted forth, in squeezed out tones : " I say, tell boss I'm here and vant advice. Come, darkey, stir your stumps ! "

" Yeth, mither. Hi, golly ! you hurt you mighty bad. Take a theat, thir. I call de doctor right away."

The shadow vanished and returned ; lit another gaslight ; vanished, brought a basin, water, sponges ; vanished, and returned with Dr. Takewell in a wrapper.

" Ah ! my friend, how did it happen ? "

" Vell, you see, I vas a comin' down de sthreet, an' de fursht ting I knos vas a vaggon runnin' away mit a tall big hoss. Vell, afore I

jumps in time, de hoss he come agin' me, and I find mesel' in a big hole vat ish made dug by de sewer men. Vell, I vash soked mit de vasser all through, quite de smash'd. Can't you do nothink mit mine bones !”

“ Oh ! yes,” replied the doctor, gently taking off the clotted mass of clothing ; “ you sit still and we will make it right.” And so the doctor looked, took up arteries ; sewed all gaping wounds ; plastered cuts and gave advice ; studied features, and formed quaint opinions ; picked up a note that fell out of the Dutchman's pocket ; and bidding him return in two days' time retired to his seat.

The doctor rose again, made fast the door, put out one light, dismissed his boy, poked up the fire, lit a good segar, examined carefully the letter found, thought much, made up his mind and body to a secret fact and sat in meditation for two hours. Those two hours were the best employed in the young doctor's time for the past year. Let us remember when, six months after, he assists in laying bare a hidden truth. It would be as well to thank the medical profession in general for their confrère's assistance. Doctors do some good occasionally in other ways than the administration of bad doses. The “ I owe you one, sir ! ” is not al-

ways their sad lot. They live for many years the media of kindest offices, and die quite often only missed by selfish friends who cannot find a substitute for their peculiar slavery. As often do they guide the young, warn careless benedicts, and prove a blessing to humanity.

Grimjaw, done up in lint, with head erect in plastered stock, and swathed in bandages and mud, moved on in chuckling gaiety at the reward of merit. The deed was done "an' no mishtake." Another limping half hour and he found himself emerging from a side street facing the long dirty wharves and black outlines of the stout shipping. Night was lifting her dark bed-clothes, and her monitor, the sun, was taking down the closed-up shutters. A stray watchman, buttoned up and full of "lightning," looked out from deep overhanging doorways; while Madame Grimjaw, with a little smuggled boy, was busy on the dock applying science to necessity, and drawing off from apoplectic casks of wine, by well-trained straws of siphon make, their surplus contents into flat cans placed beneath a long boat's thwarts. Not seeing her—his better or worse half, 'tis hard to say—the dead-souled murderer crossed over to a steam-boat landing—whistled low in undistinguishable signals, and sat motionless till Rasper rowed

off from the yacht to ferry over to the rakish craft—now tacking slowly and in fretful manner chafing to dart forth—this lump of living sin.

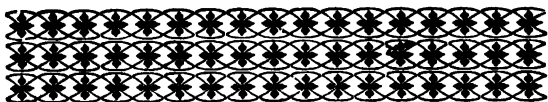
Before the morning broke, none better slept than did that pair of single vices who had just regaled themselves with a good supper, and washed down with Bourbon whiskey all sensations bordering on a reflective meditation. In other words their scruples bowed before the triple dram.

Ere porters had moved down, in chilly walkings, toward their stores ; ere newspapers were printed and sent forth to spread the items of a crime ; ere Everline had unclosed her silken lashes to greet sunshine ; ere Charles Tewphunny peeped out from softest covering to look at winter, feel the contrast, blink, roll over and fall fast asleep ; ere that man of evil deeds and worse designs had lain down from his busy papers for a little rest—the body of Coldharte had been found—policemen, with quick looks and sluggish movements, had sent telegrams as far as Kansas to arrest the progress of the fugitive ; reporters, full of future columns, that make up four dollar articles, had risen, and, as they walked, penned magic words of vital import and deep interest ; portrayed in outline the

exact position of the bleeding body, and formed each a separate conclusion based upon the same reality, namely, that some sudden and unlooked for circumstance had led to this misfortune.

Though Coldharte was a gentleman of easy virtue, and was known to waive some little ceremonies in his course through life, yet his good birth, fair income, and establishment demanded the acknowledgment that he moved high and always paid debts well. Now his death and murder under such a phase in life gave signals unto many, and betrayed revenge, deep anger and brute force.





CHAPTER XVIII.

Passion the obstinate, not reason, rules,
For what they will they will; and there's an end.

SHAKSPEARE:

MALFAIRE having having silenced Coldharte, and convinced that no villany could possibly be tracked to his own door, now sought to win fair Everline. A frown passed over his dark brow as he discovered from his books that Mr. Payton, though involved beyond redemption, would no longer borrow, and, most strange of circumstances, never failed to meet his dues. Besides, the evening previous he had not lost the deep interest that seemed intensely mutual between young Mountjoy and the old man's daughter. Fearing lest this might grow up into additional resistance, Malfaire, who was never known to fail, determined to make good his speed and urge a suit that many fashionables would be proud to answer with a smile.

But let the man of courage, whose undaunted sway has never felt the curb, seek woman's heart, and soon he feels his littleness—the shallow powers of his mind. Though calmly kept at arms' length by a sociably respectable cordiality, the count would not acknowledge to himself that he, the wealthy man of endless influence, could be repelled when eloquently, humbly pleading for that fairest hand, if not her heart. Would she remind him of his place, and coolly banish hope forever from his breast?

He could not form a plan. This time the scheming plotter, he whose busy mind had fabricated meshes of unequalled difficulty, felt his inability to think. His active part, however, had not yet succumbed.

And so he dressed one day in plainest elegance, aware of lady-like impressions, and the strength of latent symmetry of outline, softened by appropriate colors. But with men of his capacity, though a refinement may have entered by acutest observation, it does not permeate the constitution, but remains intact, complete, and not in any way commingled with the blood. There do exist in this large world of quaint conceptions and vast views, two kinds of minds as the receivers of impressions, and two widely different results. The strong and educated

mind is of the chemical organization. It can grasp a new idea, deoxidize it, and send forth fresh scintillations never before seen within its former tenement. It forms out of both the cerebral hemispheres the new growth of budding fancy and chemical solution, resulting in a novel property of vast benefit and great power. While the feeble intellect and nervously inquisitive mind, of weakest parts, seizes with avidity a thrown out hint as water soaks a biscuit. But when all is done it is but a mechanical solution ; merely holding in dilution, separated, quite disjointed, unconnected, weakened bondage, what was once a unit, now a useless thought, barred out from truth, clipt of its wings, and without even legs to walk.

There also does exist a rare and less inferior faculty of morally obliquitous propensities. Like the harmonious discords in surpassing symphonies, it possesses the strange power of debasing coin and passing counterfeits. A noble trait is prostituted for an earthly end. A generous impulse chained to draw, while it goes forth a scheme still nearer its maturity. Good looks, fair speech, a pleasing manner, all are counted by the guilty man but so much capital in store, and will be sent forth stealthily to trap a child, betray a friend, or counsel,

for vile purposes, a woman of emotions never tainted by the touch of earth.

Malfaire was of the latter class. What talents he possessed he could turn well to his advantage. Those he had not he acquired ; but with them formed nothing new. No higher excellence resulted from his workmanship. The termination of each effort was a consequential lessening of intrinsic merit. He did not even hold it in a weak solution, but, with soured conscience, poisoned what he touched, and passed a golden eagle into five hundred spurious coins.

There is a pleasurable luxury in leaning back in a velvety coupé, giving orders . to a valet and quietly experiencing the rich, easy motion of the springs ; the clinking, ringing of the bright curb chains and pit pat of well-matched trotters. On almost any occasion, a man who cultivates the beautiful and seeks a sensitive existence, would find comfort under such associative circumstances. But there also follows an excitability of a nervous nature, when one is about to make the fearful effort ; take important steps and plunge into the maelstrom of an offer. It is not a matter of such facile understanding to state clearly all he has to say, and combine into the essence of a speech the

thoughts of years. To leave nothing for regret in case of failure, when alone ; both look his feelings and conceal them ; bring to bear on this one point a world of half suppressed emotions that almost render present sense a void and create, for the time being, mental nightmares.

Why is it that, when we frame pretty sentiments, concoct elixirs of the heart, the words employed degenerate into a common-place argument, and the cordial of choice distillation fades away into a table claret ? Thus it was with Malfaire. The night before when, aided by a venerable Burgundy, he studied out the case as to the many points against him and those in his favor. All his former kindness to the family ; his marked attention to them when alone ; the richness of his many presents, and the count's appearance were summed up and weighed in silent thought. The opposite deductions came from his reputed dissipation ; Everline's avoidance of him when at liberty to leave, and various sarcastic hints thrown at him when his conduct authorized it in the least degree. Had he consulted the sure probabilities for any one save his own self, his rarely failing judgment would have warned him of a known result. But there is that in a conceited

person that blinds vision, blots out the landmark of a certain course and leads the victim on to error.

Though Malfaire had prepared numberless prologues and flowery perorations when in his own chamber, he could now remember nothing true to nature, or recall the distinct outline of diplomacy. One thing alone he had determined—he *would* have her.

The house is seen ; the bell is rung with a forbearance, and the waiter, unconcerned, with that peculiar matter-of-course, matter-of-fact manner, opens wide the door. Malfaire is ushered in. Miss Payton is upstairs. His card is sent up on a silver salver, and “the lady will be down in a few moments,” the reply.

The count now thankful for a moment’s respite surveyed the damask curtains, counted up the value of the handsome mirrors and the cost of furniture, as bearing on his loan. If pushed to the extremity he would obtain the sheriff’s aid through love defeated. At length he took a seat in front of a cheerful fire, sparkling with a cannell’s bright vivacity. A pause, a thought, and rustling on the stairs is heard—the blest descent of cloud-like elements confined to earthly forms. The door is opened, and Everline, arrayed in white merino, with a vestal

girdle, entered, bowed pleasantly, and asking after mutual friends, met his inquiring gaze with equal force and sank gently into an easy chair directly facing the Italian, who, by this means, sat with the broad daylight on his heartless, shining, glossy countenance.

"Was it not a pleasant party?" said the count, adjusting his dark cloak in graceful folds.

"Quite so, I think," said Everline; and with a sprightly air she asked in turn, "How long do you suppose that pale and thoughtful gentleman has been in town?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"He stood a long while near the deep bow-window; came very late, and went away soon after supper."

"Don't you know his name?" said Malfaire.

"Why, yes," said Everline, now blushing slightly; "he was introduced to me as Mr. Mountjoy."

"I can't say," said Malfaire, "the exact time when he came to this city; but one thing is certain, he seemed, from what I perceived, to understand from first to last the centre of attraction," and looking meaningly into her face the count smiled greedily.

Everline, determined not to be outdone, went on, "What are his habits? do you ever meet him anywhere? Come, count, you men of fashion know almost everything; tell me, does he purpose staying long in New York?"

"Really," said the count a little nettled, "I can only say I asked some three or four of my companions, during supper, and was told that he lives quite shut out from life. His mother and himself reside in some magnificent establishment but recently purchased and fitted up in proper taste. They say these two keep etiquette enough to furnish one of our large hotels."

"Then he arrived but recently from Europe? I thought I had not seen him anywhere before."

"That means of course that you would like to see him once again," said Malfaire, disappointed at the turn of conversation.

"Certainly I would, and very often; seldom have I met one who suggests, so much in what he says. From the little conversation that we had he seemed so full of minor thoughts, kept down by calm reserve, that I was certain some great weight oppressed his spirits and beclouded a most noble soul. He looked so pale——"

"Enviably man!" exclaimed the count. "I have been pale these five years and never realized its charms before."

"Ah! yes," said Everline. "But his is that clear sadness from a sickened heart; not the sallowness of late hours and much wasting dissipation."

"Were we not such friends, Miss Payton," answered Malfaire, smarting under her quick satire, "I would see a cut beneath that oily speech."

"There is simple truth in what I say," and still urging him to an uncomfortable state, she went on further, "and I would know more of this most interesting gentleman." Perhaps she had a motive in thus pushing what she knew would cool the count's too fervent manner, and perhaps it was her guileless disposition to speak out her inner thoughts. Be that as it may, Malfaire replied to her last words, "And would you not know more of those whom you have known these many, many years?" His manner was so earnest and a passionate expression (his idea of love) gleamed forth from his dark eyes, that Everline determined to end matters, or if necessary, bring to an issue what seemed now the purpose of her guest.

"There are some, sir, in this world, of

whom I know more than they can imagine. Bound by courtesy and obligations, I keep up a superficial friendship with them, and sincerely wish that I was less aware of what goes on in this abandoned city than the base perpetrators."

"Calm yourself, Miss Payton. Have I not been ever kind and courteous to your father, and devoted to yourself?"

"By far too much."

"But hear me. Can I not point out real deeds of practical philanthropy, and do I not in every way seek to obtain rewarding smiles for conduct irreproachable?"

"Count Malfaire, I appreciate your kindness to my father for its fullest value. That which is vouchsafed to me, which you deem so intrinsically pure, most willingly would I dispense with."

"And would you cast off the friendship of so many years?"

"Not friendship which is cardiphonia, but assuredly the passionate attentions of one whom you force me to assert that I despise. There are certain traits in your individual character at variance with my simple views of excellence in any form."

"Then why have you encouraged me?"

"Encouraged you, sir?" said Everline, now rising, with a bosom heaving with emotion and disdain. "Encourage you, sir! you know better. In obedience to my father's wishes, nay, entreaties, I have ever met you with a marked civility and strict decorum. More than this good breeding does not ask, and gratitude for selfish acts and hidden purposes can never be forced from an honest heart, whose pure emotions rise above cold ends and cowardly propensities."

The count felt daggers. Yet, while anger choked his utterance, her very dignity of manner, the exceeding brilliancy of her dark flashing orbs, the trembling of her nether lip, the swelling of her throbbing bosom, all combined to madden him still more by the display of those superior charms he yearned to call his own, yet felt each moment gliding, with a holy instinct, from his passionate embrace. His struggle lasted but one moment. Precaution and regard for future purposes subdued his manner and kept in check the bursting indignation of the proud foreigner.

"Miss Payton, I am well aware of my unfitness to associate with one so pure as you. But, let me ask, is it not by such close commune that the erring reap benefit from good

example and inherent virtue ? This I feel, and earnestly do state, that your kind interest in my behalf, though perhaps assumed, as you have now asserted, has often saved poor me, a stranger to religion and its valuable tenets. Many grievous actions, the result of fascinating circumstances, have been abandoned when your sacred image came before my mind, and, with an angel warning, calmed my troubled spirit, and soothed all wrongful thoughts. When I now solemnly assert, in your full frowning face, that never have I loved before till your excelling sweetness roused my very adoration ; that if you will only listen, wait and lay out paths of conduct for my future as a test of love, I will cheerfully, most hopefully obey them to the strictest letter ! that——”

“ Sir ! I wish to hear no more—my sense—”

“ Be just, Miss Payton. Only hear me for the last, last time. I say, for the past two years I have watched you with a zealous care : looked after the especial welfare of yourself and father : felt for all your sad misfortunes, and been ever ready to alleviate, in any way, your burdens. By thus sharing duties, I have sought to palliate the trials, dangers and increasing troubles of your family. This at least must evidence an interest in your own behalf Still

more. Though courted by devoted friends, and the recipient of marked attention in this gayest city, never have I experienced emotions of the least affection for any lady till I saw your countenance—beheld its purity, and listened to your voice of softest intonation. 'Tis hard when one seeks now to better his low spiritual condition, and make vows of reparation for the past, that hope is banished, and a blackened sorrow fills the breast so lately the birthplace of firmest resolutions.”

“Count Malfaire, it is vain to speak in this wild way. You know as well as I the many reasons why no sympathy is felt, while I can openly declare my utter scorn at your attentions. You may plead or threaten as it pleases your foul mind. I listen not to hypocritical assertions, neither do I fear the desperation of a villain.”

“Let me state, then, my young queen, cold but practical realities, that must stare you in the face if still determined to shake off the love of true sincerity and honest purpose.”

“If it must be so, be brief as possible.”

“Your father, poor old gentleman, is much involved. A heavy mortgage hangs above his head. His creditors, not few in number, press their claims upon him for immediate liquida-

tion. I have striven to buy up all Mr. Payton's notes on time, but some of those who hold strong papers seem determined to obtain the money from himself—a grudge no doubt occasioned by some secret cause. I am willing still to lend ; and often, as you may remember, have I taken promissory statements from your father, holding most informal signatures at some far distant date. But you and that most honored sire have seen fit to spurn such offers, and are at this very moment drifting to completest ruin. Could you but consent to listen to the words of a devoted slave, and willingly engage yourself to try me for the future, all your fixed embarrassments would quickly vanish ; shadows would give place to golden lustre. A genial home and true devotion would surround you with such luxuries as never have before crowned any private princess.”

“I have said, and now end this painful interview, Count Malfaire, by as firmly stating that it is impossible.” Eveline sat pale with apprehension, and deeply smitten by the sorrows of her aged, tottering, sick parent. Her feelings were the mixed result of deep disdain at such an offer, anger at the taunting hints of threatening poverty, and excitement at this unlooked for conversation.

"Hear me once again," exclaimed the count, now breathing flashes in his turn, and angered above measure as the cup of nectared sweets, collected from the choicest flowers, was thus dashed from his lascivious lips. "I offer all I have, and will sign over to your father or yourself four-fifths—nay all of my immense estates abroad and in America, if you will but receive the hand—we will not even speak of hearts—the hand, I say, that has braved many dangers : forced its way through untold difficulties : spurned petition : and, now falling on my knees, I ask not for pure love as a return for what I give, I only pray, in humble anguish, for protracted toleration ! Let me be but the possessor of your name before the world : exult in calling you my own : look up to you as the bright star of my existence : hail you daily as the head of my establishment : gaze in quiet awe upon your classic beauty : execute in silent love your every wish, and I—proud Count Mal-faire—who could with ease, in one brief hour, gain the heart and win approvingly the hand of any fashionable belle in town—I, the rich, envied banker, crouch before one lady, and one only, and lay at her very feet the whole of my possessions, ready to devote the residue of an

eventful life to ministering to each want, and guarding her from every evil agency."

"Count Malfaire," said Everline, now frightened at his vehemence, and the dark aspect of affairs, "what you have just uttered must of necessity be flattering to any person, and much more so to one so far inferior to the ideal picture you have so effectually portrayed, of excellences rarely to be found on earth. I thank you for your full appreciation of my plain and truthful character—as woman. But the alternative of poverty or marriage with one whom I can never love, respect, or even estimate as friendly, is impossible. Since you have extolled those virtues—never mine—you must include veracity. And when I state, with calmest firmness, two incontrovertible facts inherent in my nature, I must beg, once and forever, to abstain from this strange and unnatural conversation."

"Pray, what are those two reasons?"

"Firstly. Never will I marry him I cannot love; and secondly, I never can love you. The conclusion, to a cool calculator like yourself, not blinded by an over zeal, must be, that we can never be called man and wife." Saying this in measured tones, Everline rose ere Count Malfaire could gain his self-possession to arrest

her steps. She now quietly rang the bell, and when the servant entered, requested him to show Count Malfaire to the door.

The furious man, soon roused from dreamy, latent schemes of violence, repressing all but a sardonic smile, bowed low, and saying, "I will call again, remember me to your dear father," left the house with set, black lips, a frowny, knit, contracted, thoughtful eye, and slow thick pulse beats of a shrinking heart.

No sooner had the count been driven off than Charles Tewphunny, the best guardian of the Payton family, with happy, boyish face, shone into the sad parlor. Gracefully, and with a cordial warmth, he grasped the hand of her who thought but purity; and sitting down soon heard the whole of what had happened, and surmised the future of his loved companion.

With manly zeal he cheered her gloomy spirits; laid out plans for baffling sinning enemies; formed counterplots to check advancing wickedness, and after one fast fleeting hour, solaced her sweet zephyr sighs by plaintive melodies discoursed from a grand Steinway focus. How much trouble can a sinful mind produce! What comfort does the kindness of a friend create!



CHAPTER XIX.

Oderunt dum metuant.—CALIGULA.

MARK TWEEDLEHAMMAR, born, brought up, educated, and maintained in the abandoned purlieus of New York, was a single gentleman "by profession," as he ironically termed it, having, in reality, a wife in many ports. Mark was a man of parts ; not well put together. He had the makings of a fine man about him, but, neglected in early youth by his parent mother, and strictly carrying out the same principle of action as he grew older, Mr. Tweedlehammar, from neglecting himself, had taken to neglecting opportunities. After a Five Point existence, sporadic sojourns in various county jails, and one more elevated residence in the "Tombs," he at length retired from public life ; held himself responsible to no one, and generally open to conviction. Had there been in the metropolis

of America a "Cock-loft Lane," Mr. Tweedlehammar would, of his own free-will, have selected the gloomiest house in said lane, chosen from said house the darkest room, and lived on broiled sausages, the mainstay of inspired villains ; drank freely of that ambiguous beverage termed Jersey lightning ; drawn in, emitted and puffed out black wreaths of hidden smoke, and revelled in secluded freedom.

Mark had ever been permitted to grow "spontaneous" from infancy. Deprived of father previous to his own arrival on this sphere, and only being intimate with his maternal nurse for the first five years of his life, he developed solely for himself. No "spunging sisters" troubled his deep rest ; no bully brothers checked his effervescing spirits. He, the only extract, essence, representative of the family, proceeded as he chose, got "tight" or "loose," as he deemed fit ; stole, knocked friends down, and entered most enthusiastically into all the innocent amusements of the day. For a certain period he had been policeman, till, too tired with an idle life, he ran for alderman in "Bloody Six," and came out head ; the secret, he had stuffed the voters—they had stuffed the ballot-box. But in his contracts, overreaching even his ambitious confrères, Mark was placed

on limits for too zealous handling of the public funds, and passed some time in city prisons, whence he left an older man, and led a hectic life for the next ten years. Now he rested on his oars, the proud recipient of an annuity from the "*Pugilistic Benevolent Society*" for having killed "Teddy O'Raffetie," the Irish "bull-dog." But true to human nature, like the butcher of old who retired on a fortune, but from force of habit was obliged to kill one sheep a week to keep his hand in ; Mark Tweedlehammar, M. P. B. S., within the space of each short fortnight, entered into some free fight ; purloined a watch ; broke open some large store, or exercised original schemes of daring impulse. This was done to work off surplus talent, and that he might read with pleasing interest the hints, surmises, and just criticism in the public prints of those poetic editors who end all tales of horror with the stereotyped set phrase : "though not as yet found out, the skilled police are on his track." Often did he meet detectives, former friends when he enjoyed a star existence, and discuss with them the probabilities of finding out the perpetrator of some crime ; and when the case proved serious he took rewards ; led them through darksome lanes ; drank over circumstantial evidence, and not unfrequently ar-

rested some poor wretch as the principal of a vile tragedy of which he was himself the great original.

Being quite familiar with the valuable and main characteristics of this deadly weapon in the shape of man, Count Malfaire, when all other means had failed, employed him. Many, very many times, had Mark been coachman, standing in an avenue when Malfaire, aided by Grimjaw, had carried off some unsuspecting seamstress, milliner, or young schoolgirl.

It is enough for those of a suggestive mind to state, that after the effective interview between young Everline and the repulsed, mad count, fat Grimjaw pressed Mark Tweedlehammar to take tea with "self and Jupiter," on board the "Moonbeam" the next night. He went. The vessel glided down the river with calm gentleness ; sailed passively across the bay, and tacked from side to side, while Malfaire dressed à la Matelot, with this soulless tool plotted, planned, proposed—told just enough, no more ; drank freely ; signed papers, listened to experience, grinned savagely, prepared for active duty, gave strict orders, drew likenesses, concerted signals, made arrangements, and reclined in set determination while the proud swan-like

craft bent to the rising breeze and passed all other yachts.

Mark, in accordance with his wishes, was soon landed on Staten Island to avoid suspicion. The count returned, took supper with a chosen few, and showed himself in his opera box.

Charles Tewphunny had not been idle. Since the morning conversation he had meditated, visited one "tonic," shunned all "sedatives," and now was ready to fulfil the calls of destiny. Two firm friends, beholden from inherent gratitude, the strongest bond of honesty, took turns, with ample means to watch the every movement of the count and yacht. Mal-faire, secure from all beholders, had not even noticed the continued trouling of a smack that afternoon. And when he purchased bluefish of the poor, wet, oil-skinned sailors in the bay, he did not recognize the countenance of him who stowed them in the cabin, nor the features of a pale young boy who held the tiller. When bold Tweedlehammar landed, little did he think to question the coarse-looking driver who agreed to drive him to the steamboat landing in a clam cart of disgusting make.

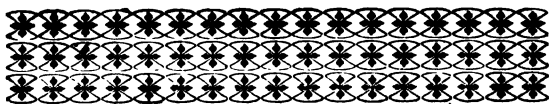
So it is when wicked people seek to act new scenes in life's sad drama. They are either so embarrassed lest their old deeds come to light,

that it is only possible to keep half-mind upon the scheme ; or else, securely blind at such success, they think not to look out for officers in every bush. But zealous friends, of pure integrity, possess both clear ideas and healthy views, and being bent on only one sure end, are not confused by double thought or weakened by undue anxiety. Having but one aim in life, they watch that black fiend with no fear of close pursuit beclouding their sound minds. No second thought of self distracts cool purpose ; but Charles Tewphunny, with a set determination and eyes of polished steel, now certain of approaching danger to his fondest friend and dearest comforter, dedicated both heart and mind to trap Malfaire in any crime, lay bare but one base deed, bring him before the justice of impartial courts, and stay his villany. This done his past offences would rise up in detail and in time, the filthy lucre that had gilded many crimes would melt before hot evidence. Charles then would see his sentence was not softened, and that pale though beauteous lady would no more be troubled by the shadows of a heathen bondage, but dwell peacefully amid ambrosial atmospheres and be once more surrounded by a happy circle of inspiring friends. Ere ten hours had elapsed, kind fortune joined

in one communing spirit Albert Mountjoy and the noble Charles—each distinct in his desires, both combined in loving interest.

Alas ! why must this life be so intense, so exquisitely painful, so acute in suffering for some persons, yet so essence-like in every pleasure to some others ? And more strange at times, the man of feeble intellect not overburdened by great joy or grief, will upbraid Providence for having placed him in a dull, monotonous locality of single deeds and hollow show.





CHAPTER XX.

He reckoned not the past, whilst aught remained
Great to be done, or mighty to be gained.—LUCAN.

CHARLES TEWPHUNNY, the man of leisure and—rare gift—the child of purest impulse, had received from Everline a commission to convey, by quickest means, a packet of illegal papers into the hands of her father's lawyer. This professional creation resided some scores of miles from modern civilization, where he—the man of Blackstone build and Kent's adornment—retired from all fiscal intercourse with dull humanity, nor mingled with the laugh of innocence. He no longer practised, having earned enough, and now desired to spin out the income from a handsome principal.

But being an old-fashioned friend of Robert Payton, he consented to forego decision ; waive taken scruples, and occasionally lend his services to that "sweet family whose Everline might call for any favor on this earth."

"Few men know how to travel," was Charley's favorite remark. "Either they carry too much or bother over too little. The essence of movement is a freedom from all checks ; delicious scorn for those poor wretches who cry out in mortised shrieks, 'Ride up, sir ?' 'Have a carriage ?' 'This way, sir ; you want a hack ?' 'I'll take your luggage !' 'Astor House,' &c. ; and immunity from any female hints while picking one's way in the rugged path of travel." Tewphunny, moreover, maintained that plenty of change was more beneficial than hundreds of forlorn dry bills. It was also deemed by him necessary to have stout healthy-looking clothes ; a sense of the ridiculous ; keen observation ; moderate reserve ; sufficient conversational powers to draw out from pleasant company their choicest knowledge, yet ability, by manner, to close tight the garrulous propensities of talkative competency.

Most of these ingredients became indigenous within the breast of this civic philosopher, who now, summoned to activity, bid good-by to his luxuries ; left a few orders with the landlady, and taking up a hand valise of finest leather, soon found the depôt, whence he left in railroad cars. Selecting for himself a middle seat, just far enough from the oppressive heat of the

round stove, to cautiously enjoy its spent caloric, he decided on this place, moreover, from its distance from those slamming doors that drive thoughts from the brain and crowd agony into a focus.

Wrapping his inseparable blanket carefully about his feet, and being at a healthy distance from the sputtering brown lamps—for he never read by dashes—Charles took up an excellent position in his mind's eye, whence he could view surrounding objects and enjoy what rarely fails to gratify the curious intelligence of true human beings, namely: sudden scenes. Having arranged auxiliaries to ease, and inscribed in his mental daybook an inventory of those capable of furnishing provender for merriment, or substantial improvement, like a patient angler waiting for a nibble, with his ticket "visible afar," he dozed and jostled, blinked and winked, yawned gracefully, kinked his neck, and looked out upon the wintry scene. Soon he skirted villages and spanned rough streams; now mounted bridges and made plans, and finally, in chuckling silence, gazed upon a promising repast.

Directly opposite sat one of those happy, unmistakable, unfortunate, and newly married, wedding trip and honeymoon (shine) pairs, if

anything, *dove*-tailed in blind affection. *He*, the lover, was reclining near the window, with a shawl half rolling from his lap ; and *she*, the loved one, on the outside, resting, with her dimpled head, on his fat shoulder. Near they sat ; her bonnet, loosened and pressed out of shape, rapidly jerking itself away. A delicious confusion—the abandon of mutual reciprocity—pervaded the opposite cushions, on which were stowed their where-with-alls.

Charles, foreseeing something pleasant, in the way of “jars” in store, arranged himself more comfortably and shook, as gradually *he*—the lover—soon relaxed the well-bred strain upon his lower jaw and puckered up his dusty nose ; while *she*—the loved one—slowly came to pieces and slid up against reposing listlessness. No longer able to resist example’s destiny, one by one the reading books, round oranges, long wrappers, and bursting carpet bags, glided in dull ease upon the muddy floor.

While sleeping thus the cars would stop with a jerk—rouse them from insensibility—start with a jerk and leave *him*—the lover—to adjust each article anew—smile that sickly, careworn, sticky, dusty, semi-mutual “good night,” and lapse into a similar condition ere ten minutes had shot by.

Next, that grating, coarse conductor comes in bustling—"Tickets,"—shakes a Dutchman who don't comprehend the language; looks at Charley's from a distance, and approaches with a business-like indifference the sleeping beauties, who, by this time, are oblivious to mind or station.

"Tickets! Tickets!"

"Eh!" half stretching.

"Tickets, sir," facetiously; "does this lady belong to your party?"

"Eh! ah! oh! yes, sir; just wait a minute," feeling in his waistcoat. "My dear?"

"Yes, love," looking at him with a blood-shot fish eye.

"Have you got the tickets?" Finishing with the outer garments he descends to his half-hidden pants; while she, the loved one, runs all round her dress for the missing passports to renewed repose. Conductor, meanwhile, leaves disgusted, to collect the tickets from the other passengers within the car, and returns, too soon, to find them both ransacking carpet bags, and all imaginable places; intermingling with each effort, "Yes, love—no dear—are you certain, darling?—now pet, you know"—(to be continued in the next number.)*

* For further epithets, see Cupid's Chronic Dictionary for stereotyped love terms, the first two weeks.

Once more conductor, frowningly impatient, leaves them to go through the other cars, while he, the lover, and she, the loved one, enter with despairing zeal upon renewed exertions, by crawling under seats ; distorting lazy limbs ; requesting a fat gentleman, much to his plethoric rage and "zounds," to rise, "perhaps the tickets are under him." And after feeling and groping, puffing and "dearing" it till the conductor was seen returning with rapid and determined strides ; in despair, he, the lover, clasped his head, found it done up in cambric, looked for his hat, and beheld it gazing quietly down upon exhausting efforts, while two cherub tickets peeped out in gay derision from the broad band. To Charles' appreciative mind, all this, and much more, not included in descriptive writings, amply paid the trouble of his journey.

A circle of cracked peanuts, interspersed with red-gnawed orange peel in the corner of the car, revealed to the cogitative traveller the unmistakable fact, that a party of semi-civilized migrators with children, in and out of arms, were on their way "out West."

At length the journey on the anti-dyspeptic railway being ended, Charles ensconced himself in the box seat of one of those eccentric and

still living four-horse coaches, that bid strong defiance to both elements and laws, custom and fashion, prejudice and commerce. Offering a fine cabana to the chubby-faced, stoop-necked round driver, he lit one himself, and drinking in occasional fresh air, surveyed what little could be seen in that grim, cold, blank, humid dawn, only now and then disturbed by a feeble, smothered, in-door crow from some over-ambitious rooster, too desirous of spring and grass.

"Fine weather for duck shooting, eh?" said Charles.

"Oh, yes," replied the driver.

"Have you seen many this season?"

"I takes it out in seeing. The hosses must be drove and six chillen edicated, and ven I sees a flock rise on de ving, I thinks of such as you as does nothing, may be, but indulge in rifle sport and sich like."

"But, my dear fellow, if you have not money, you are free from all those troubles that, like little fish, run after each stray morsel that may tumble overboard."

"I beg pardon, sir," said an inquisitive gentleman, addressing Charley, "but are you lately from New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you attend any of those Mozart meetings?"

"I did not."

"I beg pardon, sir; but do affairs look better than this time last year?"

"They do."

A pause—and finding it very difficult to maintain a one-sided conversation, the stranger made a change, and asked, in a statistical manner: "Are there many new churches being erected in your city?"

"Many."

Rather baffled at the terse and laconic answers of his neighbor, he tried once again: "I beg pardon, sir, but of what denominations are these new churches?"

"All."

"Ahem." Stranger ceased; arranged his mind; turned to the "coachee;" asked every kind of question relative to the accustomed speed, manner, breed, and habits of his horses, and at intervals wrote down in a much worn note book the result of his reflections.

Charles soon perceived that he was one of those second class sightseers who possess vision, but are, in truth, deficient in the proper use of sight; and fearing lest a fine day's journey would be spoiled by idiotic questions, tapped

loquacity and let it run itself away. He got the dingy man of feeble parts to enter with minuteness into all the processes of a Manchester factory, and while the happy traveller discoursed at length and pictured everything clearly, Tewphunny dozed sweetly in the morning breeze.

There are some who might say this was wrong. Why so? The dingy man who, from his dusty clothes and comfortable nervousness, seemed to fade as he talked, enjoyed his share of this didactic exercise, while Charles, pleased with himself and all save Malfaire, revelled in a tricksome sleep; the vast prodigality of words. Neither one knew of the other's thoughts, and both arrived at their journey's end the best friends in the world.

It happened that at the small town the next day, the annual cattle show was to take place; so, as the inn was likely to be full, Charles instantly secured a room, transacted all his business after breakfast with the rural lawyer, and returned in time to dine at the "Black Hawk," write letters, analyze Count Malfaire's secret deeds, Albert's excellence and fascinating powers, and Everline's effulgent loveliness, now rendered doubly dear at each vibration of the minor keys of fate.



CHAPTER XXI.

"By hope inspired, depressed with fear,
By passion warmed, perplexed with care."

THE day was rainy ; one of those cold, clammy, creaking, window-shaking afternoons, when chickens, even in the country, venture not out for ripe corn, and flowers shiver ever under panes of glass. Charles had put on his slippers after supper, and now, seated full in front of blazing, sparkling logs, sat silent, pensive, and in deep reflection.

Soon his schoolboy days rose up before him, when young Everline found in him an only friend ; when her Latin lessons were made easy by his lucid mind, and together they would talk for hours on a winter's evening in her father's house. Then mutual confidence found sympathy in both their breasts. Then her merry laugh rejuvenated all his feelings, and

drove shadowy forebodings from his mind. And as the past formed brilliant blendings with the present marked out path of duty, thoughts too much like the leaping flame, descriptive of his own fair prospects, died out slowly—suddenly and steadily—yet left a genial warmth behind. His big heart swelled, and—strong emotion in a man's exterior—hot, scalding tears coursed down his ruddy cheek. In silence did he sit till twelve ; no future to lay out, no present to admonish sorrow, and a general feeling of despondency sighed through his frame, as do the evening telltale zephyrs from a cypress vine, that leave the tomb of death to touch in awlit, warning happiness, and wilt the blooming lily. Slowly he undressed, and long he prayed that if no happiness could crown his future, usefulness might hide his life—if he could not derive enjoyment from the remnants of a parted world, it might be his blessed lot to watch Everline and minister to her each want—that villany might be crushed out and joyful tidings ever greet the ears of her he deemed angelic.

Ere half an hour shuffling steps and voices roused him to the knowledge of some new arrivals. "This way, sir," and a tall, pale, gaunt man, with carpet bag, was ushered in, while

with apologies, the hotel keeper informed Charles "the town was full, and he would greatly do a favor if the gentleman might sleep in yonder bed."

"All right," said Charles.

But it was quite all wrong. For placing his rude bundle roughly on the table, it had jingled money ; and the tall thin man of acquired means, and darkest eyes, pulled out two fine revolvers, placed them on the table by his pillow, looked at Charles, nodded scowlingly, and rolled over in a well-made bed. For him the night was good enough ; his snores proclaimed a war of sleepy thoughts ; his soggy frame evinced the strongest sinews, and his features looked out with no aid of eyes. Not so with Charles. This civic and fatigued philosopher, after calculating that the movement of a limb from this fixed moment would insure a loss of life, and nightmare bring on sudden death, reflected on the probabilities of meeting sunlight once again ; and, deeming it expedient, he took two small opium pills to drown anxiety, and sank into an undisturbed existence with a pulseless mind.



CHAPTER XXII.

Sorrow is my perpetual guest,
The constant inmate of my mournful breast;
Joy but an *ignis fatuus* light at best,
Just seen and gone!

LADY E. STUART WORTLEY.

SINCE the night of the ball, Albert lived in that delicious, melancholy luxury, the contemplation of his own beautiful ruins, illumined by the present tinted rays of Everline's uprising sun. Himself, saddened in youth; imposed upon by all he knew, he now comprehended, by a secret inspiration, others' selfish, calculating forethought. To his opened eyes the friendship of a hypocrite was the equivalent for any intercourse with man. Solely had he loved a pictured purity, and, in despair at each new trial, he had looked around for her sweet sympathy, the balm of Gilead in affection. Finding no response to earnest yearnings, he had turned

from the cold aphorisms of unthinking talkers, and shrinking thus within himself, with none to soothe, he clung to that greatest of all earthly comforts, a mother's love ; wrapping his thoughts beneath the garb of a calm exterior. Too manly for misanthropy ; too noble for asceticism ; too well informed in all the branches of life's teachings, to harbor soured feelings toward his fellow creatures, Albert ceased to think of those who formed the circle of humanity. He travelled much. But whether reclining on the banks of some sequestered, classic stream, or meditating 'mid the mighty forests of earth's massive build, the sainted image of that will o' the wisp now ministered deep consolation for her temporary absence by a present beatific moment, and lulled distressing loneliness by the sweetest melody of agent warblers. Some, like steel, in passing through the fiery ordeal come out hardened and strike sparks from all that meet them. Others, being of a finer quality, from greater heat and trials become so well tempered that they yield to all surrounding pressure, suffer no more from afflictions, and do good. Again, there does exist in choicest and old wines of rarest vintage that "body," taste, and power of exalting those who quaff. The secret is, that with old age, the

spirit, alcohol, has gone, and left a mellowed, softened, rich, conducive wine. And thus in life, while others would have sought repose in dissipation, and revelled, as it were, in a sepulchral wake over their demolished, death-bed hopes, young Albert, full of calm, religious zeal, and healthful, philosophic meditation, bowed, submissive ; lost his spirit mind, and gained the softened nature. Though his landscape was deficient in youth's brightness, still the very shadows cast across the path of early life anticipated thoughts and spread around the scene subdued tints of pensive meaning.

When Albert returned to America, his mother and himself remained, in accordance with his desire, in perfect retirement, and shut out from the world. The picture on the wall supplied companionship, like *picciola* in the past. Memory found a home within its oval frame. The perfect likeness, aided by imagination, sought the gentle heart of the dear idol of his choice. He had found at last one adapted to his every thought. It now remained for him to gain affection ; satisfy inquiring glances ; strengthen curiosity into regard and interest, and interest into affection, and then love would close the old scene for a new epoch !

Theorists in love may entertain the foot-

rule view of life and sympathetic just returns. They have always tempered passionate ambition with the cool, calculating, systematic course of time and seasons. They will lunch at one ; drive out at four ; take dinner at six P. M. ; entertain a few rich guests till ten ; retire and sleep over their conclusions ; rise once again to read an entertaining work ; visit a choice friend, and form new, slow-paced plans for future comfort, greatness, or increasing competency. They come, at length, to a conclusion that the time is near at hand when it would be most proper for them to propose, with fish blood gentility, for the hand of one they've seen and measured, studied, tested, and, in time, indorsed. Such Spartan men of head, not heart, can never comprehend the subtle, secret, self-exalting love a man of sensibility experiences when in commune with the woman of his choice. Far better, safer, surer is the talisman within that, with a first impression, leads one not to know or think, but feel congeniality in the atmospheric influences. One aphorism may be laid down by experienced happiness. It is better, in regard to sin or love, to argue not the right or wrong ; discuss not, with one's self, the merits of the case, but say at once, internally, "Is such a deed harmonious in its first vibration to my nerve of

right?" "No! Discord shocks the unacquainted sense." "Then pause, forever, in the step, lest 'familiar with its face, we first avoid, then pity, then embrace.'" Also, in our likes and dislikes 'tis far less dangerous to trust not to impressions, but that inward feeling for a guide, than go home, think over pros and cons, soliloquize, and come to false, German, metaphysical conclusions respecting that heaven or hell on earth—a wife.

Albert, schooled in thought, no sooner heard the laugh, beheld the springing step of her elastic youth, and at that gay party marked the classic brow and delicate stamp of truth upon Everline's full face, than genial glances of an ambrosial existence told him of his future. The kaleidoscope of his fruitful mind, though constantly changing, now formed a new palatial scene of quiet, tufted, fancy-like Elysian ecstasy, and the chameleon of his thoughts no longer changed. A set splendor permeated his entire system. The past was a delicious minor key. The sad moments of his former youth no longer formed dead masses, corpses of sepulchral meaning. They were all too earthly. But what reached him now exalted to excelsior—the fragrant, scented, perfumed incense of rich sacrifices on the shrine of buried love. The future

opened through a vista of transparent gold. The present breathed still glory, and a perfect whole completed his emotions.

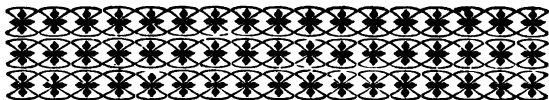
How was it with his Everline ? Tutored by angelic spirits from her infancy, to live only for that widowed father, she had frequently refused the hand of many who desired to take off the yew lamb of his tottering old age. Charles Tewphunny, though of all others best adapted to the place of permanent, fraternal friendship, guidance, and congenial conversation, by the very intimacy of youth's whole existence, had lost that charm of novel fascination, that mysterious something to be made out. He was known too well, was too much of herself. She could not feel that distant love for one who always had been her half being. To those who are wont to study human feelings this is plain enough. But when dancing at the ball, Everline saw that face of sadness, pale intellectuality, refined address, distant cordiality ; and, again, still closer to this elegant structure of polished depth, conversed, and, for the first time, found herself incapable, as always formerly, of turning conversation to suit her pleasant, childlike purpose ; but a listener, following with a delicious thrill the quiet course laid out by Albert ; gazing, with unfeigned delight, into

the translucent stream of his well-stocked mind, unconscious of the passing hour ; she retired to her couch that night, suffused with an unaccountable glow of purest luxury—a tingling of the senses.

Why was it that she whispered her replies to questions, lest the spell would too soon vanish ? Why lightly glided from the room when visitors appeared ? Why lingered at her window casement to find comfort, happiness, bright prospects in the setting sun ? Why pause in front of her Erard, not practise scales nor trill her studies, but ever find herself forming sweetest chords, and turning over the pages of “ Non, je ne dirai pas je t’aime ” ? Why flushed she as, each time, the bell rang, though she knew he could not come for two weeks on account of business.

Albert loved. It was a great relief—a panacea. Everline loved. It opened worlds, subdued the latent ecstasies, brought moments unsurpassed.





CHAPTER XXIII.

Aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben.—GERMAN PROVERB.

THE day after Malfaire's visit, offer, and refusal, and that on which Charles Tewphunny had left for the country, to fulfil Everline's wishes, Albert, for the first time in two years, gave o'er his studies, from that wandering sense of loneliness, and deeming that a proper season had elapsed between his last visit, set out in his coupé for her blest abode, admonishing his valet that he should be gone for some three hours.

He rang the bell, was ushered in by the same, passionless domestic, "in the usual way." And, with that tufted heart continued with the fair, sweet innocent, while hours glided and moments faded as nought. Everline read happiness in store for his congenial wife, and both in modest, calm, and fluttering reserve, with that

delicious, ringing glow, trod as near the precipice of offer and led on each other as decorum could sustain or fixed limits of propriety allow. Albert loved enough to offer there and then his all for but a promise of fair trial. But he was even now so full of happiness while enduring that delicious agony, uncertainty of love, that he dreaded by a movement to destroy the optical phenomena. It is true there did exist within his fevered and excited brain, a cataclysm of dismembered fancies. But while order might be wanting to quite harmonize cool love, the chaos brought with it a strange relief in freedom. Everline returned that love with tenfold energy. Yet, her careful education, womanly mind, true pride, and cautiousness not to expose her weakest point, led her to meet his half advances, and shrink from too obvious encouragement. And why must they go on, each heart insensibly approaching to its own conception, and surrounded by a hidden influence that ever prevents instant happiness? Why cannot recorders dismiss plot and sorrow; effervescing joys and darkest trials; joining these congenial spirits that make one great heart of bliss? Why not, by one word of explanation, lay bare to view the buried truth; truth crushed by prejudice, conceit, and mammonitish doctrines;

truth trodden under, but not "trodden out;" truth overturned by gilded ornaments opposed to this key note of happiness? Why must one, like Evangeline, plod on through clime and foul disease, pass often by the homestead of her lover and find none of him within: move swiftly, sadly on the tide of time—they two to meet when flesh is dead; their spirits have succumbed, and rankest weeds supplanted richest soil? To bring these two together, so similar in thought and feeling, is to seek the union of two parallel lines that are continually approaching; but their union is beyond the far horizon of our earthly sight.

There must be found a link. It is the learned man's known fate—the Christian's God! Congenial souls may mingle through their thoughts. But, ere the visible communion, minds grow old, sensations are worn out, ripe intellect is dulled, pure confidence too wearied, and hope sickened. The meteoric ecstasy of an acquired love shines with its own resplendent lustre through the veil and mist of sad, gay life, and softens feeling while it renders sombre even pleasure.

If an Abelard must weep for every letter that he penned; if Petrarch shades his rhymes in saddened solitude; if Othello slays his higher

self by the false machinations of a heartless friend, and his pure, noble spirit is crushed by a black, roused passion ; if labor comes but with the body's sweat, and mental efforts weaken healthy frames,—can we repine at the far distant journey ere the goal is gained ? No ! Man must bear his lot till fortune, as a goddess, demon, or administering angel, fix her seal, and portion out the proper compensation—mingling love and doubt, suspicion and strong confidence ; engrafting buds of promise on the shattered oak, and bringing back to earth the spirit of a soaring infidel !





CHAPTER XXIV.

The coward dares to die, the brave live on.—MARTIAL.

WE pass over an eventful, painful epoch in the lives of one old man and a young, saddened maiden. It is briefly, that Malfaire, by deep stratagem, involved Mr. Payton still more surely ; waited till Charles Tewphunny and Albert had gone West for a short hunt of two long weeks, where waters for his mother's delicate health alone could ease her pain ; and, by a sudden coup de main, and sheriff's foreclosure, indirectly sold the house, and forced them to seek happiness from town ; secluded and no longer harassed by corroding cares and city life.

The change produced a visible effect upon the old man's vigor and upright position. Dr. Takewell called occasionally during the first month, and pronounced the uprooting of this sturdy oak a dangerous necessity. No more endorsements came now to perplex the sunset

of his soul, and happiness began to dawn. There are moments, in the weary round of life, when the mind refuses to perform its accustomed functions ; duty meekly fades away before a pensive spirit ; thought plays in fickle twilight, fixing with uncertain shadows on all that meets its glance. Minor chords of plaintive melody pervade the inmost self ; a melancholy sadness sheds a softened light upon each new-born theme of meditation ; and solitude, existence by itself, calm, sinking loneliness usurps the realm of broken bliss. That present ray of youthful, girlish happiness, once broken up by the truth-telling prism of sad realities, into a rainbow of plaintive colors, and no more can maiden eyes, no more can maiden heart behold, in innocent joy, the combination of life's varied phases as spotless white ; but each ingredient that makes up the whole is known, appreciated, and felt inwardly.

There are some who cherish the belief that misfortune brings out character, strengthens the mind, throws one, formerly dependent, on himself, and renders his own mind the better able to thus comprehend the subtle ties of life, and sympathize with the afflictions of humanity, as found in those around him. Such, and more too, is the case. But once force back upon the

youth of vigor, the facts unshackled by kind language, and compel the spirit of a noble frame to bow, unspeaking, low before the gloomy future ; and though time assume the slow-paced movements of advancing age, or gather hasty steps along a most eventful life, the lessons taught in youth will be remembered, and the shadows cast upon the wall reflected from the genial blaze of a wood fire, will call forth unhappy moments and betray a buried hope. Everline, free from the noise and turmoil of a city life, sequestered in the peaceful home, willed to her by her kind grandparents, quite alone with her weak father, the beloved of all the village, ministered to those who suffered, and soothed the couch of him whose soul was fleeing from a feeble frame to joys celestial. When he died she clothed the widow and the little fatherless, and carried in her own sad features sweet benignity and cordial love to all of God's creatures. She paid the rent for those of the young village who possessed no means, and by her quiet, peaceful manners, and the proper use of her amenities, brought sunshine to the door of all she visited. Like the fire which gives warmth to those who seek its presence, she consumed while comforting others who had need of warmest sympathy from those not of this

world. Her unpretending manner and modest step, devoid of thoughtless elasticity ; her look of calm interest in those around her, called forth love where'er she went, in hut or mansion, and forced the most learned to acknowledge that a something more than his philosophy was required to form the chief component parts of such a crystal gem. The man of the world would contemplate her easy manner, quiet self-possession, yet sweet dignity of bearing, and confess that such a subject was beyond his earthly knowledge of mankind. While the minister would follow in the footsteps of her disinterested deeds of charity, and thank Heaven for the encouragement of noble actions by the excelling example of this genial spirit.

And yet, amid her quiet deeds of love and goodness, Everline moved mechanically. Shocked beyond redemption at the villany of Malfaire in selling cherished gems of virtue ; stunned at the sad consequences with respect to her fond parent, she no longer looked for earthly—temporal pleasures ; but following the dictates of a healthful mind, devoted all her zeal to those who were without a friend, and looked for bright rewards above, where every action is to be accounted for, each thought recorded, and the works of charity emblazoned in the light of

holiness. Weeds may be cut down, ploughed up, and soon trampled under foot ; yet they spring up again as green and bright as ever, from their very superficiality. But even lop a single offshoot in midsummer time from the modest vine, and it bleeds quietly away till stiffened into death. Even as in nature, so in man. The shallow live above, or far beneath infirmities' cold grasp. The deep-toned spirits linger if once turned adrift.





CHAPTER XXV.

Whate'er she does, where'er her steps she bends,
Grace on each action silently attends.—TIBULLUS.

SEATED on the marble terrace, knitting with that facility of manipulation only to be comprehended by the initiated, Everline, in graceful quiet, sympathized with the murmuring beauties of surrounding nature. Her eye of softened brilliancy now left her work and rolled in liquid clearness toward her basking spaniel. Ever and anon she gazed into the fleecy clouds of evening modesty with deep reflectiveness, betokening thought, and indicating, to a penetrator of the female countenance, an anxious questioning of the mighty Heavens—whether fate ordained her future, or a fickle fortune sported with her feelings. The third day had nearly passed, and Albert had not yet been seen within the precincts of

the village: while surmisings added much to the opinion that the "Moonbeam" had been hovering to and fro amid the shoals of that most dangerous coast. Could she but have lived in olden times, when chivalry proclaimed the essence of completest gallantry, a winged messenger would soon have borne, at least, a ribbon, and thereby revealed the truth. But now a sad reality or happy future must come by slow post. Not leaping with the lightning eagerness of love, but slowly up the mountain's rugged pass; pierce the dense forest and unfold the news with cold delay.

As she sighed and laid by her work for evening meditation, her quick ear detected the approach of two or more engaged in earnest conversation. A moment of intense suspense, and Albert Mountjoy, arm-in-arm with her dear father, bowed gracefully, and met her gaze with the cordiality of old acquaintanceship. The aged man shuffled on in nervous thoughtfulness, and Albert took a seat near her, the better, when the body was at rest, to view her sweetness and enjoy the commune of congeniality.

It was one of those lovely evenings when the fowls linger on the ground and hesitate to mount to their accustomed roosts for sleep;

when nature pauses in repose and twilight slowly bids farewell to mother earth. Albert and Everline, blest beings, lost in each one's excellence, with "naked hearts bared to the other," wandered along the much-loved pine barren, now and then raising their eloquent eyes to heaven, to find upon its damasked blue as brilliant lustre and as crystal truths, as their bright prospects indicated.

"Mr. Mountjoy," said Everline, looking with a childlike earnestness into his happy countenance, "do you not, at times, regard this world as full of joy as it wellnigh can hold, when all your own desires are fulfilled? How can it be explained, that when circumstances place our mind at rest; no anxiety prevails respecting all our temporal surroundings; and Providence bestows upon us more than we can ask for or desire, others seem more cheerful; the very beggar looks less hungry; we sadden at the sight of indigence, yet cannot comprehend the depth of suffering. And, though procuring words of solace into the yearning heart of the disconsolate orphan, feel within ourselves that it will pass away, and sunshine come again to warm new life?"

"All true and well expressed," said Albert. "Your gentle spirit never lacked full sympathy

for every one who needed aid from purse or heart. Yet few can well explain how it can be, as you have said, save that we see through spectacles at all times. The miser's eye, of faded lustre, lights up as he counts one more gem than he expected to find in his well secreted coffers ; and, as he emerges, nature looks more cheerful. He cannot comprehend the opening of each petal and the subtle labyrinths of honeycomb constructions, but a something—everything looks better through the cheerful lens. But when we meet with sadness ; when I felt alone and could not find relief ; when my very heart paled at the sight of future living ; how slowly did the trees bud in the dismal spring, how hollow all the worldly riots around me seemed, and how distasteful well-cooked food appeared."

"I can see the force of your remark," Everline replied ; " but can you solve for me how, for any gain, a man of almost unequalled talents, like Malfaire, can go on in shallow forms, spend money, ruin hundreds yearly, lead the hypocrite's existence, when the even tenor of a good man's life brings happiness to his own hearth, and permeates the very cups and saucers of his tea table ? "

"Now we approach a subtle subject, and

one fraught with deepest texts for the profoundest cogitation. True pleasure, comfort and enjoyment are domestic in their nature ; they essentially belong to home, and are refined in strict proportion as you cultivate them. But excitement and fast living, narrow principles and wild escapes, gaslight gambling and a supper life fade as nought before the calm philosophy of that good, quiet man, the shepherd of Salisbury Plains. On one side we but act and burn up precious thoughts, while on the other we find rationality and sweet repose. Time is sufficiently remunerative to permit the study of pure ether ; the reflection of an inner self ; and the exquisite enjoyment of a silent mind."

"But this is sad," said Everline ; "for the less we know of human nature and its subtleties, the freer from suspicion are our thoughts—more noble our internal sentiments ; while with the knowledge of mankind come double meanings and a host of black-faced actions."

"Miss Payton, I agree with you. In the most grievous times seek not to live beneath the upper crust of this mundane sphere ; for like its type once pierce below the stream which runs not, and you find a deep and powerful current carrying off hidden truths : once bore for gems of rarest value, and the worm, with

slimy purpose, meets your every step, and noxious gases crowd your once clear mind. Once mount upward to live equally with lofty, learned beings, and you feel it most oppressive there to breathe ; and, as each step brings you still higher, cold reserve you find as the sole power by the means of which the sterile soil of snow-crowned heads has been concealed from laboring man. Take for a rule the *mediam viam*. In nature it is always safest, best, happiest, and most lasting."

They entered into a dissolving conversation, talked, conversed, and interchanged ideas ; and, lighting each other's mind, glided on in the luxurious fold of rich simplicity, such as those alone can comprehend who have partaken of a stolen silence in retirement, with thoughts emitted only as fair texts, the germs of meditation.

"Friend Albert, what is your opinion of this life ? "

"If you ask for a philosophic definition, I must say that it is a principle superadded to matter, which prevents its decomposition to a certain degree, and only to a certain degree ; for at last it must succumb."

"That is very true. I put the question only yesterday to a skilful chemist, and his

answer was most characteristic : ' My young friend,' said he, ' it is continual death.' Moved by an innate curiosity to follow out a view of my own, I next consulted a physician of no little merit, and, citing from an aged bookworm, he replied that ' It is the sum of the functions by means of which death is resisted.' While a physiologist remarked to me that very afternoon, that he regarded it as a ' constant growth.' "

" All very true," said Albert, " and each one is most correct as far as appertains to animal existence. But such answers might as well apply to brute creation or even vegetables of the higher order. There, however, does exist in man a spirit history that is not comprehended in this earthly sense. The best psychological explanation in the shortest phrase is that known to us all :

" ' 'Tis folly's blank,
And wisdom's greatest prize.' "

" I agree with you," said Everline ; " but when I have asked the fashionables of this world their real opinion, I have met with a chameleon-like response. These singular ephemerals seem only to view nature, man, and life with spectacles of their own make. Their mental lens has but one focal distance ; their opin-

ions, too, are only based upon the present tide of circumstances. A misanthrope will state that it is one enormous failure—cheating and being cheated. The philanthropist, that it is collocated opportunities for doing good. The flirt, that it is jolly ; and the unsuccessful suitor, alas ! too often true, that it is the sure test for a prolonged existence of sore trials, bitter disappointments, and unsatisfactory enjoyments.”

“ And,” added Albert, “ if you seek from the physician a clear, comprehensive definition, he will say that life is a struggle between physic and disease—an opportunity for making all you can, in order to pay well those who may attend you when demise is certain. The doctor of divinity will answer that it is the acme of a contest between grace and nature, if anything, ‘ nature a leetle ahead ! ’ ”

“ I think,” said Everline, smiling at the last simile, “ that Mr. Millbury, our faithful clergyman, has given the most satisfactory expression to my own views of the case.”

“ And pray, what was his statement ? ”

“ Why, he considers it an opportunity for native sinners to repent, and by example lead their brothers to the throne of Grace.”

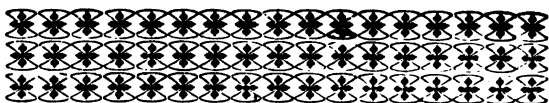
“ My own opinion,” answered Albert, “ is

that pure and unalloyed enjoyment, free from care and unembarrassed by a city's nightmare, is to be found among those who partake of quiet tastes, and follow out much of the principles of Zimmerman on Solitude."

"And so do I," said Everline, delighted to find such congenial tastes in one whom she admired for himself and cherished as an echo of her inner nature. "If you have studied life, so I have studied happiness, like Rasselas, and this is the result of my conclusions: Happiness is an *ignis fatuus* for those who seek it through the fog of dazzling dissipation. It is indeed the goal of many, but can only be enjoyed through purity and goodness, slightly tinged upon the tips of its celestial wings with the signal of sad pensiveness."

"Most true," responded Albert, glowing with intensity of feeling, "and I would add quiet, peacefulness, contentment, small desires—not too often gratified—if but seen through a melancholy lens, form the nearest approach that can be made to beatific pleasures on this earth."

"Yes," said Everline, "one must come to the conclusion first that all is vanity, and seek not beyond their own possessions for this gem of feeling, and then trusting the unbidden future, quietly await a fiat from above."



CHAPTER XXVI.

"Ye who know the reason, tell me,
How it is that instinct still
Prompts the heart to like or like not,
At its own capricious will ?

"Tell me, by what hidden magic,
Our impressions first are led
Into liking or disliking,
Oft before a word be said."

Who cares for plot ? It is of hidden truths that we would speak ; commune aloud ; read out our thoughts in others' lives, and listen to the sage soliloquy of some one who embraces in his inner self the attributes we long to find.

A narrative may be spun out ; cold truths enunciated, and a startling mystery revealed in the last chapter, that has chained us to the consecrated spot. We all know the best work is done by good machinery, and for deeds of iron man is the inventor. But though perhaps tedious, and to some prosaic, the slow study of the Deity's new world, the story of a plant's

development, the habits of instructive insects, and the nature of original creations, furnish food for meditation, and reveal the richest, ripest, and most beneficial teachings for the philosophic mind. The human heart is from above—divine in its organization ; but the actions of an earthly being are man's work. Hence, if we discourse, or seek, with puny strength, to penetrate the veil of passionate existence, we approach still closer spiritual life. But if, with hollow minds, we strive to mark out or discover action—practical realities—we lose the principle of soul and live upon the surface of existence. This is the reason for thus dwelling on the thoughts of two who find a perfect whole in their united minds ; conclusive evidence of pristine oneness in the scheme of life.

There are times when saddest mortals seek repose from their own selves, and banish care by the fair sights in nature's tapestry. Others linger at the shrine of true love sacrificed, and tear afresh the wound that was just healing in seclusion. Albert found himself amazed at thought. He could form nothing in the future, and drawn imperceptibly toward the home of those wrapt in unsettled purposes, he ventured to lose self in striving to alleviate their grief. One pleasant evening, when Charles also was

expected, he took the cars, and rapidly moved toward Everline, in accordance with his own quick mind. There he found the gentle shepherdess administering to the flocks of birds that hovered, with unsettled wing, about this calm, adopted child of nature ; and, as she fed the chickens, pointed out her favorites, and, with that same merry laugh, rang chimes of cheerfulness and sweet ecstasy, he felt as though the country were her native element.

It was a scene in which a Claude might revel, and a Turner find congeniality for his pet thoughts. The air, freighted with the purest incense from the softest flowers, played with the trumpet vine and fondled the blue violets. The calm, gently breathing sea now rippled smiles and glowed in sunshine ; and the fish hawks hovered with their pointed beaks, now soaring high to watch for prey, now swooping to the water's edge, as though their lady bird gazed with each evening light upon their varied movements. The blush tints of the drowsy sky, in pensive beauty mingled their blue waters with the clouds above—a gorgeous isthmus between two proud elements. Near the Swiss cottage sat the father of this lovely being, negatively watching the fierce combat of two puppies that maintained a warfare to secure

the single right to their Newfoundland mother's bushy tail, she occasionally moving from the scene of action to but rouse them only to new efforts for the mastery.

Everline greeted her fond friend most cordially, and adjusting her straw flat with drooping fringe, proposed a quiet stroll to some farmhouse, that she might minister to a sick woman. For some time they walked in silence; the thoughts that filled their minds were fraught with pleasure and sweet sadness. At length Albert roused himself, and said :

"Miss Payton, you must be quite happy in this beautiful retreat?"

"Yes," she replied. "My father is much stronger, and, I think, the air will quite restore his wonted spirits."

"Do you not experience the vast solemnity of nature's works when left alone to meditate upon these shores?"

"I cannot see, when I am listening to the plashing waves, and quietly enjoying that expressive silence, how the good can live away from rustic joyousness, if not engaged in works of charity amid the city's din. It is easily understood how those who enter deeply into the dissipation of a fashionable existence prefer the tall houses and narrow streets to shut out the

reproving sun. But to me contentment can be found only in rural hours."

Albert listened, breathing peace, and talked with his fond friend. He told her of the beautiful scenes of Italy and the classic streams of foreign climes, and called to mind the time when he had visited the European galleries, but never found upon those walls a picture equal to the one, the only one that he had purchased while abroad.

"And what was that?" she said, now looking earnestly into his face.

"The scene was nothing, but the text productive of a world of grateful thoughts."

"You speak strangely. Pray, what was this 'text'?"

"A single figure in the foreground which, in metaphor, portrayed the essence of a spotless life."

"Ah! What a gem it must have been. How rare!"

"Yes. And withal a dignity—the shield of Norma ere she mingles with the world—pervaded all. Calm eloquence played round about her mouth."

"Then it was a woman? this——"

"Could it be otherwise? Strength, passion, all the louder virtues may be found in

man's estate. But purity and innocence are female attributes."

Albert now informed her of the gradual change produced in him while striving to find out the blest original, and asked if it was wrong.

"Most certainly it could not be," said Everline, now laughing with her sleighbell voice. "And were you ever gratified? Sir Albert I must call you from this deed of chivalry."

"I was successful after four long years, Miss Payton, of the truest, real devotion ever paid by man to woman's virtue."

"And where is she?" asked Everline, quite listlessly, entirely unconscious of the real response now swelling into openness.

"Here—Miss Payton."

"Sir?"

"Here—now before me in this twilight hour!"

She turned round quickly to look for this gem of excellence, then paled, was choked with powerful emotion, and gasped out:

"What can you mean?"

"I mean, Miss Pay— May I not call you Everline? My Everline—I mean to assert that you are the true original whom I have striven for so long to find."

Her mind was getting much confused. She could not comprehend it fully.

"Sit you down, dear angel, and let me tell you all. Your image has subdued a fiery nature, but brought out the latent strength of love that ever lies quite dormant in the heart of youth. I thank you for thus raising purest resolutions in my soul. My better earthly nature is indebted to you, next to the powers above, for calm philosophy and soundest principles. Your picture ever greeted me each morn and eve! That quiet smile cheered solitude and proffered comfort with kindness when the world was cold, and worldly views made sadness natural and heavy! Oh, reject not him who has devoted four long years of silent admiration to your very picture; who has dedicated life, money, health, all—save religious precepts—to obtain the hand of one whose likeness has called forth emotions of the brightest, saddest character; whose every movement indicated the fine feelings of sincerity. The features chained themselves to your sweet attributes and elevated thoughts."

He paused and looked into her face for a reply.

"No answer?"

Stifled breathing told a volume.

"Can I hope, Miss Payton?"

"This is too much for me."

"What is?"

"Your great goodness to a lonely child."

"I care not for the goodness, oh, sweet Everline! If but once say yes; that there is hope; that all the efforts of past years are not to be thus stranded on the shores of time!"

"You overpower me." Then looking down she placed her hand in his and lost herself in his embrace.

The present rolled by with most rapid strides; the very sky betrayed a hidden joy, and nature beamed more brightly for the two. The union of proud spirits that had yearned for company, now had at length been consummated. Soon after its sudden disappointment, Everline had ceased to sorrow at the change of residence, and calmed down into quiet happiness, as nature opened all her leaves to display usefulness and inbred innocence. And now that Albert came to offer such a heart and such a hand, she could not but yield to woman's frailty, and her strength and comfort found a strange relief in the pearl drops of thankfulness at the bright future and deep consolation.

Recovering from this delirium of wild excitement and unexpected happiness, Everline

related to her patient, meekly thankful lover, whose emotions cannot be described, the strange circumstances that had attended her own portrait's loss. Malfaire, a handsome count, who had an easy access to all places of amusement, and the galleries at Rome, had met them while at Naples. He soon made the acquaintance of her father during the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, and, after a brief period, had left for eastern climes, and was not met by them till some three years, when they had settled down once more in the United States. While with them, when in Europe, he had placed them often under obligations by repeated kindnesses, such as only those who travel and go sight seeing can understand. If a court reception was to be held, and "Jesuit" law prevented any foreigners from gaining ingress, the fascinating Malfaire ever found a way to free admittance for his friends. When surrounded by admiring companions she caught sight, amid the throng of beauty and gay revelry, of this fascinating man; while pleased at his refined attentions, she was chilled by his cold calculating eye. He could control his actions; ever do the gentleman, and please her fancy by gay anecdotes; but there was a something she could not define, that warned her not to trust her liking to in-

crease to interest. When he returned to the accustomed duties of a city life, she found the same peculiarity, the same unhidden, but concealed expression of the countenance. And though repeatedly he gained admittance to her father's house, and discoursed polished wisdom at their table, she as frequently had warned her father not to bind himself to any foreigner of that same stamp, much less to one whose antecedents were not known, whose principles were evidently superficial, and his education but that of a worldly man. While those of her acquaintances who met him at the fashionable circles of society betrayed the liveliest satisfaction at knowing such a person, and took pleasure in partaking of his rich refreshments, for he entertained most liberally—Everline, obedient to inherent impulse, guarded her own conduct and maintained reserve. But her father said, that when a rich man offered, with much cordiality, his purse and influence to befriend one whom he ever treated with respect and kindness, it was not for those who cherished foolish fancies and insane imaginings, to refuse a proffered courtesy, or chill the warmth of a stranger's hospitality. And thus it went on from one deed of "kind" assistance and a claim upon her strict attention to her father's wishes,

to another and another act of greater and more lasting obligation, till at length Count Mal-faire's presence frequently became more necessary, and his earnestly solicited assistance finally was urged by Mr. Payton. To all answers, he replied, that he was only too happy to aid those whom fortune had thus enabled him to show his preference for. And, from his pleasing manner and calm, gentlemanly address, he soon entered their abode as though he had a right to come, without an invitation, and expected welcome. From mere converse with Everline, he had entered upon a painful familiarity with her, relative to a certain course of study, himself to be the tutor, in Italian. They were to peruse together the old poets, and discuss the merits of a Tasso, or perhaps the truthful feelings of a Petrarch. Then, poor Laura's attributes were named, and questions as to her fidelity entered into. A stray thought now and then escaped this sage Italian, that a Laura was still living under a feigned name. He loved her with a Petrarch's purity, and often gazed at night into the starry firmament to read his future and define unsettled purposes, or find guidance in his blinded zeal. All had to be quietly endured by this simple child of innate modesty. For at length, her father was forced to confess, that now

the count's services were indispensable, his obligations great, and he must not be rendered cold by any overt act from his fair child. She listened and obeyed. So during all that time the magic coil of this wily serpent had, with wonderful celerity and subtle instinct, formed a prison house about her father's movements, and beguiled him into madder schemes and foolish deeds. Each step he took to free himself from silent ruin, did but plunge him deeper into sad results, and yet the influence was so well timed and with such master hand obtained, that this old gentleman, while losing ground, esteemed his future growing brighter.

The culminating point had been attained. The test was plain enough. Albert might see it clearly in the base offer made by Malfaire but two months before ; his rage at such an answer as she gave him, and the subsequent disposal of their city property, when those in whom she trusted were away and rendered powerless in her behalf. It now remained to live an open enemy of his in future, and strive, with Charles and Albert's assistance, to free themselves from what had more closely enveloped them each year.

Albert, the proud owner of her hand, could scarcely listen to her tale of ruffled sadness. He

controlled the thick emotions to but let them have full sway when left alone at some time, and enabled to seek vengeance on the base villain. Now he took Everline's hand and played with her troubled feelings, and by a calm, quiet method of his own poured oil upon her ruffled lake.

"Dear spirit of my genius, you know of my past efforts to obtain what I most prized on earth."

"I do! And thank you by resigning all."

"Then, can you doubt but I will render truest aid to your necessities?"

"Far be it from me to think otherwise."

"Then listen to me while I frame the line of conduct for the future."

"When you've told me once, repeat your kind advice. I love to linger on your voice."

"And I to watch your balmy eyes while speaking truth and blushing love."

"Could I but find new orders for you, Albert, I would write them. For you cannot know how woman, when alone, longs for some object on which she may trustfully rely for strength, some test by which to shape her earthly course in life."

"And man, dear being, only needs the gentler melody of woman's love to form har-

monious chords of strangest, deepest being, and a perfect unity of thought glows through his love."

"When did you first know Charles Tewphunny?"

"Some ten years since!"

"And was he ever so devoted to your interest?"

"Always the same true, noble-hearted being!"

"And how was it, pet, that he could not obtain the goal for which he strove?"

"I cannot say exactly; but, though possessed of every attribute a woman can desire, permeating those she loves, he did not strike the feelings which call forth the silent yes!"

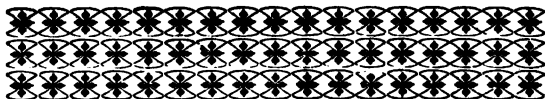
"How so?"

"Some three years since Charles asked, as a return for such prolonged devotion, that he might only hope! He stated that since we were children, and he made out for me all my Latin lessons, he had never thought of any one, or dreamt of future movements, but as my companion, 'and, if heaven willed such happiness on earth,' these were his words, 'my husband!' He grew pale when speaking of his firm constancy, and chided not my kindness, ever saying that I had not led him on, but as

his deep feelings could no longer be restrained, he must for once receive the fiat from my lips. I answered that I never had found one for whom I entertained such deep respect, such perfect, healthful love—in whom I felt congeniality most sympathetic. I even told him that through life his course would be my study, and his joys my own ; while sadness, if it entered his pure soul, would vibrate my most inner self. But all this feeling was fraternal. I had known him too long as a sister ; was too often his companion ever to look up to him as my own husband. And I never had experienced that *thrill* which now, dearest Albert, you and I enjoy !”

They both gazed liquid truths into each other's eyes, and lost earthly thoughts in present happiness.





CHAPTER XXVII.

"C. C."

READER, have you ever loved? Has the truth flashed in scintillations on your dizzy brain that he or she whom you adore as your own life is by you all alone—your very self-existence but a link that binds one to the other? Have you ever lost all consciousness of earthly troubles in the sunshine of a radiant joy called love returned? Then you have lived for something. Life has passed with all its struggles for mere nothing, bringing such reward as sympathy in love.

The flowers love. The vines creep closer to the sturdy oak, and form protection to its stalwart frame. The lilies mingle fragrance and commune with insect life. The hedges form a unity in one calm, sweetly-scented truth. Birds labor on in cheering notes responsive to

all nature's calm. The clouds lose self, and, meeting, form one spark of lightning speed, which shows the vast intensity of their close union. Gentle brooks wed streams. Cascades caress the mosses. And each healthy heart, imbued with such unequalled bliss, not only loses singleness of soul, but both are blended into truest ecstasy, and find real comfort, luxury in breathing silence.

Or have you found your tale of woe revealed in Charles' sad destiny? Has truth taken cold philosophy and backed love upon itself by maxims that unfit one for this world, unnerved humanity, and rendered future but a synonym for sadness? Have fates decreed that you shall force into the narrow limits of fraternal love the "pulse beats of true hearts," the "love light of fond eyes"?

Oh! if this be the case, you can comprehend the gradual death of parts, the gorgeous, noble, quiet submissiveness of Charles' spirit; his lost energy; his every feeling at the sound of her sweet voice; his total loss of interest in all save noble works; his purposeless existence; "his prospect and horizon gone." Far be it from you to endeavor by a system or regime of any course of study or most energetic labor, to do more than crush what cannot die. Such

persons live in one most perfect whole. To further their own private thoughts they bask in poisonous sunshine, each ray of hope but coming to existence that it may vanish and leave only cinders to portray past suffering. If you know such, treat them cordially, for if ever any beings are entitled to the deepest sympathy and kindness, it is those who wander with unsettled, saddest spirits through life's dull road without an object ; and constrain each evening to but contemplate the gradual consumption of their living frames !

Why, oh ! why did unkind, heedless fortune place a being like Everline in such a happy present to but snatch forth soon again the prize, and leave Charles to his own sad loneliness without a stay in life ? Now, alas ! the beacon light of memory is all that's left to point out, with a vestal purity, the rocky cliffs of fate, where love was wrecked, the victim of a hidden fiat. Charles echoed from his heart : " Could I but love again that sainted image ; taste once more the cup of joys extracted ; sip in quiet looks the beaming love confessed to love : willingly, most willingly, would I vanish from this dead existence, losing all my prospects yet to come in rapturous thought, while speculating with excited brain and dazzling future,

met by gaze as fond and sympathy confessed. To abandon thought for one short day and sink in calm luxury amid the outbursts of returned affection, I would endure the minor key of after life in silence and unenvying. With him whose subtle pen has dipped into the sacred feelings of afflicted minds, and brought forth to view the sacred truths, I state :

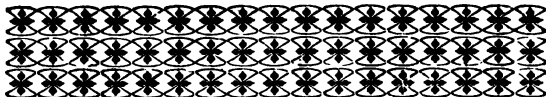
‘ ’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.’

But how can I with this dead weight of secret woe, the heaviest load on earth to bear—a crushed upheaving of devoted feelings—a flood tide of ecstasy walled up and rolled back with the cold truths of duty, on itself—how can I pursue the even tenor of my way, and take an interest in others when the spirit of my movements has departed? Can the photographic plate take other images, or portray, with vividness, surrounding scenes, when the camera of the mind is shattered, and the most susceptible and delicate of preparations has no more a source? To love again when one has thus been truly interested, it is necessary to reënter life anew from the embryo of original existence, and memory, which now is but the nightmare of that fearful separation, mingled

with the slow, corroding surmises of struggling love, must blot out all, and he alone can be called happy who, with truth, can say aloud : ' I would not have to-day yesterday or to-morrow ! ' "

There are some most delicate fibres in the constitution of man's mental organization. An author of much thought and no little reading, has justly remarked that " youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret ; " but who can, with the feeble vehicle for thought, the pen—who, though possessed of a volubility heretofore unprecedented ; though imbued with all the tenets of no visionary philosophy, and filled with all the passions of a healthy soul—dare succeed or even hope to lay bare and unfold to view the hidden mysteries of restrained love ; the consuming fire of unreturned affection ? Despair in love leads to many ends, and may not, with some, prove sufficient to bring out their latent powers ; but with those who feel and have a full-grown heart, it forms new sentences in their existence. It is : life crushed—an empty frame of vehemence ; hope petrified ; ambition, like a fragile vine with tendrils, that have stretched, with yearnings, toward a lofty mansion that did move away and leave the heaven-ascending

creeper all alone to battle with the elements ; home nowhere ; fear in nothing ; thought transfixed ; a kind regard for all who suffer ; interest in nothing earthly ; the heart dull, heavy, and oppressive, thick with choked passions and restrained feelings ; a mould set in stern composure ; eye darkened, restless, vacant in expression, looking, as it were, through the gloomy media of disappointed prospects ; a visage lengthened by the depth of grief ; the veil of confidence removed, the garb of severed trust assumed to wear alone ; a measured, calm, decisive utterance ; a heavy tread, no elasticity in step ; slow movements in expression ; a hollow, throaty laugh, if there be any ; the echo of a smothered sigh, deep down, but not permitted to come forth lest it gain strength and call back dead realities ; a quiet love for children : first a smile, then sorrow for them : they have many, many years to live ; abstraction in life's duties ; the sky dark gray ; bright spectacles but gaudy tinsel ; the embryo of some great deed ; an unswerving confidence in Heaven, never known before ; a neck that stoops : the brain cold lead ; surprise at nothing ; a longing to risk life for some poor sufferer and cheat conscience by an honest, well-earned, much desired death !



CHAPTER XXVIII.

The heart is the seat of the Atman.—CHĀNDOGYA-UPANISHAD.

BAFFLED in all his attempts to gain Everline by love, persuasive terms, or hinted threats, Count Malfaire, spurred on by pride, turned now against itself, and love of all successful power, after the close conversation with Mark Tweedlehammer, plotted, studied, and gave charges to his menials, Grimjaw and old Rasper. He formed a scheme by means of which Everline was to be soon seized while returning home with some weak friend ; hurried down to the "Moonbeam," and the victorious man of thought would sail to other climes, the proud possessor of her charms, and the forced husband, legally bound by theology, to protect, support, and cherish her.

Known of all men to be rarely infelicitous in his most subtle schemes of villany or daring,

Malfaire entertained no thought of failure. And while she of spotless purity and crystal life—the essence of religious self-denial and generous frugality—administered to those in want, this black heart plotted for his prize. Can it be possible that Heaven will not overrule such heinous undertakings? Ever ready to alleviate the suffering, Everline is watched over by unseen angels.

Charles, the faithful, closeted with Albert, counterbalanced all wickedness, and circumvented this thoughtful scoundrel by original designs.

One day Charles Tewphunny walked leisurely to Albert's penetralia, and finding him, as usual, secluded and most thoughtful, stayed to comfort and consult.

"But," said Albert, "how is it to be accomplished? What plan would you pursue?"

"Simply the free use of our fertile brains! The rest is simple. Let us first prove the villain, and by placing him in a full light before that magic portrait, seek to ascertain if he remembers to have stolen it from the possessor, and, forsaken by unaiding Fortune, lost its whereabouts?"

"A capital idea. Let us at once seek Malfaire, and invite him, in accordance with his oft

expressed desire that we should unfold to him the curiosities of my establishment."

To follow out their views, Charles brought Malfaire one evening, to Albert's house. Suspecting nothing, he accepted with unfeigned pleasure at this testimony of good will from those he deemed "young innocents." The count praised everything that met his eye. In fact, he could not otherwise express himself. Accustomed to excelling luxury and foreign tastes, the prodigality of wealth, he was particularly struck with what appeared as perfect unity of thought throughout each chamber, and yet every feature was of different mould.

"Mountjoy, my friend, you understand the secret of refined sensations."

"How so, count?" asked Albert.

"Why, my dear sir, there is not another house in town that can compare in quiet elegance. And yet, suggestiveness seems to have been the keynote in the symphony of your design."

Seated in the private room, the favorite of Albert, while they talked and interchanged ideas, the curtain, opposite these three different beings, cast suggestive folds of thought into the breast of each. Albert beheld behind it the sweet lineaments of her who had consented,

some three days since, to crown his weary efforts with success, and bestow a heart of priceless value, giving with it her own hand. Charles had yielded to Albert's wish, and sought out Malfaire lest he should imagine they designed his punishment. And as he looked upon the concealed portrait, only recently exposed to his own view, he breathed heavy sorrow that life seemed so different to himself and friend, and formed resolutions for the future, of true Christian stamp. Malfaire, unconscious of anything behind, admired the design and rich frame, the tapestry and quaint conceptions.

Suddenly, by some unseen yet subtle agency, the air seemed freighted with soft music. Sweet as summer's zephyr, delicate as the faintest mosses, yet increasing in its volume, it rolled forth from a hidden nook, and as the tapestry slowly rose, Malfaire lost his self-possession at the mysterious movements going on before him. He became confused and gazed in silence. When, at length, however, the true painting, in calm dignity, came forth to view and laid bare all his villany, and that sure knowledge of it in the heart of those about him, Malfaire paled. Seeing now that two keen citadels of thought had penetrated all the past in

his expressive face, he rose and said with vehemence :

“For once in my life have I been made the dupe of base intrigue. I see you know the past. But let me say, young men, the future still is unrevealed. And though both of you play conspicuous parts, when next we meet your minds shall be as unprepared as mine was when that curtain disclosed to my view what had not been beheld by me for five short years.”

The manner of the count told much. His eye flashed daggers, as if inspired at the sight of what he had not seen for years. Charles rose himself, and calmly said,

“Beware what you dare undertake. The past unfolds your schemes of base ingratitude and persecution. Your deeds of iniquity are not hidden from my view, and did I not hope to convict you in a better way than now, your rotten carcass should be carried from this house.”

The count answered in a scowl. Albert, coldly sarcastic, met Malfaire’s eyes with his own peculiar and determined look, and said with brevity and feeling :

“Felix Peccati, *alias* Count Malfaire, we know that you have long since ceased to gamble for mere moneyed views ; that forgery has

brought with it such great success that your own signature can lawfully now place most any sum at your command. We fully comprehend the meaning of foreclosure and concomitants ; but let me say, in brief conclusion, if you ever cross our purposes or see Everline, it will be the signal for revenge."

The consternation of this guilty man fed the faint hope that they had entertained of their surmisings, and encouraged at his great confusion when called by his long lost name, laid bare to view what they desired to know, and for the future placed them on the track.

Malfaire took leave with menacing politeness, and hoped they might meet under more favorable circumstances. Albert smiled and Charles frowned silence.

"My friend," said Charles, "we must accelerate our movements, for I like not the base talent of that man of sin ; who knows the extent of all that he has done ? who can tell what the future may bring forth ?"

"Ever remember, Charles, 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ;' that where a man is in the wrong, he has to plan the future, and guard past crimes ; while innocence has only to look ahead, and put out the light that leads to this man's brilliant end."

"Did Mr. Dedwill say that a writ of error could be filed against that judgment?"

"Yes, he did."

"Then, in three months, that vile Italian will no longer revel in secluded happiness and dissipation. Crime will be fatigued from living with him."





CHAPTER XXIX.

They tell that the might of waters had overwhelmed black earth, but
that by the arts of Zan the sea suddenly received an ebb!

PINDAR, *Olymp. Ode ix.*

FILLED with a zeal that only is to be appreciated by those who have entered on the duties of delivering a sufferer, the happy man of pur-est actions overflowed with a luxurious impulse, and desired to reveal success to her who had watched over him throughout his saddest moments. Strange how much harder it is to conceal suffused enjoyment than lock up the galling secret of an injured nature. Albert, while at breakfast soon after this determination to acquaint his darling parent with the news of his existence, called her to him, and, while sitting in his private chamber, laid bare the story of the past. Every creature, be it man or woman, has a key note that directs the subtle movements of the outward thoughts. Some

men contend for practical examples, and tolerate no poetry about their atmospherical and magic circles. Other some refuse to mingle with the dry statistics of unlettered minds. One lady gazes with a minor sadness on what she could gain if but possessed of energy, while her companion sees nought that brings solace, but the emanations of congenial controversy. One loves the prism of this life. Another causes all the rays to converge in her own heart thoughts. Another still maintains a hollow dignity in the mazed light of fashion.

The son, while speaking of the eventful day, informed his mother of the dearest wishes of his inmost self, and sought to enter with her the bright future that foretold a freedom from surrounding influences, and an ecstasy of happiness. But life, like distant prospects when at sea, that may be seen so near at hand, is tardy in the sure fulfilment of ambitious ends. Now, hungry for the consummation of a wish, we are compelled to eat of other dishes for a temporary end, and when we gain the sweetest goal, our appetites, no longer fresh but wasted, only find response in looking on at others' healthy pleasure. To Albert the sure comfort of secluded ties at once foretold a prospect of a mingled joy. But little does a modern man know of the present state of

just rewards if he regards as certain anything save what is past. One would suppose enough had happened. But as he told that living guide of youth the cause of his past sadness ; led her with him through the shadow of revealed forebodings, and explained a hopeful future, she, the thoughtful woman, knew that ere those living hearts united, hidden sorrows and a misty gauze of trouble might yet intervene. With wicked persons on this earth, pleasure first comes forth and yields persuasive influences. Then a blackened old age crushes every bliss. With innocence the sorrow comes before, and basking comfort crowns declining years.

Albert then, in company with that disinterested spirit who had cheered him in seclusion, and watched over each new growth of fancy, informed his mother of his wildest anticipations. He promised soon to introduce her to his own, sweet, fond original.

"But, my dear," said Madame Mountjoy, "are you certain that consent from her old father may be gained."

"Most undoubtedly. I met him in the arbor yesterday. He took my hands in his ; looked wildly all about him, into nooks that could contain not even a small dog, trembled as he spoke, and said, in a low whisper :

“ ‘Take her, Albert. But protect her. Save me ! Can’t you find those papers that I’ve lost ? Say, Albert, you who have known nought of suffering, strive to ascertain their whereabouts.—Oh, just Heaven, guard at least my child from outward violence, and give strength to her poor father to linger on till she becomes the lawful wife of this good man !’ Mother, I cannot tell you how I felt, to see the big tears course down his furrowed, wrinkled cheeks. Strange, is it not, that Malfaire not only holds a fiscal power over Mr. Payton, but seems to have gained an undue influence over his very being from some signature ? ”

“ My son, beware of this vile man. Marry, and leave for the continent. It is not safe to remain in the same atmosphere.”

“ I understand you. Jealousy and brucine may do much.”





CHAPTER XXX.

For Zeus himself appoints the happiness and the unhappiness of all below.
HOMER.

It was a glorious eve ! The sun had died a thousand deaths ere vanquished by the black, veiled night. Nature had lulled the ploughman to sweet dreams. The busy insects even yielded their prerogatives to the responsive crickets and invisible tree toads. The forest trees bowed gracefully to each new gust of wind, and laden fields smiled beamingly in moonlit and luxuriant existence.

Mr. Payton had retired for the night, exhausted by undue excitement and an over exercise. Everline for the last hour had been playing " Marche de Nuit " for Albert, and the funeral march in Chopin to extend the sadness of Charles' pleasant wish. Both these young men were reclining on the balcony, enjoying the sug-

gestions of their different thoughts, and drinking in ripe, luscious melody, discoursed by talent of no ordinary stamp. It had been one of those surpassing, perfect nights. Perfect in the stillness of an outward sphere—entire from the utter calmness of Everline's sweet meditations; most exalting from Charles' own sad, buried happiness, and rich in the fertility of Albert's bright realizations. To a philosophic mind, a slight suspicion might have hovered near, as does the night hawk when all else is peace. But lost in present thoughtfulness, the three young spirits, of a varied make, existed only for the momentary luxury. What added not a little to the quiet of surroundings, was the shrubbery of various plants that guarded different paths and shut out in many turnings the inquiring gaze of ignorant intruders. Far off, some hundred yards, the beach shelved down and bared to view the hidden treasures of a watery deep.

The sigh of wavelets, ever yearning to ascend, and falling back in strict obedience to nature's laws, suggested foreign thoughts, and called forth fresh realities for secret commune. Rarest plashings of a liquid sphere; eloquent breathings of an emerald world; plaintive feelings of no sudden growth; innocent joyousness

of lasting virtue ; ripe ecstasy of gained possessions !

“ Why not take a stroll ? ” said Albert, too full of effervescing thoughts to remain long in a fixed spot.

“ And why not ? ” answered Charles, thankful to be drawn by mechanism from an inner life.

“ Where shall we go ? ” said Everline. “ To yonder grove by the sea shore ? ”

“ Agreed,” said both, and on they went, reflecting pleasure, and exhibiting no sign of self.

They had not wended many steps, when Everline remembered to have left her blanket shawl upon the music seat. The night was fast becoming chilly, and she feared undue exposure.

“ I will go,” said Albert.

“ Not at all,” said Charles ; “ that is my peculiar duty—utility the servant of an ornamental being.” Saying this he returned to the front parlor, and was taking up the dark green shawl when an unearthly shriek, such as a man can never hear but once—it destroys fibres of the brain that grow no more—now paralyzed his very life principle.

A moment, and he seized a rude cane and darted from the house toward the shore. There

he beheld Albert Mountjoy grappling with a thickset villain, while two other men in close disguise, strove with a guarded gentleness, to carry off the senseless body of his Everline. In an instant he felled one of the ruffians to the ground ; but in the blow had broken Mr. Payton's cane. Now left unarmed, but Samson-like from the roused feelings of ambitious love, he tore Everline from the rude stranger, and was making for the bushes, when a well-aimed shot brought him to the ground. Quite desperate and doubly maddened as Count Malfaire, throwing off his mask, revealed triumphant features, he clutched at his stooping figure and turning round the slippery Italian's form, rolled with him down the gravelled walk.

Albert soon freeing himself by a well-directed counter, rushed to the spot, his opponent having swam out to the vessel which tacked near the shore. Reaching the place where Everline lay fainting, he gently lifted her and hastened to the parlor, where domestics, roused by cries and loud reports, had gathered in the wildest consternation.

Charles, finding himself more than matched by the superior wrestling of the count, strove by stratagem to gain a favorable moment ; but while watching for an opportunity, his strength

began to wane, and blood oozed from his useless limb. His senses faded ; he became only cognizant of something gleaming in the air ; a groan, and nothingness hushed his existence.

Albert soon returning to his rescue, secured the man Charles had knocked down, and now increasing in wild strength as he neared Malfaire, made a leap upon the wily murderer, who slowly stooping slightly to one side, freed himself from the falling pursuer. But perceiving others in the distance, he struck at Charles' prostrate form, and quickly glided from the confused scene to reach his yawl, that shot out from a secreted inlet, as soon as he had entered.

Carried to the house by four men servants, Charles was put to bed, and Dr. Takewell sent for by postchaise. The wounded man was also taken to the barn, and watched and cared for by two gardeners, who at first protested against any kindness or alleviating remedies for his deep wounds.

The doctor came ; examined both with careful probes, and stated, much to the surprise of all, that though Charles was severely handled, and presented a most sorry aspect, time and splints would rectify the whole—and gratitude for his devotion soothe all pain that might ensue. But as for the man whom he

had struck—the future in this world would be but of brief life. His skull was fractured, and internal injuries had brought about an issue of the gravest character.





CHAPTER XXXI.

For Intellect is the fountain of words, and speech is its mouthpiece.

PHILO, CAIN AND HIS BIRTH, xiii.

EVERLINE required the attention of kind friends as well as Charles. Her mental anguish, when surprised and wrapped in cloaks, was only increased as she saw a coarse-faced villain rush upon her Albert ; and her mind forsook her as they both fell to the ground, lost to identity by dust and rags. She knew no more, till waking the next morn, good Dr. Takewell bathed her temples, and hushed those who stepped too heavily upon the floor.

“ Is Albert saved ? Do tell me, doctor ! ”

“ Yes, my friend ; and you yourself will be quite well to-morrow ; but please do not start so. Nothing can now harm you but your own excitement.”

“ Thank you, doctor dear, but where is

Charles? Did I not see that awful man shoot at him? Oh, the wretch."

"Now, my dear child," said Miss Trip, firmly placing her forefinger on Everline's lips, "you really must not talk. Poor dear, I know your feelings. I can enter into all your great anxiety for both your friends. But Mr. Takewell never thinks that I have sensibility. Ah, me! to think how changed the world is now. But never mind, there was a time when my late sister told me all she thought of what I have gone through."

"Aunt Margaret," said Doctor Takewell, "please don't worry this sick lady. Let her rest; for pity's sake give her but ten minutes' respite."

"What do you mean, child?" retorted spinster Trip. "Is it you who have the daring to seek to guide me in my duty as a nurse for this poor child whom you would like to suffocate—Ellen, open both those windows!"

"That cannot be, Miss Trip," said the doctor. "In defence of my patient's life, I tell you that neither of those windows can be opened. The door now ushers in sufficient air for any invalid."

"Well, if she dies—so young, too"—ex-

claimed Trip, clasping her skinny hands, "remember, Ellen, that I foretold the sad event."

"Miss Trip, please leave Miss Payton to Ellen and myself. I feel fully capable of taking the entire charge of this lady's case," whispered Doctor Takewell with great self-control.

"I go," said Trip, "and write out the sad certificate, 'Suffocated for want of cheap air!'"

She left. Everline smiled, and begged the doctor to see Albert, Charles, and her dear father, and report the state of "that poor man who lies so low in the barn."

"It shall be done," said the doctor. "But do, Miss Payton, seek repose, and give directions that no person shall be admitted without my special permit."

The doctor left, and Everline sank back exhausted; yet feeling thankful to the ever-watchful Heaven that saved Albert and rescued Charles from certain death.

Miss Trip, determined to be useful, visited Charles in his room, now suffering from the inflammation that invariably follows gun-shot wounds.

"Wouldn't you like some fresh air, Mr. Tewphunny? Poor man, you look so weak. Does the doctor think you will recover? I de-

clare you are fearfully pale. You must have lost an immense quantity of blood."

"Why, to tell you the truth," said Charles, philosophically cool, "I thought I felt much better, Miss Trip, till you changed my views. And you really think I'll die! Can I do anything, before or after my demise?"

"What do you mean," said spinster Trip.

"Simply that you are the most extraordinary nurse I have ever seen."

"How so? What have I not done to ease your pain? William—only half a doctor—ordered for you last night some of that poisonous morphine. He said it would calm your mind, relieve your sufferings, and I don't know what. But I, who have lived too long to be deceived by drugs, substituted for it flax seed tea. And now you act as if I sought your ruin."

"Now I know why an awful night was passed. Really, Miss Trip, who authorized you to practise on a living human being, whose life is valued by some of his friends? But here's the doctor—"

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Tewphunny."

"Good morning, doctor; but by no means a good night."

"How so? Ellen, didn't you give that

medicine I ordered," said Doctor Takewell, looking quite surprised.

"I was going to, sir, but—"

"I stopped her," said Miss Trip, exultingly.

"You stopped her, did you?" said William, flushing with just indignation.

"Most certainly. Dr. Syall—now, alas! departed and forgotten—never gave me any morphine when my head ached as though I thought my reason would have gone."

"I think it could never have come back. And, let me ask you, what possible similarity can there be between a wounded leg and the cracked throbbings of a diseased mind?"

"Boy doctor," exclaimed Trip, now angered in her turn, "did I bring you up through puny infancy; guard your every dangerous propensity, and carry out the wishes of your blessed mother—now no more, to cherish my declining health—for this return? Did I stay, as the crushed head of your establishment, to meet with open reprimand in face of menials? Ah! my wasting breath bids me prepare for other worlds. I leave you both."

She melted into tears, and glided from the room to call on Grimjaw, upon whom she visited anathemas and heaped invectives till relief from splenic outbursts, and a consequent ex-

haustion for past efforts, forced her to lie down and weep for the cold-heartedness of man's failing nature.

Albert passed the evening in sweet converse with his fast-recovering Everline. Twenty times throughout the day he sat with Charles ; talked thankfully with him ; bore messages of grateful love from Everline, and promised a companionship with Tewphunny of lasting worth and untold pleasure.

Mr. Payton was so seriously affected that he now no longer ventured to walk out alone. A posse of policemen were soon picketed around the country seat, and even then the feeble and decrepit gentleman grew paler, thinner, weaker, sadder.

"Everline, sweet guiding star," said Albert the next afternoon, while sitting out beneath an arbor blue with vines and flowers of choice growth, "I think, if suitable, the day had better soon be named."

"Those were my thoughts, dear Albert," replied Everline, now playing with a rosebud he had plucked for her.

"It is for you to fix the day ; and let it be kept secret, for I fear that desperado will return ere long, and, by some fearful measure, capture or slay most of us."

"Let it be, then, Monday week; that is just time enough for preparations," said Everline, "and father will improve the moment that he feels I am no longer left alone."

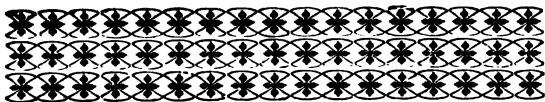
"But Charles is sick, and Dr. Takewell says at least two weeks are needed ere he possibly can move about."

"That may be so, but we will have the ceremony in his room. He shall be groomsman, and we will be with him just as much as formerly."

"Well, then," said Albert, "it is settled for a certainty; and, with your kind permission, I will bring my mother down; and we will strive to free ourselves from the last clutches of this monster of satanic growth."

Charles said one day to him was as the other. Let it then be Monday.

All agreed but spinster Trip, who would not have sufficient time to wear a certain dress, made up in certain ways, and of a certain color. This time, however, Everline and Albert yielded not, and all things turned that way.



CHAPTER XXXII.

A bower like the garden of youth, a bed of roses bathed in the waters of life!—A PERSIAN FABLE.

But I call upon the KING of Heaven, Hallowed Zeus.—EURIPIDES, IPHIG. IN TAURIS, 749.

IN four short days, short from the rapid growth of interest and healthy converse, Charles was able to move slowly on the terrace, and luxuriate in the sweet perfume of a summer's breeze. While drinking in a convalescent tonic, he dreamed quiet comfort as some plaintive air of chosen meaning coursed through his frame and emanated from the touch of Everline's bright spirit.

Albert had left for the city, to prepare for his new life and execute commissions for the family. His absence was to be limited to the far distant period of exactly nine long days. Charles promised to watch over Everline ; while

she in turn dismissed Miss Trip and took charge in person of the recovering friend.

It was a clear day. The essence of the new mown hay pervaded every nook. The cattle paused to sun themselves by gentle rivulets; and fish hawks lazily rose on the wing to pierce the shallow stream and drop for minnows. Nature formed new movements for a well-remembered symphony—and renewed the dedication of sounds, the grand pulse beats of emerald earth.

The shadows on the leaves and bowling green formed eloquent comparisons with the gathered groups of verbenas and scarlet geraniums. The crystal droppings of the massive cascade lulled the senses and foretold the future; while inspiring hummings from the busy bee proclaimed the health of nature and the paths of peace. Contentment crowned the wishes of the feeblest plant.

Mr. Payton had gone to the town clerk's office to look up the title to a large estate, now threatened by anonymous invectives. The stillness of surrounding growth found a response in both Charles' heart and Everline's sweet mind.

"I wonder, Everline," said Charles, "if you will find more beauty while abroad, amid a Neapolitan existence, than now, when the ob-

ject of sincerest friendship and the hope of many aspirations ? ”

“ Fond friend of youth,” said Everline, with the sweet smile of deep sincerity, “ I never could be happier than when the wife of Albert —Tewphunny’s adopted, and the silent auditor of such swelling music as this sweet spot rolls forth from its deep throat.”

“ And—Everline—”

“ Well ! Speak out Charles, I know you have much on your mind.”

“ That must forever lie concealed ; but I have three short sentences of common sense which I would ask you to receive ? ”

“ Are they your own views ? ”

“ They are.”

“ Then speak. Give counsel and I will attend.”

“ Soon you are to become the wife of one whom you not only feel a love for, but the deepest interest and respect.”

“ Exactly so.”

“ Then try to bear in mind three rules that, after longest meditation, I would impress on your fertile mind.”

“ Thank you, kind friend, before I hear them.”

“ Let them once take root and the fruit of

such plain truths will ever shield you from deceptive principles, and call forth a sympathy from Albert's heart."

"What can they be?"

"In the first place, each time your husband enters where you are, meet him with a beaming smile. This calls back sunny thoughts; soothes and delights the man of married happiness."

"I will ever follow this most pleasant rule of impulse."

"Next, though the past may belong to your friends, and some of their life thoughts should not be bared to view, conceal nought from your husband that may happen, on each day, of lasting moment."

"I will also sign this contract, and pledge mutual confession with him when next we are joined together."

"Now for the last."

"What is it?"

"Not much, at first sight; it seems so easy and of natural conclusion."

"But, then, tell me, and I promise to give weight to it."

"Simply, to resolve never to doubt Albert's love, honor, truth, attentions, or the results of any action; never giving access to green jeal-

ousy, nor meting out the careless taunt or silent evidence of sad determination."

"I consent and thank you for such sound doctrines. Now, in turn, I would give good advice to you, dear brother, friend, deliverer!"

Charles looked surprised—"And what can that be?"

"To find speedily some one in whom to trust—nay, stop me not—I say if you can cherish slight regard, it may grow up to interest, and in short time produce a change throughout yourself that, ere long, may bring forth love—pure spotless love—and take from those eyes of honesty the scales of dull despondency—the veil of checked emotions."

"Everline, it is not right for us to talk on subjects of this nature: nor can I address to you the feelings of my heart and seek the calm consolation of a broken spirit. But let me state now, briefly, and with emphasis, that no more can I enter on a new reality than does the tree rebud, in its short season, after accident or Providence has lopped its branches and drained off its sap."

"But why—oh! why can't you, dear Charles, regard me ever in the light of a fond sister? Why not meet me as a dearest relative? and all in future would be clear enough.

The rest would work out happiness and free me from a sorrow that must ever mingle sadness with each cup of joy, and check the freedom of each recreation."

"Dear friend, I speak no more of love ; I simply answer, that what you plead for is under Heaven impossible."

"Why so ? You know my future. We can never be more closely joined ; and through life my pleasure will be doubled when in company with you."

"Everline, we will not recall past existence. Nor would I for one brief moment sadden that sweet countenance. But let me add that when one has been sickened by a grave disease—call it for metaphor smallpox—the blood is changed: nature undergoes the influence of foreign poison, and a lifetime is too short for a return of any similar disorder. So with man, spiritually. Let the human heart become surcharged with rapid thoughts and pictured bliss. Let each new aspiration be fulfilled, and all is well. But check those feelings : crush that spirit : break the bonds of purest sympathy, and a sudden change produces such effects as never can return. No longer will the same existence bring forth similar enjoyment."

"How melancholy—such a future."

"Not for her who never led on, by encouragement, the sad unfortunate who lives in vain—his body slowly forming muscle, sinew, strength, and blood; his heart, expanding with a bursting thought."

"Tell me of your mind, dear Charles."

"It is now another world for me. Accustomed to strain passion through the mind and temper it by coolest judgment, I now miss the link that forms a principle; but act no longer from the impulse of a freshened spirit. Duty points to deeds; calm reflection calls me from a hidden post; and future usefulness proclaims my life."

"What will you do then, if all things have lost their relish?"

"Enter on the duties of a pastor's life."

"What?"

"Yes, start now. It is most natural. But when you are married, and my duties end in that capacity, I turn my steps toward the Almighty's throne. I mingle penitent petitions for a holy inspiration; seek those who suffer and endeavor to drown meditation by the active energy of charitable exigencies."

"Heaven bless you, brother Charles."

"I thank you, Everline."

"You will not leave us for a foreign parsonage?"

"No, not exactly. I was thinking——"

"So am I. That little church just near our gate ! Oh ! it will be so pleasant to sit under you, and go with Albert and dear father to your meetings."

Charles answered not. Hot tears burst forth and coursed down his manly cheeks. He smiled with a quivering success, and shaking hands with Everline, limped to his room and falling on his knees gave up his heart—that honest, pure, devoted, bursting heart—to God.

And never did he take back what had been accepted.





CHAPTER XXXIII.

The fire-heated idea has the first rank,
For the mortal who approaches the Fire shall have light from God.
PROV. IN TIM., 65; COR., 271.

No longer full of that stupendous wit, or giving vent to quaintest thoughts, Charles softened daily. His calm spirit now sought deep reflection and the quiet converse of exalting subjects.

“Everline,” said he one day.

“Well, friend?”

“I have been visiting that poor man whom I innocently felled to earth.”

“How was he?”

“Very low.”

“Can’t Mr. Mildbury see him; talk over life, and lead his thoughts to Jesus?”

“Both of us were by his bedside all last night.”

"And how did he receive the prayers of that good man?"

"He thanked us both, with tears, and begged us each in turn to pray for him, but seemed insensible of the great kindness of the Deity."

"How so? You said he prayed!"

"No: he did not. I told him that his case was bad—life soon would fade—was even waning at the time; but, with just Heaven, all things were not only possible but probable, if with an earnest thankfulness he sought the great High Priest, and asked, in Jesus' name, forgiveness for past deeds."

"He answered what?"

"That he would like to see that sweet, young lady, and get her to read from Scripture what was needed for a 'sinner, robber, spend-thrift, murderer.' I said I would see you, and state the case."

"Most certainly will I accompany you to the poor man's couch. Does Dr. Takewell say all hope is vain?"

"For his earthly sojourn, yes."

"Then let us carry with us that cool jelly and strong beef tea I ordered to be made."

"I fear you are too late, my friends," said the sad doctor.

"What ! he is not dead ?" exclaimed the two.

"A moment since and all was over, but not till Grimjaw had verified the signature to a small note which I remembered to have found upon his person when he entered my office six months since."

"Why, have you ever seen him before ?"

"I did not recognize his features when first dressing his fresh wounds, but his voice, and that peculiar Dutchy phraseology, betrayed the man. I probed him when I saw him softened."

"And what answers did he give ?"

"That Malfaire had bribed him, in company with some one equally debased, to slay—whom do you think ?"

"Coldharte, the gambler ?"

"Exactly so."

"Just Heaven ! what a wretch."

"But he is dead, and all his testimony lost ?"

"Not so."

"Why, how can you bring forward the important proofs of one who is no more ?"

"You see, I knew he would soon die ; so I called Mr. Mildbury to his bedside, with ink and paper ; took down all his death-bed statements, and caused him to sign what we wrote."

"Oh, kind, thoughtful doctor! the retributive punishment of Malfaire will soon put at rest my father's troubles, drown rising care, prolong my happiness, and free us from the weight of many years."

"What note was that you spoke of," said Charles.

"An order from Malfaire, in secret characters, with his own signature, detailing Grimjaw and his ally, Rasper, to slay, 'put at rest,' the body of the 'enemy Coldharte.'"

"Have you got it still?"

"Most certainly, and mean to place it in the hands of lawyers, if we ever see him near enough to touch."

"I will write to Albert."

"Do, by all means. He can issue two warrants, and, together with the other testimony, tie up the rich count in rigid law, so that fair freedom will no longer find in him a votary."

And thus they talked, and walked, and gave kind consolation to each other, till their evening meal recalled them to the frugal board. The spirit of uneasiness pervaded still the mind and actions of old Mr. Payton. He no longer lingered over his once much loved tea. A sparsity of food, scarcely enough for half a youth, seemed to oppress his body; and, unable

to continue in the same position, he now wandered on the terraced walk ; now gazed, with vacant, hollow eyes, into mysterious heaven's heart ; now paused in front of weeds, and passed unheeded the rare flowers of exotic growth. The principle of life was gone. Sad was the contrast between nature and this man.

But even as the vine protects the dying energies of roughest trees, so Everline strove, with her angel spirit, to alleviate the old man's grief, and turn his thoughts from saddening scenes to the bright future of a happy thankfulness.

"Father," said she, while sitting by his side in the soft moonlight.

"Well, sweet comfort?"

"Do you ever think that life must one day end, and the illumined mansions of our Lord receive the purified in life?"

"Yes, darling ; but why ask the question?"

"Because it brings to my own mind such strange and lasting comfort ; the relief from earthly cares ; the utter liberty of thought, bent only on the joys of purest worship, and no backward movement to shade lightsomeness. Oh, it cannot be described—that bright reality that is to crown the good believer's new-born soul!"

"Yes, dear, I feel the truth of what you

say, and now that I more regularly enter on the strict performance of religious meditation, I no longer feel that want of all support. Strange is it, that as my infirmities increase my spirits rise above emergencies, and blessings seem to crown declining years."

"How thankful am I, father dear."

"Your image, love, warned me to seek the consolation of a Saviour's blood."

"How so? I seldom talked on matters of this character with you. I only prayed."

"And were not prayers of such sincerity soon answered? It was not the force of argument that led me to the throne of grace; nor was it the sage counsel of those who speak more than they may act. But quiet, child-like Christianity did more for me than all the principles of learned schools."

"Oh, father, how delicious are those words."

"My dear, example does far more than preaching. It was that constant, strict obedience to my every wish; that ever-beaming smile, when sadness dimmed your eyes; that cheerful voice that often spoke eloquently from a sorrowing heart. These—one and all—did more to warm religion in my breast than a life time of hollow precepts and the speeches of unthinking Pharisees."

"Father?"

"Yes, love."

"Charles is soon to enter on the ministry."

"What? Tewphunny?"

"The same."

"What for?"

"To do good, that he may reap future joys."

"Well, do you know, few men have ever won my confidence more fully than this open-hearted, noble fellow."

"So he is, dear father; and I want you to obtain for him the parsonage as soon as he may be prepared for the ennobling duties of a Christian gentleman."

"Do you know that I have ever marked in his kind actions the sound principles of sincere and unselfish love—the rare philosophy of genial education."

"He's a splendid fellow!"

"So he is. But what must you think of young Mountjoy, if a friend can bring forth sentiments so strong?"

"Albert is the clear reflection of myself. He creates new life, and calms my inmost thoughts."

"Charles may be worthy of a holy life, for certainly his self-sacrificing nature is of priceless value. But, my child—"

"What, father?"

"You will not leave me to Malfaire when you are married?"

"Never, darling, dearest parent; never will I visit other places save in your dear company."

"My child—the only prop I have left on this dreary earth—let me be with you till I die! It may not be far distant," said the aged man, now leaning with a heavy step upon his radiant gem.

"But, father, I repeat it. Never will I pass a day away from your blessed side. Thank Heaven—ever watchful, merciful, protecting Heaven!—for such friends, this beauteous scene, sound health, firm principles, and all the exquisite results that now shine forth in rainbow promises from mistlike tears, reflecting precious rays from that all-blessed Sun of Righteousness."

"God bless you, Everline! and may your compensation begin now. May no more troubles weary that sweet form; no restless yearnings of anxiety proclaim renewed forebodings."

"And, kind father, may we meet in after life all those who, softened by redeeming influences, seek repose in holy prayer, and guard their impulses from sinful deeds."

The flowers closed their petals, of a downy

presence. Nature sighed sweet ecstasy. The sky shone with a starry lustré. Night, bathed in silver garments, soothed the ruffled, gurgling stream, and all surroundings pointed to the Giver of good things.





CHAPTER XXXIV.

Diving headlong **THE DANCE OF DEATH**, to **LUSIOS** (Aloah).

NONNUS, **xliii**, 157.

MALEFAIRE remained not long in idle indignation. We know well that when the mind, of passionate indulgence, is once set upon an earthly object, and seeks purposely to gain an end, postponement only whets the appetite, and the procrastination of results augments the fevered inclination. Time adds to the increasing disappointment, and the very hopelessness of undertakings often maddens into frenzy the calm man of slow deliberation. Thought frames new tasks of duty. Faint desires grow, with rank vivacity, into the mammoth dragon of a living hunger. Moments lengthen the accomplished rounds of ordained action ; and the very listlessness of hidden apathy brings forth a greedy something that clings, with tenfold te-

nacity, to what refuses to come forth. At great expense the count had forged passports, permits, bills of lading, and a custom house, good clearance for the "Moonbeam." With no little trouble had he talked the matter over with Mark Tweedlehammer, him who had engaged young Mountjoy, while Malfaire and Grimjaw had sought to run off with the fainting Everline. But a Providence had ruled it otherwise. Fate, "cursed fate," as he was wont to term it, had stayed the fulfilment of his dearest wish, and now he sat solitary and unquiet on a distant mountain, gazing down upon the cottage and its inmates, unprepared to form new plans, yet equally determined not to tire till destroyed or victor.

No longer did the count depend upon an ally. All his consultations with the wise in sin had failed. He formed one resolution to gain ends unshackled by advice, and influenced by no mind of a puny growth.

The setting sun cast shadows on the green hillside. The flocks of sheep looked happy and contented. Earth rose in graceful splendor and in undulations of a varied beauty. Nature threw aside perplexing care and city rules to revel in a simple freedom. Birds, beasts and insects lived and acted in harmonious concert.

Yet this man of thorough intellect and educated talents : he who knew the better part, but did not choose to follow it, now flung himself upon the ground, drank in the richest perfumed air, and cursed humanity in general.

From cloudless sky he looked again below. The village church tolled evening prayers, and men and maidens moved quietly to their good house of innocent devotion. Among the first to enter was an aged gentleman, with feeble gait, supported by a full blown daughter, slowly, sadly marching to the funeral of one who now received the services of good dead men, whatever may have been his life.

Malfaire shuddered and grew pale. No doubt it was the body of his faithful Grimjaw, borne to rest by those whom he had sought to ruin. Such a scene, with the surroundings, led this man, of purloined wealth, to pause an instant in his course. Why, oh, why ! was it an instant ? Not a lifetime of repentant deeds and merciful devotion ?

There are moments of the deepest value to a hasty sinner that, at times, force him to pause ; lay bare his soul ; unfold past conduct, and for once—perhaps the only and last time—propose a change. It seems as though a merciful and just forewarning rises in the very path

of life; to offer respite, pardon, rare contrition, all the better feelings of a conscience. A text, drawn from the moral of a friend's quick death, occasionally forces back upon the lost man's heart the precepts of a mother's voice—the nobler attributes of inner rectitude. One cannot drown the thought that will rise up, as though the monitor within made one last struggle ere it left the earthly frame and gave up to satanic sway what could not more, for want of its pure principle, seek heaven or obtain relief. This evening, were we to record, in measured tones, the outer actions of a secret influence, brought to the side of Malfaire's mind the never failing good angel in earnest pleadings against the bad spirit that soon made sad havoc with his passion.

Now, the thoughts that rose as incense from the dead on earth, proclaimed a limit to his own enjoyment, and admonished further labors for the innocent. But welcomed passions, the effusions of a pent up longing, sought to rule the wayward mind and urge the baffled foreigner to a more fearful end. Strange is it, that at such sad moments, when, after the fierce conflict of contending agencies, the feeble, wretched, slavish man gives way to present sin; not merely does he enter on old pleasures, but

from very compensation for his crime, as payment for extended wickedness, he seeks new forms of blasphemy, and sinks far deeper into filthy labors. Malfaire gazed upon the scene. Now mourned he for his friend in crime ; now softened, and commenced to seek that silken cord that guides but cannot pull a sinner to the throne. But ever as he strove to find it, in the place of thread he saw a knife, with keenest edge—a dagger yawning blood. That brilliant eye, some sweet expression of the lost Everline, increased his ardor, and he clutched at thoughts.

A beggar child now crossed his path. He started, looked about him, and but seeing innocence in rags, grew pitiful, and handed her a well filled purse.

She took it, and said, "What, sir?"

"What, child? Take it home."

"It is not mine, sir."

"Whose is it then?" said Malfaire, much surprised at such strong honesty.

"I don't know. Don't you, sir."

Malfaire started once again. The probing truth deep touched his soul. "Whose was that money?" An answer came whence he knew not. "The widow's all lies dormant there. Cold usury is packed within its folds. Blood-stained bank notes cry out for vengeance, and

the false names of concealed signatures proclaim your deeds."

"Stop, child," said Malfaire, seeing no one whom he might rebuke.

"What, sir."

"Go home."

"I will, sir."

"Take this with you."

"No, I thank you !"

"Why not ? It is mine."

"Then why do you look so mad at me ?"

"Nay," smiling with forced self-constraint ;
"I am in pain."

"Whereabouts, sir ?"

"In my heart."

"That can never be cured, sir."

"What say, you little preacher ?" said the count, most curiously impressed at this strange simile of conversation.

"Mother says it never can be helped."

"Then go home, and be a good child."

"Thank you, sir ; I'm sorry for you."

If a well-formed, delicate barometer is influenced through agencies, and by an increased pressure of a thickened atmosphere ; if, as man rises in the elevations of a mountain ridge, this simple index, freed from outer weights, no longer seems depressed, but now expands from

pure existence ; why may not the human heart, surrounded by invisible contingencies, be sensible of unseen loads, and ever and anon, with the mysterious changes of an active life, sink in dark sadness or uplift itself unshackled by contending thoughts ?

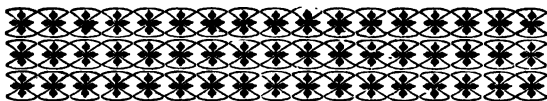
Singular as may be the fact, such was the case with Malfaire. One short moment he no longer cared for Everline. The utter wickedness of forcing her pure spirit flame into a dingy lantern, warned him to forbear. The next, oppressed by some malevolent reality, he entered with fresh zeal upon the chase, and laid out plans he dared not even to enunciate. What a stupendous failure is that newborn thought that emanates from the original in man's own breast !

While descending to the thickened forest, Count Malfaire, influenced by zephyrs, softest pathways, sweet pine barrens, and mild nature's melody, became inspired, mellowed with the evening blush tints, and forgave himself. A new life of continued usefulness formed better images in his dark mind. The future loomed in pleasing rays as the reward of recent resolutions. Had the physical remained intact, a new era might possibly have framed a better end for this superior mind. But, oh ! the

weakness of the heart ! A deviation from the path of rectitude will throw the swiftest train quite off the track. A speech composed of shortest words will frequently divide dear friends. The finest, polished rod of iron oftentimes conducts a fiery thunderbolt to ruin and sad misery. If the sure end was only measured by the cause, we would not even mourn. But slightest curves ; the feeblest hints ; a button-hole, too small for the same button, will rouse latent rage and change the lives of many families. To shallow minds, that never meditate, this may seem foolish, farfetched and untrue. But let the philosophic intellect pause ; separate identities ; reflect on nature and man's lesser habits, and endorsements will convict the hesitating and confirm the sentiment.

Malfaire was descending to reform. His foot slipt on an insignificant, round pebble. Loosing equilibrium, he fell headlong, tore his clothes with prickly briers, lacerated his right hand, and plunged, besmeared, into the mud-path of a herd of swine. That pebble changed his fate ; prolonged the misery of many characters, and nearly sacrificed two human beings.





CHAPTER XXXV.

Nor does bird send forth the notes of propitious omen.

ANTIGONE, line 1020.

Fifty races of birds, sharp-darting, divine.

YAQNA. KLEUKER, vol. i. p. 129, note, *et passim*.

BOILING with the newest rage ; uncertain whether to yell out from madness, or scream at the intense pain, Malfaire retained his anger and collected it with sundry oaths to strengthen the fast forming schemes, now speedily spun out from his red-hot imagination. Thought, aided by a fertile mind, soon furnishes abundant hints. It needs but to be pointed out, the vast desire, and a nucleus soon brings forth giant purposes, the powerful forerunners of a grasping fancy.

Seeking, in unequalled haste, the border of the bay, Malfaire shot forth in his small gig, till picked up by the ever ready sailors of the "Moonbeam." Hastily divesting himself of his dirty garments, he assumed an easy shooting

coat, and in loose slippers, strove to collocate distracting and unsettled plans. The vessel, sailing on the wind, and bending to her well marked bearings, soon ploughed bravely through the deep. They skirted picturesque and luscious landscapes ; passed between bold, jutting, mossy rocks ; tacked over to the other shore, and soon moved forth majestically toward the ocean.

While gazing in perplexing thought, to find the clue to his determination, Malfaire watched the movements of a hawk, that rose from the black forest, holding in its talons something small. It fluttered much, and with great difficulty the war bird retained within its grasp the squirming prey. The parent bird now screamed distractedly, and with renewing energy, flew after the fast gliding hawk. For some few minutes the excitement of the mother spurred her on ; and nearly did she rescue what had been thus torn away. But surer, swifter, stronger wings outstripped the wearied robin, and left to herself, the mighty bird of prey soared higher on the exulting wind. Now yielding once more to a better nature, Malfaire raised his gun ; took hasty aim directly overhead, and a quick, loud report brought to his feet the robber and the robin.

"One deed of charity, at least," said he, now casting from him the dead hawk and looking at the half-fledged bird.

A nobler instinct, the subtle promptings of a hidden conscience, whispered, "such are you ; and Everline the rescued child. Pause, return, repent !"

"What ?" shouted forth the enraged count, deeming loud noise the only method of repelling calls of duty. "Cannot one good action bring rewards without a moral ? Then die also feeble Everline. If Malfaire is deprived of his sweet prey, no other owner shall possess the fruit ! Die thus and thus," said he, now stamping on the little bird and mashing it, while with clenched fists, shut, grinding teeth, he ordered,

"Brandy, strongest brandy, and more sail."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the first mate, "but——"

"But what ? low wretch !" cried Malfaire.

"The wind is blowing ver——"

"Let it blow. Come elements, wage warfare, and seek to keep pace with that which rises in my soul—not soul, I have none—there is no hereafter. But revenge is sweet—death grateful when the end's accomplished ! Hoist

away. Clap on what is not set, if you, vile cubs, would live a moment !”

Quickly, speedily, the vessel, that had hardly stood the jib and mainsail, now flew as the rising wind bent the foresail and careened the yacht.

“Stand by the halliards, boys,” low whispered the head skipper.

But the count, detecting fear, exultingly commanded all, without exception, to “go down below.”

They hesitated and paled as the flashing clouds revealed a storm of fearful threatening, licking up its way, and smacking its thick, thundering lips in greediness for death.

“Can’t I remain, sir ?” pleaded a young cabin boy, with starting tears and clasping hands.

“Perot, did I not purchase thee as mine ?”

“You rescued me, kind master, from the savages.”

“Well, have I not a right to do with thee as is my wont.”

“You have, master. But life is so sweet.”

“And is not death ?”

“It may be, master, but for one so young to——”

“Go below, or by the living fiends,” yelled

Malfaire, roused by a new flash of lightning, "I will smite thee down."

"It is not for myself I fear," cried Perot.

"What then, sloth, prolongs thy stay?"

"I dread some accident may shorten your existence."

"Ha! and wouldst thou play the hypocrite?"

"Nay, master."

"Call me no more, master! It is far too gentle for my mind. Name me tyrant, demon, gloating over misery, exulting in distress; speak of me as the man of endless power in pain; the torturer of blighted hearts; the——"

Here a peal of thunder brought the heads of those below above the cabin door.

"Sink down, base menials! dogs—fat monkeys!" shouted Malfaire, letting go the helm and pitching Perot down among the gathered, and now palsied crew, cowed by the tempest and the fiendish count.

With two strong bolts, and a triumphant laugh, the count locked those below, and seizing the wheel, quickly steered for shore. Familiar with each nook or jutting rock, he kept close in, till near enough to suit his vilest purposes. Then tying fast the wheel, so that the vessel would broach to in a few minutes, he

let down a boat behind, and with a yell of demoniacal ferocity, emptied the brandy bottle, fired six shots down the ventilator, to perchance hit some one ; and sliding down the low stern, cut loose and bid adieu to those on board.





CHAPTER XXXVI.

And in his army went up a race wonderful to behold,
Uttering Phœnician words from their mouths.
It dwelt in the Solumian Mountains by a wide lake.
Wild as to their heads: shorn all round, but on top
They wore the smoke-dried, skinned heads of horses.

CHORILUS.

Ad ogni cosa è rimedio fuora ch'alla morte.

ITAL. PROV.

And under the mouth of Kleocus the Brekuntian double flutes
Boared the frightful Lybian wall.

NONNUS xi, 158 ; 223.

Six men, confined within the cabin, now knew naught of life. Three had been wounded, and one killed. The old wretch Rasper lay in pools of blood. The stalwart skipper and a black man crouched in terrified suspense.

Perot alone looked calm, and met his fate with a determined ease. Schooled in the religion of a chieftain's life, he oft had witnessed torture, bloodshed, and the foulest crimes. His very sentiments, of a heathen creed, encouraged

him to meet his death half way. Rescued from the flames by Malfaire, and, freed from all cares, he had lived happily, and entered with a zeal into each action planned by his strange master. But now, for the first time, the victim of a blackened rage, old feelings, that strong self-possession ever dormant in the breast of savages, now spurned a woman's tears, and smiled calmly in the midst of woe.

The singular movements of the vessel, and a perfect quiet from without, told Perot, whose quick mind was not confused by present danger, that something was wrong.

He tried the doors. Both firmly closed forbade his exit. At the risk of being shot, he called, "Count Malfaire! master!" in his native tongue: renewed his call. Then changed his note, and asked the time, to test the mood of him who steered. A perfect stillness, only broken by the drenching rain and the sharp crack of the foremast.

Now satisfied that Malfaire had left them to their fate, Perot strove, with sinewed strength, to force the bolts; but, by the straining of the vessel, the thick doors had sprung together, and no power could uncloset this stifling prison.

Soon the inmates, hearing from Perot that Malfaire had gone off, roused once more by this

removal of subduing power, realized their wildest ends. Some tore their hair and clasped their heads. A few shrieked madly—only as the utterly abandoned can cry out. But Perot sat silently awaiting death—the heathen's death—a stoical demise. No cloud o'ershadowed his clear brow, no tears proclaimed the youthful victim. But a motionless exterior foretold the preparation for a sudden call.

And now in low, slow measured tones, commingling with the fearful screams of four poor, blighted seamen, swelled the death song of an Indian warrior. The monotone struck terror in the breasts of those who listened. One by one the sailors ceased their own loud cries, and palsied as the funeral dirge now shivered through their frames ; now swelled in volume, and dulled sense with fear.

The storm increased : the waves dashed high : the vessel heaved and struggled, groaned and bowed. The thunder pealed their death knell, and the chink-seen lightning penned a warrant. With each moment rose the clear-toned voice of Perot, now eloquent in this dark, sightless night of woe. A shock ! a crunch ! a simultaneous shriek of fear ! a dashing, mixed up grinding of both boards and men, and the "Moonbeam" burst upon a rock. No lantern

pointed safety. No encouraging man's voice called out the chances of escape. The sighing of the wind spirits ; the gurgling of the whirl-pooled vessel, and the drowning gulphs revealed a nightmare chained to earth.

All but two sank to the bottom, and lay lifeless in the watery abyss. But Perot, semi-fish, now rose and fell with the sucking waves, and sought the only spar, in dark outline, now dashing up against one half dead sailor, with a brainless skull. The Indian sat astride the mast, and saw the sole survivor roll lifeless under the green waves. A silent moment now revealed the wreck and dead realities.

Perot sang :

“ Ma fengua jubim :
Thoyst meshar !
Not peso hasché,
Re-e-e-o fahr ! ”

And slowly drifted, with the surging billows, toward a concealed end.





CHAPTER XXXVII.

They howl and cry before their gods as men do at the feast when one is dead.—BARUCH, vi. 81, 82.

IO IO Pan Pan

O Pan Pan, thou ocean-wanderer, show thyself from the craggy ridge of snow-beaten Cullane, thou King of the Gods that ledest the dance.—SOPHOCLES, *AJAX*, 694-700.

MALFAIRE, no longer master of himself, laughed with the gale, fed rage and pulled in frenzy for the nearest bluff. The small boat, of the lightest build—made only for a single speed, shot through the water and soon reached a cove.

Drenched to the skin, the count stood near the water's edge, and, with huge stones dashed against this frail messenger, the fullest powers of his frame. At length he broke it and threw off, in various directions, the evidence of its existence.

Freed from everything but self, he entered with new zeal upon a hidden purpose, and sped on, in haste, lest cold, wet and hunger might

release his mind. Now, while alone, the demon spirit grew with each respiration. Every movement increased energy. Each noise proclaimed the solitude, and passion, freed from the strongholds of sagacity, now hovered over this sepulchral mind. His spirit world was so surcharged with the thick clotted feelings of a desperado, that fatigue no longer menaced his set frame, and weariness departed from his eyes.

Now meeting in his path a child of tears, he paused a moment and soon recognized the offspring of that evening dialogue.

"What ! here ?"

"Ye—yes, sir."

"Why not home ?"

"I don't know," cried out the frightened child.

"And you would teach me honesty ?" said Malfaire, grasping her attenuated arms.

"What did you say, sir ? oh, please don't."

"Don't what ?"

"My arms. They hurt. Oh, father."

"Mother ! Have you none, weak wretch ?" said Malfaire, striding on and dragging after him, unconsciously, the terrified, wet girl.

"Oh, save me, sir ! What have I done ?"

"Lived," shouted Malfaire, "lived to preach, and I will end the sermon." Saying

this he took her in his arms and hurled her into a deep dug pit, in hopes that his swift course might not be known.

"And will you leave me?" screamed the child.

"Not till you hush or die," said Malfaire.

"But I can't! it is so lonely here!"

"Speak out again and I will finish that shrill cry."

"But carry, sir, some money to my dying mother; father's gone and mother is alone with baby. Please let me go home, sir."

"Never."

"Never?" shivered the pale child.

"Why should you live?" asked the confused and fast thinking man.

"For mother's sake."

"Not yours? base hypocrite."

"Oh, sir, she is so thin."

"Then let her starve! it pleases us to furnish vaults."

"Vaults! what?" cried the wild daughter.

"Vaults. Stables for the headless coach—where dead men live and keep such company as you."

"No! no!" she yelled.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Malfaire, as with a

quick blow he left her senseless, and rushed on to the fulfilment of his destiny.

Life is a hill on top of which a passion dwells. Live peaceably, and all is well. But once yield to a fascinating influence, and as we glide the speed increases till accelerated movements force us to the bottom. There, sometimes—not often—friendship saves. The providence of former prayers; the answers to a parent's tears await, and now and then assist, the dulled sense to bud forth anew in principle.

Seldom is the villain rescued. Frequently does death close sin.

Malfaire sought, with each moment's breath, the opportunity for gaining, from new crimes, a desperation that might strengthen and urge on. He fed his grasping thoughts with each new deed of agonizing woe, and revelled at the terror of this stricken child.

He speeded on and lost his way. Retracing his old ground he waited for each flash above to read the time of night. He now saw that one short half hour must find him within the quiet walks of "Freedom" grounds. He reached the goal of his existence much too soon for his impatient thoughts. The time for entering was still far distant, and he must await the favorable moment.

Why is it ardor cools as the approaching hour comes to aid his purposes? Why does the mind refuse to form a plan, and memory, confused, no longer brings before his thoughts the many varied and excelling plots? It is because the human heart has limits. Intellect cannot pulsate one steady purpose till accomplished. Name a single flower, deed, event, some fifty times, and novelty wears off, revealing shells without the meat. Loose metaphor; chain mind to one idea; seek the possible and strive to fix it in the system; and, from very exercise, the oft repeated fancy fades from sight; the collocated ideas vanish, and thin skeleton realities stand forth to view the purposeless exteriors of some lost, deep cherished thought.

Malfaire still breathed most vehemently, but not the full swelling of an injured soul. It was the respiration of aggressive man, short, quick, unuttered, but suggestive. His soaked clothes clung to his thickset frame, and many most perplexing shadows palled upon his mind. A short ten minutes had to pass, and then—and then—. But strange, oh strange! the bad man slept. Through two full hours did he rest. The drunkard's brain woke with his mind. 'Twere better had he not been roused.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The black-winged Night first lays a windy egg,
Whence in the circling hours, sprang wished-for Love.

ARISTOPHANES.

The sun set, and DARKNESS came on. ODYSSEY, III. 329.

It was night. That tinted sadness of a shadow's growth pervaded nature. The dim outlines of concealed creation grouped themselves in ghastly forms, and warned the shallow mind to think. No star revealed the source of light, or pointed out a Heaven's eye. No moonlit, silver leaf betrayed the essence of existence. No thought in metaphor kept pace with fast-flying darkness. Black was the air. The outlines black. Doubly black each unseen shadow. Black the mind of him who mused, and thrice blackest black the atmosphere. No elfin left its secret home. No spirit bird breathed innate life. No daisy laughed; no floweret bowed. Nature gathered every ally for the

coming storm. A silent hush stilled very life. The echo of a sounding noiselessness now deeply pressed upon the mind.

In the centre of a forest sat a solitary, grim-clothed man, insensible to outer spheres. His mind exhibited no union with a thickset form. The trees seemed ready, from their motionless uprightness, for a tax on strength. A calmness, the set feature of awe-striking plans, dulled motion, and quelled all excitement.

A moment more, the scene was changed. The floodgates from a heaving sky poured down the wet shot of a thundering cloud. White flashes, of a lightning speed, revealed, from contrast, greater darkness, and the sweating trees groaned in strange sighing. Crack go the branches, lifeless limbs, now hurled from parent trees, to suage the greedy storm fiend. Loudly rolls the wind from belching elements : and as it rushes madly on it cuts its way through leaves and vines, now falling palsied to the saturated earth. Another flash, and with a loud report the oldest and oak-hearted sentinel of the woods falls headlong with a bursting trunk.

Steams the rain : the paths weep mud.
Fall hail : crowd water : gush the truth : soak
thought : a maddening influence prevails.

The mind, now yielding to another blow from loud reports and hollow black, is severed from controlling sight. A phantom seizes frameless fancy. Sentences crack with the thunder. Dashes end each period.

A chaos stands out with a branching sword. With one long sweep it fells the corn and rye. Another dash at man lays bare the much prized oats. The cattle shake from cold and fear. The hounds moan lowly, and a wintry feeling gripes each spirit thought. Thece-ce-ce-ce ! pours rain and blows the wind. No master, with a settled purpose, seems to lead the fiends. But leaping in bewildered strength, they mount the tallest tree, kill freshest leaves, and nip forever soundest health. An eager fiend hurls off the village weathercock ; prostrates the lofty and proud pole of liberty ; and lingers, in a dizzy whirl, around the fresh grave of untrodden earth. Mashed is the ground ; soaked weeds and lilies, bursting streams and rivers swollen.

It was a dismal, gloomy moment. Nought but the village lamps, in dull, half-hidden truth, revealed existence. A red bull, standing in cowed silence, blinked at the flashes, and low moored, no longer pasturing, but soggy with the sweat of fear commingled with the bloody storm. A distant cow bell rang harsh discord

from half-hidden animals. The dead of night revealed unknown surmisings ; lent a meaning to each haunted nook, and paled the very heart of truth.

There is something in a heaving, sobbing rain, at night, forced up against the careworn cheek, suggestive of the cold night sweat of nature's toiling children. The clammy feel of sticky clay, as if the lonely sod clung, for protection, to the pressing foot ; the shivering leaves ; the bending oak, casting down, at intervals, short fragments of a former self—as if forced by remorseless “earls” to give a compensation for some respite—and a yielded grave, combine the outer actions ; the cold atmosphere of inner sensibilities and stoutest hearts becomes appalled, while larger villains find a sympathy with self.

Malfaire seemed to drink in fresh inspiration from the fearful night ; and wrapped within the sunken folds of his black cloak, enveloped greedily the spouting mud and searching rain. Long he had counted moments as the links of fate, and with enfolded arms met noise and hurlings, sweepings and ascents, as the choicest luxury for greedy joy.

Rousing after the two hours of sepulchral sleep, he moved his stiffened limbs, and sought

to ascertain the bearings of the house of fate. A demon ally, from within, now parleyed with him in suggestive sentences—brief, quaint, ascindered.

“ Whence, brother ? ”

“ To yon house.”

“ What for ? ”

“ White Everline ! ”

“ Can’st get her ? ”

“ Or her father’s life ? ”

“ Why not have both ? ”

“ What ! murder him ? ”

“ Of course.”

“ Who authorizes me ? ”

“ Revenge.”

“ And will it pay ? ”

“ Most lusciously.”

“ But will he not call out ? ”

“ And what of that ? ”

“ Most dangerous condition then.”

“ Nay. It will whet the appetite.”

“ Who are you, brother ? ”

“ Doomed disappointment from the depths below.”

“ And why live longer ? ”

“ For I cannot die.”

“ Is it then pain to dwell where you are kept ? ”

"Unceasing."

"Then, why slay Payton? If his daughter be removed, his end will gradually come of itself."

"That's true, but not so certain, count."

"How so?"

"Thou mayst die first, and not be witness of protracted death."

The thunder roared, and lightning gleamed. The spirit of this half-crazed man now led him on toward the low shrubbery of the wide paths. Assisted by inherent instinct, Malfaire threaded each by-way, and emerging from the green bordered fence, crept slowly and stealthily toward the back door of the large front room. This, from close studied plans, revealed the library, with a brilliant lamp now shedding solitary lustre on the old, gray man.

Most carefully approaching the bow window, Malfaire looked in eagerness for other inmates, but in vain. The doors were closed. The window where he stood had sprung half open from the bursting wind, and Mr. Payton, buried in reflective study, sat stooping over untied papers. Pausing but a moment more, the count took in a careful inventory of the chances of escape should he be found. A low row of walnut book-cases skirted the deep waincot. On the red mossed wall rare paintings hung suggestively.

The heavy table, in the centre of the room, supported a tin box, with papers scattered all around. Near by a bird cage hung suspended by that very window, with a red bird of uncommon beauty.

Malfaire caught its shape. The morning's shot brought now before him the sure evidence of his past works. A spirit called up from the depths of his imagination :

"Everline."

"What of her?" said Malfaire.

"She still is free."

"But will not be ere long?"

"Not certain yet."

"How so?"

"Did not the hawk fall dead?"

"He did; but I shot him."

"So mayest thou also fall. Secure thy prey."

"What now prevents triumphant pleasure?"

"Nothing, if thou movest hastily."

"Then come to aid me, vilest thoughts!"

"We will."

"Respond, thou passion of a soul's birth-right!"

"I wait thy orders."

"Answer, fates! Is Albert here?"

"He comes to-morrow early."

"Where sleeps Charles?"

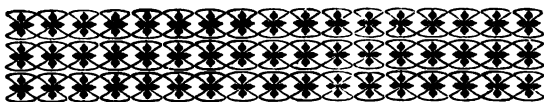
"Up high. But he is lame."

"Then, Everline, I come to claim thy sweetest form!"

"Yes, it is thine."

"Thanks, fiends. We seek no heart—there never was one. Mind reaps no joys. But passion—love—. He turned the sash and entered noiselessly.





CHAPTER XXXIX.

Twelve goats for the sin of all Israel !

1 *ESDRAS* vii. 8.

In that hour Samael (the Devil, Typhon) descended from heaven riding on this Serpent.—*TARGUM TO GENESIS* iii. 6.

ASCENSIO ISALAE, ed. Ric. Laurence ; *Movers*, 371.

Athána, springing upwards, shouted, with AN EXCEEDING GREAT CRY : and Heaven and Mother Earth shuddered at her.—*PINDAR*, *Ol.* vii.

WITH noiseless step Malfaire approached the table, and, unnoticed, paused behind the old man's chair, that he might read the subject of such study, and, from this as text, proceed in his foul scheme. As he advanced a sudden thought flashed o'er his mind.

"Perhaps he sleeps !"

In answer he demanded :

"What benefit from that ?"

"Why not secure these documents for future gain ?"

"I have too many now to work out ends."

“ Well, have your way ; but speed.”

Malfaire now stooped to catch the eye of him who pored in silence with a heavy respiration.

It was true he slept ; and valuable signatures lay ready for quick grasp. But, bent on gains far more important than mere gold, the count strove in his mind to find some pretext, accident or circumstance, by means of which he might, unknown, rouse Mr. Payton to discourse. Should he come bolt upright before him, he well knew the family would soon be summoned, and an end to argument would postpone, perhaps decide, what now seemed possible—within his power.

While pausing in intense excitement, a rude gust of wind blew out the lights and scattered in confusion, far and wide, the papers of collected years. The sudden change of temperature, and the chilly blast, roused Mr. Payton, who now whispered in bewildered tones :

“ Where am I ? ”

Silence answered to his mind. The count reflected in unsettled rage ; weighed consequences ; struck a vein from very desperation, and awaited the next question.

“ Where am I, John ? why don't you answer ? ”

“ Here, sir ; in your library,” in a feigned voice.

"Why, what is all this? shut that door, man; light a candle."

"Yes, sir," groping up against the chairs.

"Well, why don't you find the matches?"

"Where did you last put them, sir?"

"On the mantelpiece, you stupid; why didn't you keep that door shut?"

"I didn't open it, sir?"

"Come, give *me* the matches."

Mr. Payton struck a light, and slowly, oh! how slowly burned the sulphur flame, as though the dawn of death still hesitated to emerge from darkened ignorance, and lay bare before the feeble man the truth of bloody purposes. At length the wooden stick now burns, flares up, reveals a dark grimmed personage, in terrible vicinity; and, ere recognition can endure the agony of surmise, it fades away, and with it features of unbending character.

Mr. Payton sank into an arm chair near; and, with collected strength of desperate intent, sought to cry out for aid in some shape, but in vain. The castanets of jaws waved to and fro, but no sound came to his relief. Another moment, a lifetime of dread uncertainty, and he strove to rise up, but faintness, that collapse of sudden fear, chained mind and frame to the vile spot. He paused; and slowly, with a glassy

eye, heard the swift friction of his dampened matches. Oh come death, annihilation, positive destruction, any misery ! but the slow torture of suspense ! Come palsy, arsenic, guillotine, hanging, foulest murder ! all ! but never pause—uncertainty. What torments of unknown results ! What gouty thoughts, of shooting fear ! What moments of a crushed intensity ; hooked life, now stretching on the rack of silence !

Once more the image of a stranger loomed forth as the brimstone cracked and sent up infernal odors.

Useless was it for Malfaire to raise his brawny arm. Needless were the half-cocked pistol and a threatening attitude. The will might seek to call for aid, but paralyzed exertions could scarcely retain life.

With the coolness of self-possessed thoughts, Malfaire lit one wax candle ; placed it on the study table, and paused to collect exulting energies. Nought now remained but to pull down the window shades, and then to business of vast import to united three.

Mr. Payton, not receiving his immediate passport to another world from the dread evil genius, now grew stronger with a greater elasticity than one might have deemed possible. He

even sought to smile: but that expression froze ere half borne forth. So bowing, with assumed collectedness, he pointed to a farthest chair, and lapsed into apprehensive silence.

"Now that we ~~are~~ quite alone, my friend," low spoke the count, removing, with an imperturbable grace, his saturated cloak, "as I leave in twenty minutes for the city, I would be as brief as common sense allows, or dull comprehension justifies."

The host bowed low and paled anew.

"To sum up, then," the count began, "without delay, the merits of the present case, I simply state that you have failed to meet engagements, and I have your bonds. Now if you, for the last time, refuse to give me up your daughter, I will sell you out, and leave you, with this pretty toy for second childhood, to beg bread and sink down to some near grave. If you consent I will free you both, at once, from all future troubles and embarrassments!"

"Sir!" said the old man, "you are false to promises; a hardened persecutor, and no gentleman! When I signed those bonds you clearly stated that it was but the form of friendship. Nothing more. I paid my dues till (I am not mistaken when I firmly state) you tightened your trap net about me; and, employing vile

instruments for your black purposes, procured my signature on a blank top—which, being speedily removed, left me the signer of a deed I never saw. Stay but one moment more and I am done. I know the law at present in this country, and the prima facie evidence ; I know full well that I am lost. But never shall my darling——”

“ Say not never,” said the count.

“ I do say never,” groaned Mr. Payton.

“ Well, go on ; but finish quickly.”

“ What means this manner to a gentleman ? ”

“ Ask no more questions, but reply.”

“ To what ? ”

“ My just demands.”

“ They are——”

“ Your fortune—life or——”

“ What ? ” paled Payton.

“ Daughter ! ”

“ Say not so : oh ! say not so,” gasped the poor man of frenzied mind.

“ I now repeat it for the last time.”

“ Could you take from one as helpless as myself the only comfort of declining years ? ”

“ I could, and would, and will ! ”

“ Then Heaven give me strength ! Oh, mighty power, I have not looked up to in pros-

perity, now lend an ear to one distracted by sad woes. Just Heaven crush the parent, but oh ! spare the child."

"Come, old man," said Malfaire.

"Mighty Providence," still prayed the sinking man, "protect my darling."

"And thyself."

"And give me power to resist the weakness of old age——"

"And crimes."

"Count Malfaire !"

"Well, sir ?" said the bright Italian, pouring out into a glass a greenish sirup, and slowly looking through it at the light.

"Is there no argument that can stay back the hand now clutching at my life ?"

"None that I know, save this sweet tonic."

"What is that ?"

"Some call it the elixir of know nothing ; others, poison."

"Poison ?"

"Aye : and never-failing poison."

"You are not going to drink that ? Pause, count,"

"Why not exactly. After you, dear sir. Now, help yourself."

"No, no !" said Payton, shrinking back.

"Then give consent."

"To what?"

"Your Everline."

"I can't. Oh, Malfaire! how could you pour out the oil that fills your lamp, now waning to untimely end?"

"Well, it must be. Take quietly five minutes more, and then for action."

The old man gazed about the room, in vain endeavors for relief. He could not find a hinted shadow that breathed hope. A swallow, shut in by mistake, now flitted in swift fear throughout the hazy room, and only deadened his sad thoughts.

"Can I, count, with demon-like severity, yield up the cherisher of my old age?"

"It is not can; you must."

"But my affairs are not so bad. I paid you regularly."

"That is true for all I sent. But you signed over to me this estate——"

"I never did."

"Behold your name. What can you say to this?"

"Nothing; but——"

"But what?"

"A higher power will reveal ere long."

"Speak out, man."

"No justice can look down upon this foul

contention with crushed honesty and leave a demon to himself."

Malfaire set his teeth and whispered, "Silence."

"No ! Everline !" cried the deranged old man, now rising to rush out.

"Hist, fool !" said the Italian, gliding, with a hissing rage, toward the pale gazer, now blanched with despair.

"Reflect, oh, Malfaire ! on this rash step."

"I have, too long."

"Give me back that deed, not honestly yours."

"Ha !" laughed Malfaire. "I will for Everline."

"Then I await the edicts from above."

"Well, then, if I can't have your daughter freely, I must first obtain, by some means, your principle of living. Then, within my grasp, I settle with sweet Everline myself, and after my peculiar way."

"Never !" cried the old man, "never !"

"Then drink this—and they will say that he died at his own hand," soliloquized Malfaire, approaching with a flask in one hand, and uplifted blade of Spanish make.

"Would you murder me ?" feebly articulated Mr. Payton, scarcely conscious of sur-

roundings, his unused brain succumbing to the multitudes of phantoms that enveloped him.

“Aye, and wring out misery, did I not fear an interruption. But since you refuse to die peaceably, your blood must flow.”

And saying this, Malfaire sprang forward to speedily close up accounts with one whom he had circumvented for the last four years. While thus indulging in the freest passion, what features he displayed to view ! Alas for man in abstract or especial cases, if his prototype can yield to calls of innate villany, or follow out the practical dictates of a scheming and deep-hearted, slow revenge !

Malfaire cast a rapid glance about the lonely room, and paused but one moment. That moment rolled before him the veiled curtain of the past ; young Everline, and his ambitious love. The flashing scene now vanished, and, in place of sitting at her feet, the count beheld the old man's grave and Everline, the goal of his intensest happiness now by his side, forgetful of past injuries, and only beaming with the radiance of congenial warmth. That vision roused the sluggish soul of him who slept in sin. He paused once more. This time, reflection on sad consequences influenced his mind. Could nothing else atone but the poor, feeble,

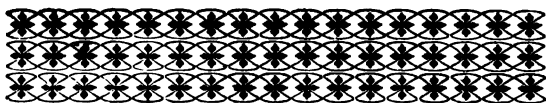
and decrepid man's cold death? Was it not possible to fell him by one blow; mount the low flight of stairs; break into Everline's apartment, and rush madly off with his insensible prize, trusting to successful precepts for a future recompense?

But no! Not one fair promise came to his relief. The yacht was now no longer his. His roused actions, during the wild day before, had slain devoted followers; destroyed his fastest vessel, and deprived him of the very means he now required for a certainty in movement. It was not merely the plucking Everline from Payton senior. Albert Mountjoy would arrive in four short hours, and, no longer waiting for a happy union, would be joined to his fair bride that very evening. Malfaire heard a rustling. He blanched; started; looked around, saw nothing: looked again and saw the redbird with its scarlet neck, clinging to the bars of its small cage. He now rushed madly on, but in his hot haste, not seeing it, tripped on the rug, and tumbling over the low rocking chair, the poniard penetrated his own neck, soon followed by a gurgling, as he fell prostrate to the floor. The old man uttered one full grown shriek of terror, and crawled toward his bedroom.

In an instant Everline, who was that mo-

ment on the stairs, rushed into the room, and seeing at a glance Malfaire in dying throes, and the old, trembling father striving to crawl from the room, comprehended his rash act of murder. To assist him, and draw out the the poniard from the sinking man, was the work of an instant ; and forgetting circumstantial evidence, she stood, wet with blood, and holding the cold steel in ghastly fear, while he who died so hard, with clenched fists and starting eyes, looked volumes ; and, as the roused household simultaneously entered the apartment, pointed with a laughing meaning to her attitude, and fell back lifeless.





CHAPTER XL.

Brahma through whom all things are illumined, who with his light lets the sun and the stars shine, but who is not revealed by their light.

SANKHARA, ATMA—BODHA, 61.

Hercules (the Sun) who has *gone out from the chambers of earth*,
Leaving the nether house of Plouton!—EURIPIDES, HERO. FUR. 807, 808.

WHAT a scene now followed ! Could it be possible for one small brain to penetrate each breast and read the natural conclusions of inherent conscience ? Mr. Payton, lost to mental knowledge, no longer sane, standing near his door, eagerly pointing with one finger at the marble Everline, who acted as a medium between the murdered and the murderer. Mal-faire, sinking in a hazy faintness ; glaring at this noble creature, and pointing at her with extended arms and a sardonic smile. While she, surcharged with filial love, sought to shield from the household gaze her father's deed ; and having plucked the gory blade from the Italian's

breast, now stood forth nobly, the apparent actor in this tragedy. Charles Tewphunny, roused by this shriek of lacerated nerves, had limped down stairs and, at the door, stood pale with anguish : doubting all his senses. Yet so powerful was circumstantial evidence, that, though attributing no blame to his pure Everline, he could not but believe her the great principal in this dread deed. The servants, gathered in half toilet, gazed, in weeping attitudes, at this young sacrifice to innocence, and the prostrated outline of a weltering man. In contrast with this fearful sight was the hollow, vacant, and bewildered stare of the old man, whose senses had departed with the other's death, and left a shattered wreck to grin out falsehood and not recognize a daughter's danger.

What a shriek was that emitted from such feeble lungs. What agony—despair—old weakness—dreaded contest, and sepulchral fear ! seered through the old man's frame, while it leapt forth as rapidly as did the count, and found its way to each live breast.

And then the contrast between danger apprehended and the issue of a frightful thought. Then the energies of mind were active, still led on by that small principle of life, deemed hope, the essence of renewed existence. Now nought

stood forth ; but a deadened shadow palled the mind ; dulled thought ; weighed spirits and chained the imagination by oppressive silence. What a silence that ! The pause after an accomplished deed ; the respite from an overstrained determination ; the reaction of unbridled thought.

It was no longer the calm peacefulness of labors ended ; nor the innocent amusement of a lazy mind. But death, with clammy hands, weighed down excited minds : murder, in black garments, steeped in blood, now hovered near each trembling gazer and, in shrillest accents, whispered Everline. And through the very life blood of each heartstring coursed the fearful tidings ; while the idiotic father, led by opposing elements, now no longer master of his mental faculties, convicted, in his ignorance, the cherished daughter ; and, with an exulting smile, grinned savagely on her whose silence freed him from suspicion, and supplied the want of evidence. Such deeds, if overlooked by man's weak mind, are long remembered in celestial worlds !



CHAPTER XLI.

Kuzzilbash.

TURKISH.

We invoke Bhaga, the Vanquisher of the morning,
The strong Son of Aditi; the Preserver,
To whom trusting, the poor, the sick
The king himself speaks: Give thou to me my part!

VASISHTHA, viii., 8, 8, 2.

CHARLES only for one moment hesitated. It was not the shrinking from abhorrence. Nothing ever could cause him to suspect Everline. It was the pain of sadness at the known results that must arise from the conviction of this blessed reality.

Forgetting all things but one vast desire, he, no longer lame, pushed through the crowd, and gently taking from her hand the bloody tell-tale, hurled it through the casement, and bore her, now fainting, from the spot. Hastily mounting the low stairs, he gently laid her on his bed, and prayed, how fervently! that she

might not awake till matters mended, and her mind recover tone. What pleasing sadness to feel that, for one short morning, as the sun now dawned, he was the guardian keeper and attendant of the sleeping beauty. Sorrowfully did he bend to catch her scarcely active breath, and, in moist tears of feeling sympathy, did he experience the comfortless emotions of the stricken Albert. Soon arranging every article within his room, to soothe the restless eye, Charles closed the door, and knelt in fervor by the side of her who lay unconscious of surrounding agencies. Long did he pray, and fervently, with gushing mind, that her lot of sorrow be soon mitigated ; that a father's intellect might be restored ; confession free a youthful angel ; or, at best or worst, it might be his exulting joy to rescue one, nay all, from their sad consequences, and himself sink down, with early death, the recognized deliverer of those he valued dearer than this world's vain show. A calm sigh rose from her pale lips. Charles cautiously approached and listened.

"Albert !" murmured Everline.

"He is not here, fond friend," said Charles.

"Where am I ?" whispered Everline ; not able yet to open those tight lids, shut long ago

upon a fearful sight, and now, by innate instinct, firmly sealing vision from another view.

"You're in your own dear home, sweet Everline," said Charles, now rubbing her pale, icy hands to bring back circulation.

"And who is this kindly watching me?"

"The Charley 'of your younger days.' That boy, dear Everline, who loves to minister to each young want."

"Not Tewphunny?"

"The same."

"Why, where is father?"

"In his room."

"And Albert?"

"Coming soon. He's on his way."

"Have I been sick?" she asked now, looking round, and not exactly recognizing the changed aspect of her room.

"You have not been quite well."

"And why am I not in my room? Whose is this, Charles?"

"My own. One of your kindest hospitality."

"Ah! Now I see it," said poor Everline. And fast the tears rolled down her cheeks, one following the other in such fast, hot course, that sight was dimmed and feeling roused. No longer able to contain herself, Everline begged Charles to stay till some one else returned, and

giving fullest vent to her excited, over-burdened mind, she wept that floodtide of suppressed agony. Long did convulsive sobs strike terror into Charles' breast. Unaccustomed to behold emotions of this character, he could restrain himself no longer, and wept with the woman of his choice—not with her only, but most deeply for her.

"Oh, Charles," she at length murmured out, "my dear friend, what will now become of fath—I mean us?"

"Heaven, righteous heaven, will point out the path, and lead us all aright, dear friend."

"But what will become of Albert when he hears—he sees in her the hope of his lifetime—the murderess of a fellow being."

"Say not so. Oh, say not so. I never will believe it," exclaimed Charles.

"Hush!" whispered Everline, and placing her white finger on his mouth, to impress silence, she looked wildly round; then said, in hurried and confused articulation, "It must be!"

"What must be, Everline, save truth?"

"That's it! and daughter's honor, love—"

"Quite true; but say no more at present, love."

"Yes, Charles, I must say something, and then I will keep as quiet as you wish."

"And what is that?"

"You promise?"

"What?"

"Say first you promise?"

"Nay, I can't before I hear," said Charles, now anxiously awaiting some dread favor from his patient, who breathed heavily and looked unearthly.

"What! not promise your old friend?"

"Oh, do not ask, dear Everline, the world's sweet comfort. How can I seek to fulfil some mad scheme, formed in hasty moments, to shield from the public gaze a father's woe."

"But say you'll never mention it?"

"I never will. That cheerfully I do assert."

"Not the past deeds, but what I now am going to tell you?"

"I pledge my honor, nay, my very life."

"Stoop lower, for I feel faint. I might die soon—nay, do not start. I fear it not for my own self."

"Pray, cease this torture."

"In one moment; but hear more."

"Let it be, then, as you direct."

"For fear that death might come too soon for me to converse with dearest Albert, I would commission you, but only in case of that death. You understand?"

"I do."

"For fear, I say, that Albert and yourself might feel, suspect, that I had slain the base Malfaire, I now do solemnly aver that I know not the murderer."

"No one could deem *you* guilty, Everline."

"Well, never mind. When I am dead, and father—that poor, crazed humanity, is passed away, say to the world, those friends of ours, who believe in Christian ties, that Everline declared to you that she saw nothing till the deed was done."

"I needed not this warning or denial of the murder, Everline. My confidence in your firm rectitude would brook no vain suspicion. But I'm thrice thankful to hear from those pallid lips that you were ignorant of—"

"Say no more, Charles; but, in face of truth, and under mighty Heaven, you have pledged your honor, nay, and life, that never, under any circumstances, would you reveal this till I am no more."

"I promise."

"One more favor, and I'm done."

"Say on."

"That you will never ask me to take back my wish to keep this secret, or press me to reveal all?"

Charles hesitated.

"Could you refuse one so weak, so feeble?"

"Ask me not such serious favors. Oh, dear Everline, it is too much."

"You then refuse?"

"I neither give assent nor do I refuse you. Why not let it all rest till you are recovered?"

"Promise me," said Everline, now half rising, and as rapidly she fell back weak. "Oh, promise me!"

"Repeat the favor!"

"That you never will unfold this conversation till both father and myself are dead."

"That I have promised and renew."

"Thank you, dear Charles; and now once more."

"What next?"

"That you will never press me to release you from this bond, or allude to this sad day without my previously opening the conversation."

"Must it then be?"

"It must."

"Is there no hope without it?"

"There is none."

"Oh, Everline! you know not what you ask."

"How so? a simple favor. It alone concerns myself."

"Are not your friends wrapt up in you?"

"And I in them?"

"We are."

"Come, Charles."

"Nay, let me have till Sunday night."

"Why so? How would that help the matter?"

"It would give me time to reflect well."

"That cannot be. It is impossible to lie quiet here, and not feel perfectly secure."

"But surely, Everline, you would not stand before the world a criminal?"

"To shield my father anything."

"But you said, only a few minutes since, that you knew not who did the deed?"

"I did."

"Then why feel anxious for your father?"

"I never said he killed Malfaire!" exclaimed Everline, again most agitated by the shocking thought. Her father—murderer! "Oh, Charles, say once, and for the last time, that you will give consent to my request. I feel—"

"Stop. What is that?" asked Charles in haste, as shuffling steps were heard upon the marble hall.

"Did you hear anything?"

"Yes; some strange voices."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. Let me go."

"No, Charles. Not till you promise to yield to my wishes."

Charles looked anguish ; hesitated, and strove to collect his vanishing conjectures. Now on the point of leaving for the friendly doctor, and now kept chained by pleading eyes and pressing hands.

"Say you will promise."

"Must, oh must I, Everline ? "

"If you would give proof of love."

"Then I do give my honor neither to reveal the past, nor press you ever to unfold what might protect you in the hour of adversity. 'Tis horrible to palsy my strong powers. But I never could say no to one whose image permeates my life."

"Thank you, dear friend. Now come, both officers and justice. Nothing more can harm that loving parent of a saddened life."





CHAPTER XLII.

But do thou, O heaven-born Light, restrain her.

EURIPIDES, *Medea*.

Appease the Great God Attis, holy Adonis,
Eublos (Evlos) bestowing-riches, fair-haired Dionysus!

RHODIAN ORACLE.

CHARLES was just leaving the apartment to obtain some information relative to the disturbances downstairs, when the housekeeper rushed madly into the room, and fell in prostrate agony at Everline's feet.

"What does this mean?" asked Charles, now faint with apprehension.

Mrs. Kairfull could not answer, but instinctively clung to the prostrate form of Everline, and hugged the very clothes that covered her trembling limbs.

"Oh, tell me, mammy!" cried out Everline, "I am prepared for anything."

"I cannot, dear, sweet child."

"Beg her, Charles, or I shall die. Suspense is crushing my collectedness."

"Can't I save her from coming evils?" exclaimed Charles, flushing with a hopeful prospect.

"Nothing can be done, Mr. Tewphunny, but pray."

"How so?"

"Is Malfaire not really dead?"

"Alas! too dead for law."

"What is the matter?"

"The house is surrounded."

"By whom? I will cut my way through legions of such fiends as Malfaire."

"Oh, it is not that!"

"What then? Oh, Mrs. Kairfull, keep us in the dark no longer. I must see to this."

"The officers."

"What officers? Speak, woman."

"Of justice. The sheriff, county constable, and their assistants have arrived."

"Well, what of that? Give them Malfaire's body."

"They don't want that now. It is to remain where it lies till a jury can decide."

"But—"

"Speak, for Heaven's sake, speak out, poor woman."

"They are here for—for—"

"For what? Madness, grim destruction—tell me, madam! I conjure you, tell me for whom. Mr. Payton? He is crazy. They can't harm a lunatic."

"Oh! it is not that," said Mrs. Kairfull, clasping both her hands and looking tenderly at Everline, who was waxing pale with the importance of her mission.

"Not angel Everline!" cried Charles, now realizing, for the first time, the fearful consequences of his promise, and the strong evidences against his fond friend. "Not precious, angel Everline!"

"It is so, Mr. Tewphunny."

"She shan't go."

"But they have set a guard at each staircase."

"I will die first," exclaimed Charles.

"Here they come," screamed the mad housekeeper, delirious with excited sympathy.

"Let them: be they fiends—demons, or mock heroes of profaned justice!" And saying this, Charles seized a heavy chair; bolted the door, and, planting himself behind its massive frame, stood wild with frenzy and defeated hopes.

Slowly, and in measured steps, the officers

ascended, with a creaking certainty, the aged staircase, never once before polluted by the portage of a warrant.

In rapid movements Everline adjusted her loose hair, and throwing hastily around her delicate frame a heavy cloak, she sat awaiting known results.

"Charles," said she in a vault-like, hollow voice.

"Speak, Everline."

"If you act thus, it will only add to my troubles and prolong our misery."

"How can I, angel, give you up to the vile menials of a venal law?"

"You must in the end, and by contention you will increase difficulties."

"What would Albert say?"

"Unfortunate but right."

Twice Charles slipt back the bolt and laid aside his weapon of defence. And twice the harsh sounding steps of those below nerved him anew, and roused him once again to desperate determination. But at length those pleading eyes of liquid truth, that sweet expression of set strength, unmanned him, and caused him, who would have died ten times had he had strength, to give way, and stand like marble, waiting the sure summons to yield up his all.

Still nearer came the tread and louder sounded the rude steps.

A knock, and Mrs. Kairfull fell back senseless on the floor.

"Come in," said Charles, in a husky voice.

They entered and soon filled the dressing room.

"I hold a warrant for Everline, only daughter of Robert Payton." A pause. They looked inquiringly at Charles. He could not refrain a sudden burst of indignation.

"Let me see it first."

"Here it is, sir," said a dough-faced man, with swollen eyes and a long mace.

"Is this the woman?" asked an officer, now lifting the insensible housekeeper, who, in less time than it takes to write, was manacled.

A chance now dawned. While carrying her to jail, Charles could run off with Everline and, possibly, thus rescue her. Though he would rather die than lie; as silence was his own, he spoke not. Everline, now fully realizing her sad situation, sat motionless, and in passive agony.

"Ha! boys!" exclaimed a thick-set voice, from far behind, "you got the wrong 'un. It's her as sits in yon chair!"

Charles started, not at the discovery, but the voice roused memory and with it hatred.

"Seize that man!" he shouted in an overwhelming rage.

"Not yet," said Tweedlehammer. "Gentlemen: it will be necessary also to arrest this young man, as a proper witness of no little consequence."

"What have I done?" asked Charles, in an agony of wild despair, for now all prospects of assisting Everline fled, as he was led toward the doorway.

"What am I arrested for?"

"Seeing too much," answered Mark, exultingly, as he remembered his sore eye, and Albert's blow. "And where's Mountjoy?"

"Oh! he is innocent, gentlemen," replied Everline, with excited manner and manacled white hands.

"How know we that?" asked Mark, the spokesman, though an underling.

"He has not been here for ten days, that I declare; take me and leave this gentleman also. He is not guilty," said pale Everline, now flushing with roused interest.

"Leave that all to us," said the dough-face. And slowly, regularly they departed one by one. With heavy steps they went down stairs; but

heavier were the hearts of two who moved mechanically, the forced prisoners of overwhelming fate.

On reaching the long hall they were detained a moment to permit some new arrivals to pass toward the library.

"My father!" wept out Everline. "Oh! let me see him before I am snatched away!"

"Yes, let her," pleaded Charles.

"But for one moment," answered the head constable, important from his nothingness.

They moved aside; and Everline, in company with Charles, led on by two strong men, now entered the dark dining room.

Old Mr. Payton sat, motionless, in an arm chair. Beside him stood a formidable keeper, awaiting but a mandate, to place him also in confinement.

Everline breathed thickly and, for the first time, tottered; but a moment more and she recovered self-possession, and approached the poor old man. Hearing a confused, quick rustling, Mr. Payton slowly raised his eyes and nodded vacantly.

"Dear father," whispered Everline.

He looked again and lapsed once more indifferently.

"Father! won't you say farewell?" asked

Everline, most earnestly desirous of a parting recognition.

"No! No!" screamed the crazed man.
"And would you murder me?"

"What, I?" asked Everline, in wildest tears of sympathy.

"Oh, no! help! watchman! save me, a poor, decrepid old man. Help—help!" and yelling fiercely, he now pointed at her and warned those around to "beware! beware! beware!" and with a sinister, convulsive, mocking laugh, he turned away in strong abhorrence.

"You see, friends," said Mark Tweedlehammer, "the impression of this murderess on his mind; and though half-crazed he knows enough to tremble in the presence of this perpetrator of the murder."

"Silence, fool!" said Charles, striving to leap on the smiling man. But the firm hold of those who watched him kept restrained his every movement.

"Gentlemen, I am ready!" exclaimed Everline, now braced to suit emergencies, and no longer the child of sorrowing weakness.

"Then let us go," said the fat sheriff, addressing orders to some underlings, who looked important and stared pompously.

They took leave of the household servants,

and Charles, in silent company with Everline and two powerful officers, rode off in a heavy carriage toward the county jail.

"When will this trial come off, friend?" asked Charles, desirous of securing clues for future conduct.

"In some three days," answered one who seemed a little touched by the late scene, and his fair prisoner's most uncommon beauty.

"Are you certain that this lady will be well provided for?"

"As well as any murderess," replied the other grim-faced man, with heartless countenance.

"How dare you call Miss Payton by that name!" exclaimed Charles Tewphunny, ferociously.

"Did not Mark see her draw the dagger from the count's gashed neck? and was not that sufficient evidence?"

"Where's your proof? who saw her thrust it?"

"We don't care for that. Enough remains to convict her or any woman who can play the hypocrite, and pray one day and on the next slay a *rich* man."

"Oh, say no more, James," begged the other officer. "For my part, I believe, though

all seems black, that this young woman is incapable of such a deed."

"So she is," said Charles, "and what is more—"

He would have gone on and plead for her. But his eye caught Everline's.

"Your promise," whispered she.

He sank back feebly, and could say no more.

A silence came with dust and sun. In two short hours they were lodged within a jail!





CHAPTER XLIII.

Chaos was generated first, and then
The broad-bosomed Earth, the ever-stable seat of all
The Immortals that inhabit the snowy peaks of Olympus
And the dark, dim Tartarus in the depths of the wide-wayed earth
And Love, the fairest of the Immortal Gods
Then came vast Heaven bringing night with him
And eager for love brooded around Earth.

HESED, Theogony.

STRANGE the freaks of fortune, and mysterious the pathways of a Providence. The flower's perfume only is collected from its crushed form. Clearest water is distilled by burning purifiers. Nature yields her precious ore to those alone who blast the rock-bound margin, and tear off anew the flooring of a mighty pavement. Noise and din are first required ere the mind appreciates a peaceful meditation. Energy is requisite before repose soothes tired limbs. Mechanically we confess that a result is necessarily the consequence of some exertion. But why must the mind go through

interchanging influences? Why is it deemed necessary for the human heart to suffer, ere the smile of happy gratitude begets blest comfort, and relieves the overtaxed imagination?

Soul, though spiritual, must be dealt with as material; and, while chained to earth, though never killed, is subject to depressing thoughts, sad moments, and a fearful constancy.

Why was it that young Everline was never to be punished quite sufficiently for her poor father's crimes? Why could she not pass through unscathed, reap joy, and raise from sorrowing the helpless parent?

One may answer, "And why not?" Another, that this is merely the ridiculous conclusion of a single man. No law can be thus cited to excuse the plot. But a mere fancy, the desire to rouse the imagination of the youthful world, are sufficient to originate unnatural views, and bring forth the most singular results of falsest reasoning.

Not so, fair reader. Life is varied. One may pass a weary and unmerited existence in pursuits that would bring solace to another's breast. And while ingratitude pervades the heart of him who is thus influenced, a brother, father, or young sister may depress the growing energies of mind, and lead the fancy to unfold its wings.

"The good die young," is true in one sad sense ; but this is not a merely physical misfortune. For the noble, true, and excellent not rarely follow out, by innate instinct, Christian rules. But, with a pent-up feeling and low sinking heart, they frequently move on in the dull rounds of path-like duties. Surely they die young in feeling, and live still. It may prove false at times to lay down theories from the statistics of accumulated and reflected evidences. But it is alone by the experience of conscious rectitude, the promptings of a natural mind, that life is passed amid sad trials, and existence moves the spring of what died early, though the stalk is green.

Charles suffered once, and only once, in that sure, vital, and most delicate locality, the heart of love. No sooner had his mind appreciated the important and undeviating circumstances of his passion, than that principle died out, no more to bud, no longer the director of a zeal. Passion remained, but not the ruler. Thought was portioned, and an inner judgment bared the mind.

Life now was the sad vehicle of duty : not the essence of enjoyment. Neither was it the peculiar province of a fancy ; but a littleness of self. The stayback of ungenial courses ; the

especial system of acquired force. Not spontaneous elements ; but the accumulated power of increasing agencies. A secret spring now usurped the feelings of a conquered mind. Spirit lapsed into forgetful joyousness ; and an artificial pleasantness supplanted all the various thoughts of being, lessening freshness while subduing shade. The memory was good, but present actions now no longer impressed every. The past stood forth, but slightly mellowed by declining youthfulness. The present had no stand point, and the future dawned but feebly, lit up by no promising results. Charles felt the agony of Everline : as for himself that sympathy no longer had a birth. It may seem not credible ; but with such men comes the extinguishing of self-consolation. Even as their joys are forced, so grief for all that now may tend to self-pain is lost, and practical realities alone impress the mind.

With Everline it was far different. Often had she felt the bitter smile of Malfaire's presence. Not unfrequently did press, with heavy weight, upon her mind the sad forebodings of her father's life. But never till this moment had she realized the utter loneliness of life : that cold, clammy atmosphere that throws a clog on each dull round, and weakens energy by every

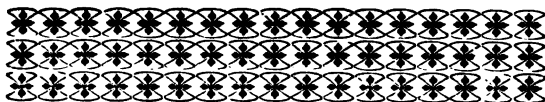
process of depressing character. When sorrowing before, she ever saw the bright, though little lamp of promising success ; and like the tight rope dancer who has one stand point on which to fix his gaze, she looked for aid and found relief. But now that lamp was out. The Albert of her happiness no longer could behold her with his calm, sweet smile. No longer would he find relief in looking up to her bright face. His constancy might be the same. But vain, alas ! her influence. Such were the thoughts that hovered near her soul, and weighed down any feeling of repose. The mind was active, but despair ruled happiness.

Not less to pity was the poor old man, now helpless from bewildered fancies and a startled apprehension. Though no longer in the presence of Malfaire, free to gain strength and restoration from this mental trial, Mr. Payton seemed to lose each moment the more salient powers of a reasoning man. His mind, no longer the possessor of elastic influences, now succumbed to extra pressure, and reacted not with power enough.

No change seemed to renew his thoughts. That nightmare of a villany ; the Spanish, gleaming blade ; the thunder cloud of darksome reasoning, had overpowered his reflection and

unmanned his self-control. At each slight whisper, he cried out. On the approach of any stranger, he shrank back, and slunk away. Sad this dread termination to a saddened life. Most singular that destiny should seek out three such tried creations, and, renewing their severe chastisement, unfit them for an earthly pleasure.





CHAPTER XLIV.

O Good Divinity, Lord of Abydos,
Thou givest fruit-bearing trees of all kinds,
The splendor of the clouds of heaven
And the light of light
To those who pray to
Thee and the leaders of the star-house.
Devote to me, my God, a place of rest.

UHELMANN, TODTENGERRICHT, 18.

ALBERT MOUNTJOY, aided by his faithful valet, Santie Luigo, had procured the necessary requisites for the great ceremony of approaching nuptials. Rich brocades and rarest silks; laces of diminutive reticulation, and a choice collection of uncommon and expensive jewelry, formed the half of his generous presents. With that fulness of the heart, suffused enjoyment, the congenial recognition of accomplished happiness, he entered on his own few plans.

To purchase for himself a new wardrobe, prepare his mother for eventful times, and leave his elegant establishment in proper hands, was

soon accomplished, and left him in five short days—short in business, long in absence—the expectant traveller for his bride.

Having left the depot, and procured an open phaeton, Albert and his mother soon entered the thick forest of the neighborhood, ere many hours to meet faithful Everline, devoted Charles, and the genial father of a careworn character.

“Now, mother,” exclaimed Albert, as they passed by the last toll gate, “is not this real comfort?”

“Surely, my dear son, my heart swells with emotion and deep gratitude.”

“Just see those trees of emerald purity and giant growth; that light and shade beneath the leaves; that velvet lawn.”

“What more, dear boy, could we ask for?”

“Nought, now the heart keeps pace with head.”

“And are you quite as happy and contented as you ever hoped to be?”

“More so, dear mother; for great joys, unlike anticipated suffering, leave impressions of more lasting character.”

“How so? Explain yourself.”

“I mean this: When we look forward to some painful duty, the imagination, being of far more expanding power, pictures to the mind

an aggravated round of tiresome details ; and when the apportioned time arrives, the spirits of a well-formed man are braced beyond necessity. An impetus of cumulative energy bears on the workman, and the end is accomplished ere fatigue pulsates the frame or weakens industry."

"That's very true ; but how with pain ? "

"The same also. Take a man of philosophic temperament, and place before him the exact and faithful operation that is to be borne by him. His mind, from very education, and the delicate formation of each nervous fibre, realizes, with exaggerated agony, the whole painful process. As the surgeon enters on the duty of his profession, the set features of his patient indicate real torment. But, so far beyond the very pain itself is preparation of the mind, that, ere the business is half through, the muscles are relaxed, and freedom from anxiety relieves the sufferer."

"I never thought of that. But, Albert, how is it that you deem happiness ? "

"Just the reverse."

"How so ? "

"Where physical endurance is to be anticipated by the mind, the intellect far leaps the body, and exceeds, in its disturbance, any pain.

But, when the mind is the real subject of discussion : as, for instance, the reunion of congenial lovers ; this, an essence of unfixed, not limited experience, cannot be framed, confined or chained to any law. Then the mere body, man, is not included in the study, but mind is the subject, and mind the apportioned workman. Then it is that no one fully realizes, before time, the agony of separation, or enjoys in silence, the whole pleasure of existence."

"This is rather deep for me, young Socrates."

"Ah, no, dear mother. If you think a little it will be quite plain enough."

"I feel the force of what you say, Albert, but can't readily divide the principle, and free matter from the mind."

"That is not necessary."

"Then let me ask you one more question."

"Certainly."

"How is it that the Germans seek to border all things, and lay bare to view the outlines of philosophy ? "

"That, mother, is their great mistake."

"Explain yourself."

"Why, in the first place, to be brief as possible, we all know that in every one of educated thought the material may be hemmed in, for man's clear study, by plain rules of easy

comprehension. Mathematics, with its sister branches, is the great ruler of the universe. The starry firmament, the planetary system, light and shade, perspective, even color, may with ease be mathematized, and usefully unfolded to the youthful mind. Strange as it may seem to a first beholder, music, the vibration of a legal fancy, is divided and made classically elegant, not by the ear, but through the fractional sensations of enamored thoughts. No science is deemed perfect till arithmetic, geometry, or even the rare calculus, is brought to bear upon its worth, and sift false views from plainest certitudes."

"Well, that is clear enough so far, though it did not occur to me till you had mentioned it."

"You'll find it so as you go deeper."

"Granted. But now, how with mind?"

"Well: having given but a sketch of practical realities, and proved partially, for present purposes, the great facility and benefit of mathematics in the arts polite or subtle sciences, I now will strive to prove what often has seemed plausible to me."

"And what is that?"

"The utter folly of expecting to chain thought."

“Who attempt it ?”

“Germans, and the metaphysical philosophers of modern times.”

“In what way ?”

“They seem to expect mind to be made of tangible proportions ; seek out the main features of the intellect that suit their laws ; clip off exceptions, sketch limited creations, and gaze with becoming dignity on their own mental man, not God’s.”

“Be plainer.”

“A characteristic trait is taken as a type—the first great error ; it is chased and driven, hunted down in fact, and given duties to perform that never were its own, and then, the second error, they draw from rude parallels the probable, nay possible results of certain influences. Deeper still they dive for truth, when it is fast above, not grovelling on earth. They now deprive the human heart of its ambitious principles, place their automaton in higher spheres, and write most fully on the course pursued by habit, instinct, taste, conviction, thinking not that these few traits are just as much from Heaven as the soul’s pure element.”

“Go on ; I think I understand you.”

“Now then, mother, when these thinkers, who seek to unravel the mysterious, endeavor

to account for a creation, how can you expect their thoughts of future to convict the spiritual? Earthly minds led on through their marked course will think as they do. But let independent, childlike, uncontaminated, pristine innocence read their bold thoughts, and clear analysis will betray falsity and unfold ignorance."

"Then you don't believe in the Teuton mind."

"Yes, I do, as far as earthly details are concerned."

"Such as——"

"Astronomy and all the highest branches of a mundane element. But never can I place my future hopes on the self-made religion of creating thinkers. I prefer to read the Bible, from inspired wise men—the blessed agents of a Deity, the great originator of the purest principles!"

"Well, Albert, you are right."

"Without conceit, dear mother, I assure you, that after the perusal of their finest works, for some few months, that perfect whole, the vast entirety of satisfaction, did not glow in my young breast as formerly. I love to look up to religion; not down on it as a map. Those meditators reason from their *own* imagination

with the Deity's—hence their hypotheses must prove false."

"Where did you get these views, my son?"

"From taking nature as a type."

"How so?"

"I looked into the real of life; read works on stones and studied out the vast course of created things; and saw in each existing specimen a unity of purpose, the great oneness of an earthly system. As, for instance, taking man as the best type of perfect build, a circulation caught my eye; I followed it and found the heart. A round of duty began there. It went through every little scheme and then returned to be renewed. I studied botany and found the same—the sap is blood, and leaves the lungs. The vegetable kingdom now completed, I pierced rocks and found analogies that truly stunned by comparison. Shells from the watery deep revealed new lessons, but remained subservient to that oneness of perfecting skill."

"How interesting!"

"But when I sought the spiritual and strove to class minds, extend the border lines of passionate existence; when I sought the termination of one fancy, or endeavored to trace out the extent of a budding thought, the germ seemed of diluvian life; the branches of this

hinted evidence soon ramified to such countless infinity that I lapsed into fatigued vacuity and left the mind to live on earth. How then, when Germans cannot unfold the cause of thought, explain the will, or trace a passion to its source, mere minnows in the mighty deep of spirit life ; how then, I say, can they expect to frame a God, fix man's existence ? Of course reaction follows this extravagance. Instead of seeing God's good purposes, and the blest mark of his design in nature's house, they enter on a polytheism and worship, mentally, the Deity in fragments, for to their mind the Creator lives in all created tangibles."

"Well, Albert, on my word, you have a singular mind."

"Not so, mother ; it may be a singular method of expression. But my mind is not unlike your own—if you would only think."

"I often see in you some of my own unfinished thoughts."

"Well, mother, I have come to this conclusion !"

"What is that ? Tell me."

"Let each student strive to acquire information, even knowledge, without losing youthful thoughts. That is, let every person, of reflective habits, seek to keep untarnished his

heart's mirror, and as crystal his own mind. Let him, then, not strive to paint on this pure camera, with earthly colors, the effect of recognition, but leave thought as pure as ever, and oppress not the clear mind with the surmisings of a morbid intellectuality."





CHAPTER XLV.

The lawless fraud of Ischus, SON OF EILAT (Lot).—PINDAR, *Pyth.* iii. 31.

THEY now neared the Payton grounds. Albert, flushed with excited joy, retained his mother's hand and sought to get the first glimpse of his Everline from the tall cupola of the dark granite tower. But no sight of her rose on his vision. Nothing fearing he looked, gleaming through the silvery foliage, for her slight form and the graceful ambles of her favorite hound. True nature welcomed, but Everline was absent from the paths. Still hopeful, Albert looked up at the windows of each story, yet he found not that he longed for.

As they drove along the gravelled walk, still kept in perfect order; skirted the fish pond, half hidden by low drooping willows, and rolled up the graded slope, a regal feeling crossed their minds and freshened hopeful ecstasy. Strange

is it how a trifle indicates the course of life ; what lesser agents point to error or reveal the painful truth.

As they drew up at the house, the absence of the watchful groom roused Albert's mind, and the torn apron of some little child, now lying on the front door steps, proclaimed to him the absence of a ruling theme.

Hastily springing from the carriage, Albert, half uncertain as to means, ran up the steps and entered the long hall. The tracks of muddy feet dumbed his roused feelings, and the upset chairs, long cloaks, and half opened doors announced the absence of the family.

Hastily giving orders to his valet to search up above, Albert speedily ran through the parlor, but in vain ; now entered the half-lighted dining room to find no servant, butler, or domestic. Wild with suspense he rushed into the library, and stumbled over a low chair. The room was closed, but as he fell his hands touched something soft and cold. In agony he burst the shutters and found both his gloves red-stained with gore.

"Great Heaven ! what is this ?" shrieked he. "Is Everline—my Everline—where is she ? Mother ! Santie—Justice—Charles—agony ! Where is she ?"

Saying this, Albert rushed madly up the stairs, and ran against the solitary tenant of the house.

"Oh ! Mrs. Kairfull, tell me, where is she ?"

A pause ; the woman, in dread fright, had fainted off again.

"Speak out, oh ! speak ! tell all !"

No word was uttered, and the pallid face spoke silently.

"Great Heaven, can I live through this ? A murder ! Murder ! and my hands stained in the blood, perhaps, of Everline, sweet Ever——" He could no longer speak, for on Charles' dressing table he beheld a note directed, in a trembling hand, to him.

In vain he strove to open it, but awkward fingers refused work.

"Mother, read this," shouted Mountjoy—"read it quickly and tell me all !"

The weeping lady, with a tender look, tore open the white envelope and paled, as her hand fell lifeless to her side.

"What is it ?" wildly cried out the distracted lover.

"Be calm, my son."

"Oh, mother, this is too much ! read me that sweet note ; for pity's sake, tell me the truth."

"Albert, it is quite impossible."

"Then hand me it," said Albert, trembling with convulsive grief—"I must know all."

He took the note and held it toward the window. Such it was :

"DEAR ALBERT :

"No—no longer am I worthy of that name. Farewell, forever. Malfaire's dead ; my father crazy, and Charles and myself are now in prison for the murder of the count. Charles is quite innocent. But I bow low and take the blow.

"Think no more of poor, foolish me. My life is short at best or worst. The circumstances of this day must ever separate our hearts. But let—oh ! let me say, ere happiness has wholly flown, that with this separation is my peace. God bless you, if the prayers of such a sinner can be heard. Thus writes abandoned
EVERLINE."

As each word sank, in cutting force, into the breast of him who read, a visible change might be traced through the very outlines of his form. The visage dropped ; the eye sank deeper, freshness wilted, and each muscle shrank. A hollow voice called : "Santie."

Santie stood respectfully awaiting the determination of his master, with unmoved expression.

"How far is the county jail from here?"

"Twenty miles, sir."

"Go to the stable and bring out four of the fastest horses. Harness them to the light carriage, and be quick."

The quiet valet left, and with celerity of knowledge soon returned with champing coursers.

"Mother, angel mother, now my all——"

"Not all."

"Who else?"

"Just God."

"I bow! But, mother, stay here, take some rest, and wait for my return."

"How soon?"

"To-morrow night at farthest you shall hear from me."

"Where are you going, Albert? Tell me, son."

He hesitated.

"Keep not back your purposes, my only comfort. Tell your mother where is now your destination?"

"Jail, mother. Chilly word, and harder thought, a murder——"

"What?"

"A murderess!"

"No, Albert, never."

"No, mother. It is false. But why should she have written so? Why tear anew the bleeding heart, if it be false? Oh, agony!"

"Nay, Albert, what will you do when there?"

"See her; speak to Everline!"

"And comfort her, dear son. If—but I will not credit it—if she is really guilty, it must be the sad result of filial love. This demon Mal-faire must have striven to take off the child, and accident has slain the count."

"It shall all be carefully exposed," cried Albert.

"And will not turn out so badly, dearest son, as you at first suppose."

"Ah, mother, you know not the anguish of my broken heart; the climax of deep suffering——"

"The carriage, sir." And Santie mounted, holding in his hand the reins that checked the fiery movements of the restless horses.

"Mother!"

"Albert!"

"Pray for me."

"I will."

"And Ever—Everline?"

"I have."

"Again, pray, mother!"

"Ever will I, noble son."

"Mother!"

"Albert!"

"Will I see her?"

"Certainly. They cannot refuse you, my son."

"And if they do?"

"Then write to me, and I will see the governor."

"Oh, thank you, mother. What a gift a parent is when trials force back life's reality."

"Charles must be seen first, Albert, lest you agitate poor Everline by too much conversation."

"Enough, dear mother."

"Santie!"

"Yes, sir."

"Drive rapidly—"

A plunge, a rear, a drag, a shy, and off rolled Albert in sad revery.

That night—a night of death—while victims mourned, and the wearied slept; while lovers whispered, and the careworn sought repose; while each plant reclined, in easy comfort, on a bed of dew, and families partook of genial comforts; the dead, clammy, stiffened

body of Count Malfaire lay in the receiving vault of county precincts, quite alone, neglected, chilly, and forgotten. Silence seemed the darkened sentinel of that hollow period. But it was not so. Even as on the desecrated tomb of black-souled Nero lay a rosebud of affection's impulse ; so, in the dank night, and through the gray morning, paced to and fro the figure of a weeping Indian. Perot lived while Malfaire died !





CHAPTER XLVI.

I praise the strong souls of the Pure, that aid all created beings. •

VENDIDAD, Farg. xlx.

ERE many hours, Everline, half fainting from exhaustion, hunger, palsied fear, and black despair, beheld the village whose chief title to respect was "jail." The dread thought coursed through her veins and froze each budding hope as it warmed in her throbbing brain. Why was it that the sky was clear, the sun smiled eloquence, the flowers laughed perfume, and young warblers tuned anew their notes of love? Why did the very trees reflect a hidden beauty, and the far extending lawns flush health as she drove by? Strange is it, that as the innate peculiarities of saddened souls die out, in contrast with abandoned happiness springs forth the holiday of nature's growth. Had it now stormed, wrapt in her own deep meditations, Ever-

line would not have noticed the foul elements, nor would she have missed joy. Her very sorrow would have met half way congenial ruin. Each thunder cloud would find companionship in her wet tears ; and every groan of earth's strong heavings, recognized in the thick sobs of grief a something similar.

In days gone by, young Everline had passed this jail with little thought. Its quiet frown could not cause heaviness or weigh the mind. A building of exaggerated roominess and freckled face, but snarled as any cur, causing additional relief when out of sight. But now each door showed rusty locks. The hinges seemed too heavy for an easy movement, and the atmosphere, though clear before, now hovered in thick folds of smoke, as though collected sighs without had sought communion with emotions chained within.

A bald, scant yard now grated as the horses walked. The sheriff looked unshaven and half drowsy ; even the geranium on the window sill no longer bloomed as her own ones ; but, covered with half rotten leaves, revealed an earthwork of dry and neglected potting. Charles sat in motionless despair : despair for others than himself—not the abandoned hopelessness of him who feels his own career is at an end ;

but that dull, dant, exhalating, heart-crushed sympathy for those we cannot warn or shield.

To him, though far more careful usually in keen observation than Miss Payton, the stone building seemed as void. He saw not porters, watchmen, dogs, nor prisoners. To his paralyzed affection Everline alone was visible. That Everline whom he had pictured free from gloom, increasing daily in pure bliss, and ever ready to meet his sad countenance with cheerful smiles, now sat facing him, a pale refuse of fixed destiny !

Does life pay on such occasions ? Can the essence of a future happiness, unmarred by any contretemps, give compensation for one hour of such wilting of life's thoughts ? It may change character ; bring forth a better man ; reverse conditions, and save thankless creatures. But, no ; never can that down upon the peach of life return. No more may unalloyed ambition soar aloft. Impossible is it for freest converse to find an unsullied essence in the constant and reflective feeling.

" Everline," said Charles.

" What now ? "

" I will give bail for my appearance, and then strive for your acquittal."

" Thank you, friend ; but mind your promise."

"What ! not to reveal your innocence ? " he whispered, in distracted energy.

"Just so."

"Oh, Everline ! Take back that promise. I can't live through this."

"You must."

"And would you even—"

"Say no more."

"But—"

"Do you not remember your last promise, not to urge me to a speech upon the subject ? "

"I do ; alas ! I do."

"What then ? "

"I say no more."

The door now opened and the two were separated, after one long faithful pressure of the hand, one sad farewell. Charles pleaded volumes in that look. Everline lost self, and whispered in exulting tones, "But father's saved."

"And you lost ! .Never shall it be."

"Hush, Charles ! What is more sacred than sweet life ? "

"Oh ! Why, then, Everline, did you reveal the truth to me ? "

"I had a reason."

"Why thus lacerate a chained companion ? "

"You know, dear friend, as well as I, the motive of my conduct."

"Well so far, Everline; but now your father's out of his mind, no danger could harm him."

"Why not?" she asked, in eager tones.

"They never hang a lunatic."

"But then the clammy prison, Charles."

"They would not place him here."

"Where then?"

"In some asylum where he now must go, though you remain here as his seeming substitute."

"But, Charles, that awful man, Mark Tweedlehammer, is a witness that will crush me."

"Ah! yes," said Charles. "That is awful. But give not wholly up, dear friend; we will pray, trust, and wait."

"We will."





CHAPTER XLVII.

All generation proceeds from a corruption.—

LIVRES HERMETIQUES; EGYPT, 189.

MARK TWEEDLEHAMMER, having failed in his rash scheme of capturing Everline, when felled by Albert, had met with such vituperative abuse from Malfaire that he retired from an outside action. But, possessing every principle of perseverance, he watched each opportunity to either have revenge on the indignant count, or, gaining ground, once more, by a destructive coup d'état, succeed in winning Everline for his own purposes, and thereby punish all around.

Up to the night of Malfaire's death, he had tracked him with curious stealth, now hiding in rude homeless huts ; now shielded by a darkened night, and now disguised beneath a beggar's dirty cloak.

That night, as Malfaire stood before the

crazed old man, Mark peered through the open casement and, as Malfaire dropped, the father screamed and Everline rushed in ; he comprehended all the benefit to be derived, and rushed, in haste, to the near village that arrests might punish enemies.

His maddest hopes far more succeeded than the present moment had revealed. Not only was the old man mad ; not only had the count been slain : but Everline would soon fall low, be "broken in," and Charles, the fierce, was wretched in the extreme. Albert, also—how Mark chuckled—would withdraw his suit, and this fair damsel, having sunk to his own level, "could no longer repel such a promising result as his own hand, provided he procured release."

But low minds, half worn out by lust, drink, and sprees ; half muddy by the coarsest life, see not the error of excited judgment, and miss often what they most desire. Mark, having calculated on success, had not bethought of richest bail.

Charles soon, by counsel and enormous bonds, freed himself : and the first step now taken by him was the speedy and effectual incarceration of this very man, whose testimony had done much to ruin his own prospects.

Now as Mark's purse was lighter than his

head, a residence in prison chained his mind and changed the tenor of his thoughts.

Charles' next step was to find young Take-well, M. D., Mr. Mildbury, and the indefatigable Trip. The ablest lawyer was secured, and all the plans and statements carefully exposed to view. No longer was the time to be postponed. The trial was to come off the next Monday morning, and an interest pervaded every circle that had once known Everline.

"Could it be?" asked one poor creature of a fashionable heart.

"Well, you know, Minna, what I always said," replied a thin, flat woman with eye-glasses.

"What was that?"

"Those very good, young people are not to be trusted overmuch."

"My dear," spoke out the husband, "how can you discuss what you have not even heard yet."

"That makes no difference, Henry."

"There is always in the human heart a something that reveals the truth."

"Well, what of that?"

"I never liked Miss Payton."

"Why not?"

"Well, I can't exactly tell."

"I can," said a sly old bachelor.

"Why, what is it, then?"

"Contrast, Amy, contrast."

"Contrast, what? speak plainer, man."

"Your lesser beauty, and her greater excellence."

"What nonsense," said Miss Wharpit.

"It was her affected manner; that most irritating gentleness. Her very smile made me always crawl."

"How so?"

"Why she never laughed outright."

"How can you say so?" said her brother.

"Amy! I am really astonished. That ringing laugh was her best feature."

"Not at all! I don't call an artificial trill pure laughter."

"Well, what else have you to say?"

"Hundreds more," replied a thin-necked sister of a pimply age.

"Name two, dear Jane."

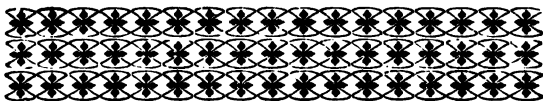
"Why, in the first place, she was terribly conscious; and secondly, it always makes me mad to listen to a small voice from a well-made woman."

"Few persons enjoy the warwhoops that you favor us with, Amy," cried her brother.

"Friends," said an old gentleman, "you

may mean nothing. But it grieves me to hear those of her own age decry the virtues of one so angelic as Miss Payton. Time, nay, a few days, will reveal all. They say her father's mind is softening ; and with coming judgment an increased desire to say something, cheers her friends. A few short weeks will expose truth and lay bare villany."





CHAPTER XLVIII.

And Lukos guided the course of the maritime horses,
Conducting the car of his Father. NONNUS, xxiii., 125.

ALBERT MOUNTJOY, far exceeding in his rapid thoughts the movement of the trotting horses, pictured to his now sad heart the wreck of hopes so long kept off from his accomplished love. Schooled to a self-control surpassing others in its practicality, he ever had looked forward to a period when all sadness would leave freshened spirit to a closer commune with the woman of his choice. That time had once arrived. No gloom weighed down his happiness, while interchanging loving speeches with Miss Payton, when they walked in peaceful joy through groves of beauty, and mingled gentle thoughts with softened zephyrs, freighted with the incense of distilling flowers.

Oh, the luxury of that short month ! The ecstasy of perfect joy.

But now, alas ! each fabric formed by swelling hearts had broken down before a murder's law. Each fancy, shaped in purest innocence, had vanished from the legal convicts. And, in place of coming vows, soon sealed upon the altar of congenial bonds, a cold, chilly and unnatural trembling froze his mind, convulsed his frame, and palsied the uprising of determined sacrifice.

Was he to seek for another model of this rare original ? Could he not, in other climes, perhaps, find out some one the exact type for which he lived ? No. Impossible was such a thought. He crushed the proposition, and sought only to cheer on the fleeting moments of a coming destiny. In the dead calm of wild despair he stood before the clumsy jail. As each knock sounded his arrival, a knell tolled the exit of bright futures. Patiently did he await the turnkey's step. No hurry urged him on to ended pleasure. Till he saw pale Everline, a something still remained of former self. Remembrances of her sweet face still hovered near his anxious mind. The echo of her girlish laugh yet thrilled his feeble frame with glows. But one more step, and Everline, the bruised reed, the child of blackest villany, the prisoner of illusive fate ; Everline, the fading floweret of a realized sensation, would stand forth the

immolated essence of a wilted sermon. O now, death, where is thy sting? Cold grave, what victory canst thou now claim if that young man departed with a wish, and left, in sad repentance, the deep melancholy that awaits his young heart's blood?

But not so with a Mountjoy. He had entered on the course of a true love. Now nearing happiness one moment, exultation had claimed him as party to enjoyment. And though changeable had been, experience, still noble feelings kept within prescribed realities the lover of decaying views; the grieved companion of a limited existence.

Entering a darkened room, whose smoky, dingy, clammy atmosphere repulsed the mind, he stood alone, nor moved till roused by the chill, grating sound of creaking bolts. A low sigh bursting from a heavy breath called him to present suffering. He looked up. In gradual slothfulness the dazzling light grew on his eyes. The corners of the low room frowned upon him, and, ere many moments, he beheld in outline the black dress of one he trembled to address.

"Who comes to see a murderess?" now hissed from parching lips.

"No one," faltered Albert. "But a sinner,

of unnumbered crimes, is here to cheer his Everline ; the pure and innocent, abused Everline, whom he has never ceased to love."

" Oh ! Albert, leave me to my fate."

" Stay, dearest," gasped he, now approaching her with tottering step. " Stay, love, and shrink not from me ! Think not I believe all that I hear. But, Everline, that note—speak, love—that note ? "

" What note ? " she muttered in subduing accents.

" The one you wrote to me."

" Yes ! What of it ? "

" Is it true ? Oh, let me once look into those clear eyes, and verify my own distrust of what you penned."

Albert took her icy hands in his, and with one deep, intense, and loving gaze, found nought but truth ; experienced that glow of reciprocity, and fell in the delirium of joyous ecstasy.

Now nerved to cheer whom she had never hoped to see again, Everline sat down upon a low bench, and resting his exhausted head upon her lap, played with his curls, and coaxed tears, the safety valve of woman's heart, the solace of a dried-up soul, the nervine of an injured life. They flowed, till with a pent-up overflowing, she wept brilliant crystals, sweet-

ened life, and eased a weighed-down mind with genial anguish, now no longer burning in.

It were easy to describe the movements of an intricate machine ; most proper would be the recital of acquired knowledge ; but to reveal the silent moments of congenial souls ; to lay bare sentences of hottest love ; unfold the axioms of heart words, or expose to view the aphorisms of melodious murmurings, would be to descend from exalted thought, and dwell amid the practical. As soon would we exchange the tokens of parental love for dross-like paper, as exhibit for the public gaze these delicate, waif-like fibres of the lover's brain, that form and break, vibrate and chime in loving sympathy with the heart of honest intent. No. Let each one, of healthy education, place herself in a similar situation. Let her pause before this picture, and in evening stillness, or beneath the twilight shade, there meditate on past experience, and look forward to a zenith of surpassing bliss.



CHAPTER XLIX.

One of you is Lord and sacred ruler; and he who is called Mithra summons men to exertion.—VASISTHA.

WE will not detain our fair reader with a recital of a prison life. It were too dull to state the trials of a cell existence. Leigh Hunt was enabled, by an innate poetry, superior friends, and the birthplace of one blest child, to spread o'er his long sojourn poetry and facts. Picciola is the rare embodiment of what real genius may produce. A Pickwick, jailed, is the sure consequence of master intellects. A Pelico may, from apportioned duties, find the depth of prisoned silence, and unfold the misery of a protracted mind. A Trenck, from the very desperation of a pent-up soul, is capable of evincing quaintest talent, and betraying a deep principle. But for us to go through the dullest rounds of hectic solitude; detail the dry crust,

cold, stale water, fevered thought, and saddened lives of those within, is not our purpose. It is of the mind, not body, we would speak. A curious experiment we must admit. But nevertheless, as thus commenced, so we move on, though it be with the printer and our humble selves alone.

No sooner had Albert finished his long converse with Miss Payton than he returned home and sent his ever faithful valet to remain, in close disguise, a watchman of each movement, and the careful spy of every circumstance.

Nothing, as yet, had occurred beyond the daily rounds of passive life. Mr. Payton, freed from the excitement of surrounding scenes, at length grew calm; and, with increasing strength, came reasoning faculties. In a few days his mind returned at intervals. And during the short period of active thought, his hints and words so roused his keeper's mind that a delay was put upon the trial, and reports grew up, in hasty words, that Everline was innocent.

At length, so rapidly did the old man recover, when once he had fully realized Count Malfaire's death, that in one month from his first failing, he rallied so far as to be enabled to expose the true character of the mysterious murder; free his daughter from protracted

agonies ; and now reclining, once more, in his own fine house, he waited for the morning's sun to greet his daughter and her faithful fiancé.

Everline had received from devoted Santie, the news that the next evening she would be reclaimed by those who loved her, and permitted to enjoy the peaceful pleasure of returning bliss. This roused the woman in her breast. Fresh bows of promise once more shed bright prospects on her far horizon, and the welcome notes of "Home, sweet home" lulled her to rest, and quieted loud thoughts. No more was Charles the saddened knight ; his head erect, front dignified, and in company with Santie, as outriders, they led on the way, as Albert drove out from the precincts of this gloomy town, once more in company with his now happy Everline.

Can poet paint, in colors of sufficient brilliancy, the happiness of those blest two ? Can sage philosopher dwell, with becoming zeal, on the vast unity of thought that pervaded, with intensity, the hearts of those young lovers as, with the luscious tints of rainbow life, they wrapt themselves within a silver cloud and dealt in commune with unmingled joy ?

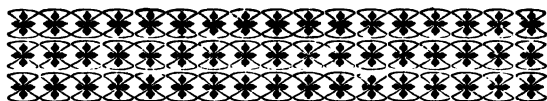
Is there not sufficient material, of ripe promise, for the artist who portrays, in mental quietude, the stalwart friend, Charles Tew-

phunny, calmly riding by the family coach, that contains two precious souls of lasting worth ; and the silent, thoughtful, but never abstracted countenance of Santie, who sits as part of horse, while the shades of evening dull vision and silence conversation ? Was it nothing that a father stood out on the porch, awaiting, in roused and parental love, the joyous arrival of those he deemed best, worthiest of his aged love ?

And now as nature beats responsive murmurs to the heart's own thrill, and insects sing, in innocence, the goodness of the Deity ; while one and all of the exulting stars review God's work, and shine forth in ambitious excellence ; while lulling stillness strikes the chord of sympathy, Albert and young Everline, with hands clasped by those of equal worth, think love and breathe affection.

Oh ! how few such moments in a man's existence ! As from a million rosebuds one sweet essence is pressed out, so from a lifetime is the single hour of a purified enjoyment.

Did man seek holy precepts and a moral in each sigh of pain, a better heart would warm each thought. Let woman, also, bear in mind that it is only when we look away from the bright sun that shadows are perceived !



CHAPTER L.

Where pleasure and joy is,
Where delight and enchantment reign,
Where all desires are fulfilled—
O there let me immortal be!—SONG OF KACJAPA.

NEVER had the moon luxuriated, with its luscious fancies, in more beauteous pallor. Never did the silver glades breathe forth such pure and wholesome essences to a weary traveller. Not in their brief, though eventful lives, had nature laid bare to view the nightly innocence of her most modest flowers with such generous warmth. When sunset shuts out from the poet's view the widening prospect of ambitious clouds ; and darkness, hand in hand with coming stillness, chills the mind of him who sits in calm philosophy ; cold thoughts are wont to force themselves into the eager breast ; and a checked feeling usually dulls activity, while closing in the passions of a meditative in-

telleet. But not so was that evening. Seldom do the three great elements of real existence join in unison with one another, and free mind from matter by a healthy pensiveness. The body in full ease ; the brain cool and in fond congeniality with nature's heart. Such rare occurrences, by their far distant visitings, bring comfort, solace, ecstasy ; and when, with these ingredients, we find companions of a spotless happiness, now setting out once more unshackled by annoying trials—free as air, no more to be oppressed—the mind is now unable to describe a greater benefit or fix the limit of a rational enjoyment.

That still warmth of nightly respiration, coming from the very lungs of choicest plants, wafts zephyrs of a distilled sweetness, and soothes by a gentleness of a surpassing benefit. On such occasions passive life is joy sufficient. Quietude extends to each new fibre formed within the frame. Repose dwells silently amid a bed of tufted, cushioned thoughts ; and the peace of honored hearts, with imperceptible effulgence, glows through the resting limbs of that most fortunate creation, who may be permitted, negatively, to exist. Oh ! who would not give hours of unceasing labor ; the blood sweat of most fatiguing exercise ; the rapid

exit of exhausted brainwork ; and the youthful moments of a hundred holidays, to have prepared the mind and body for an epicurean evening with the stars and flowerets of a Tieck's imagination ?

Then only inspiration revels in abandoned freedom, and thought eloquently usurps fashion. Proud realities soon vanish from the regal splendor of a tinted zenith. Incense, that sure test of holy purity, surrounds the spotless maiden ; and a very birthright, coming with a rapid brilliancy from trackless regions, spreads a canopy about the earthly fabric and exults in the ambrosial splendor of a beatific wholesomeness. Even as one lives five times as fast when breathing purest oxygen ; so, under such a phase, the lofty inhalations, of unequalled bliss, unfold a world in briefest periods, and condense the exquisite sensations of enamored thoughts into instantaneous dewdrops of a crystal world.

The inner being of fair Everline found sweet response to such feelings in the breast of Mountjoy. No marring sorrow now beclouded their bright prospects ; no dull future varied the excelling gladness of their peculiar happiness. No hungry moments, of an unaccomplished perfectness, yearned from their well-fed minds. The past now faded, as a curtain of

the softest moonbeams played between the present ; and, with imperceptible exteriors, surrounded them with all the wavelets of mosaic melody. To speak was to rouse matter and dissolve the vast entirety of satisfaction. Words could no more carry the sure evidence of their emotions, than the horse car bear the pilgrim to the fairy grottos of cerulean life. No ! silence reigned and with a swelling harmony they entered hidden mysteries.





CHAPTER LI.

MENTAL CODA.

J udicii fuerit enim signum, terra madebit.
E cœlo veniet Princeps per sæcla futura.
S cilicet, ut carnem præsens, et judicet orbem.
O mnis homo hunc fidusque Deum, infidusque videbit,
U na cum sanctis Excelestium sine sub ævi,
Σ αρκοφόρον. Ψυχὰς ἀνθρώπων βήματι κρινεῖ.

ERUTHRAEA SIBYLLA.

A REVERY coursed through their frames and fondled, with a gentle toying, the rich energy of latent exultation. Dreams swayed the plastic mind and, with them, in an atmosphere of spirit dew the cloudless regions rolled back falsity and revealed truth. Now came, in the attire of simplicity's sweet offspring, the fresh blushes of a modest love-birth ; cooing homage and expressing charity in spotless rayments. Come anew the rarest evidences of concealed humanity, clothed in the cobwebs of a silken virtue. Come once more, in passive silence,

the emotions of a filial sacrifice ; no longer chained to earth's dull rounds, but mounting in exalted purity, the throne of rapturous rewards. Merge forth the constancy of minor loneliness, just shaded by the breathings of a hinted imagery. And now again, in reverent attitude, the darkened rufflings of defeated schemes give way before a rolling truth, and vanish as the starlit innocence blots out a black, and crowns immortality. A sulphur moment is put out, and soon choked down by holy thoughts. Temptation soars above earth's strength, and wars with mammon in success. The victory of powerful strainings rushes on in whirlwind strife ; a bow—a bend ; a shiver and a thought flash in the saddening future world. But, in sequestered avarice, a foul fiend tears anew the bleeding wounds of soured life. Oh ! agony in shortest space ; a pent up throe, and crushed out atoms, yielding to unmannered demons. Threatening vice proclaims a battle, and the waif-like menials burst rude caves, and lash on desperately lagging fiends. A brimstone moment flashes sacrifices and derision mocks at truth. Sepulchral ghosts hug madness with a scrawny power. Bones leave flesh and crimp the vitals. Hags suck blood and mash fresh game. A yawning chasm laps pale agony and

lunatics grasp, clutch and stagger under frenzied influences.

Blacker still grows darkness ; soggy is the mind. Bright leaps forth a fiery moment and exults in strangest shrieks. Intense come clouds, thick clotted thoughts. Dank truth, wet, weedy, crowds down hope's own daughter. Seething fall the soul's white clothes ; and bared eternity gapes forth, a fragmentary evidence. No halves ! Come all ! A hollow moment, and, in dingy shallowness, crack go life strings, mixed truths and foulsome odors. Sweet night thoughts force rough passages through reeling minds ; and dragging in misshapen tortures, limp the broken ties of groaning truth.

Back stagger dungeons ! Vamp the flame with hill tops of volcanic ashes. Sour, stale, sad silence sears sardonic Samsons. Crush hope, stamp villany, sway sorrow, and o'erleap the heaviest evidences of unknown existence. Dash on, power of satanic life ! crawl truth, not yet forever ended in the mind !

Approach, ye phantoms of a sin-stained soul ! pierce hope, drown happiness, move on in savage terror till the cold knife betray a victim and unscathe a thought ! Oh ! ye powers of unhallowed frenzy, bind still faster each

young victim ! crunch out feelings of an honorable breast ! exhaust the once angelic spirit of an even mind ! splay intellect and cross the half-grown beard ! Now dive, ye elfins, from unnatural caverns, and bring forth, from welling tears, the heart's emotions of a measured breath. Flap wings of hybrids, magic sorrows, widening as ye force a passage, and sink sloughing into daggard hearts, half mad with care.

Now pause, rude fancy ; grasp the helm ; collapse in revery and o'erdo the mind. A palsied company, of frozen struggles, gleam through pallid darkness, and dart deep ferocity from whispered threats. Gone, now, is hope. Gone happiness. Lost the appreciative faculty of pleasure ; cancelled the sure source both beneficial and official. Now come as aids the diseased wailings of unlettered wishes ; broken and dismembered cries of languishing distress. Snapped is the nerve of sight ; now throbbing every muscle of decaying fancy. Madness, come on to claim victims ! Seal thy votaries with spice and cloves ! Hushed forever are the sights of gloom. Still remains that hollow thought. Truth, now, in shrunken essence, pressed out from the remnants of a cauterized emotion. Truth, spanning with a finger's breadth the prospects of success, in calm, cold sweaty des-

peration. Truth no longer young—but gray, bald, semi-paralyzed. Truth hemmed in by vile, ungainly precepts and necessitous conviction. Truth the embodiment of soul-like attributes, the chipped off spark of deified existence, still remains and like the calm still voice proclaims, while life exists, Hope is not lost.

And now anew urged on by slipping destiny, still crazed by fancied certainty, the spirit fiend once more strives to enact a penal code ; once more to free itself of fading chance. A yell, a healthy, lung-like shriek of bold defiance, calls up the asphodels to frantic speed. Mind yet falls back on matter for an earthly aid. In such distress the tangible is only to be now employed. A piercing cry of utter loneliness betakes itself, in lazy ripples, far beyond the sleepy Styx. In circlets come forth thoughts of smoky anger. Somersaults, of diving demons, weld the air and earth. A cloudy zenith, of condemned realities, mounts to scale thought. What chance is there for speedy death ? Cannot annihilation free the corporal from lasting torment,? Not so this fiat. A sure mandate has gone forth to cripple health, crimp pure integrity ; and now on dead, scalding bones, sit pyramids of sour life, exhaled from bursting

imageries, and counted up for venal choice. This spell of sorrow wields a mighty wand of strength. Blood, poison, the dread touch of clammy death befouls the mind and compasses the injured boast. A discipline of hungry wishes, and the body of unlookedfor passions gallop through the course of quiet walks, while energy, self love, abandoned principles, low boiling precepts, disabused creations, hover over, in a gloomy silence, and give vent to painful yawns of sallow truth. Now metaphysics, what have ye to say to this? The subtlety of chemical psychology yet creeps along in serpent coils; and, hissing through a frightened camp, low calls for troops of fevered frames. The damp chill of an angered black; the soured tones of increased rage; the false, sandy snap of dulled imagination, rob reason and exhale a gaseous thought.

In vain does power, from below, strive to emerge from this lone swamp. Quite useless is the struggle of a one-limbed mind. Effectual is the clay spirit that clogs fancy and delays the growth of positive identity. Of no avail may be the signals of a cautious soul, now eager for delivery from cogwheeled thoughts. The spring of curious propensities no longer blooms. But coming storms and lap-mouthed thunder,

sobbing rain and hail of lead, force in a way through swollen eyes, while hopelessness remains in haggard thought. Once more the bond fiend, luscious in his wide success, gnaws into the half echoed truth. Once more a dying throe of deep, convulsive groans betrays a hidden life. And while the enemy advance, still call the bats and flits a sparrow. * * *

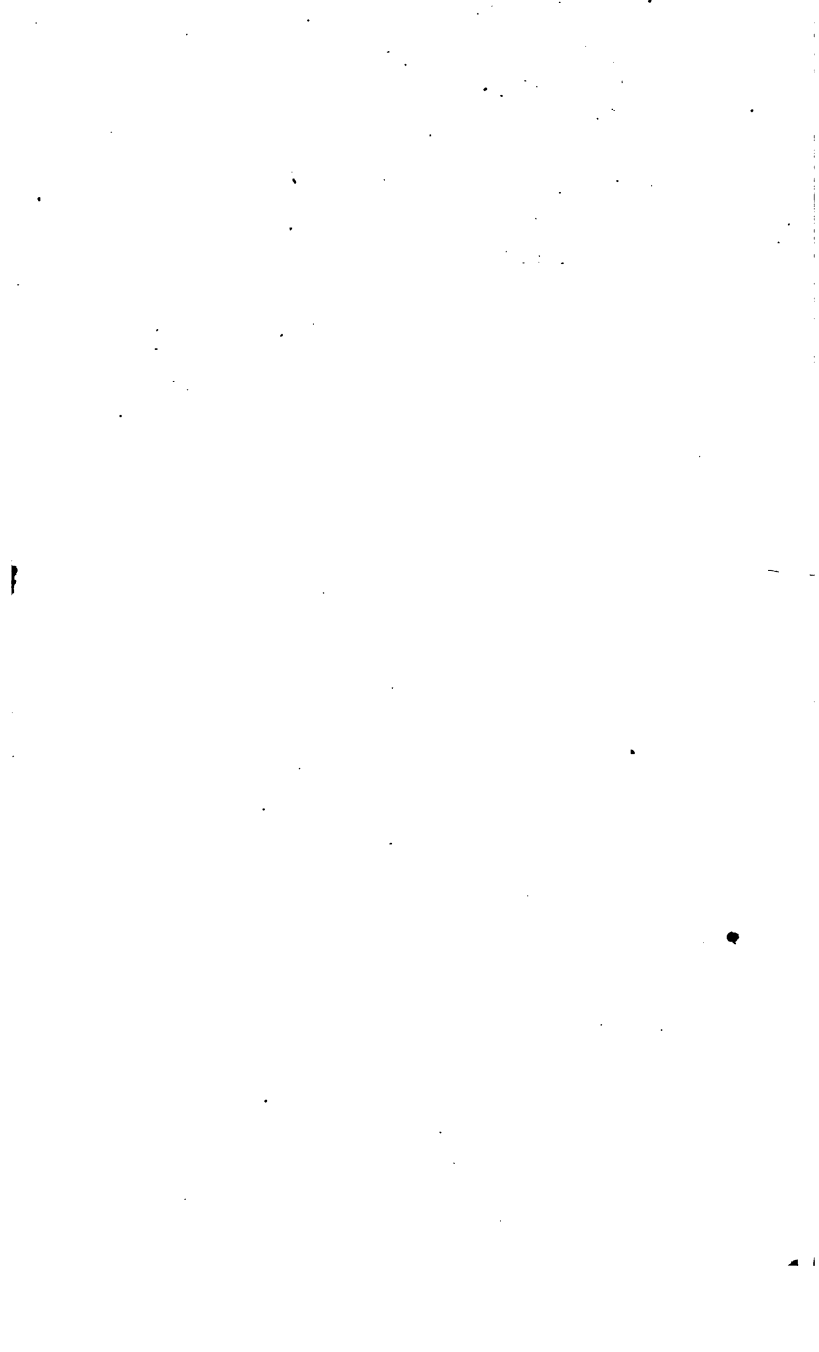
A pause ; a hush ; the calm of ended trials is arrived. Rolled back, the curtain is once more placed on the past. A zephyr could easily display its powers, so enraptured is the quiet mind on the beatitudes of freshened ecstasy. No more can fiends betray a principle or dull the soul. No more may the pure essence of integrity be lost to earthly vision. No more are the exhausting actions of a spirit world to cry. One form is saved ; one soul redeemed.

And the soothing spirits of celestial growth, surrounded by a nectared effigy ; supported on each side by a titanic menial, is the car of truth, that germ of life. Now cleansed of dross, and freed from the contaminating agencies of demon growths, sits freedom of the mind. As agents to draw on the vehicle of state, the swans of filial devotion, and lasting piety, move zealously and in graceful beauty.

Incense, that all-powerful assistant to the nerves of thought, the residue of holy aspiration from an innocent, now fills the air, breathes forth purity, and joins in commune with the spherul music. Harmony pervades each movement, and an undercurrent of sequestered holiness now lulls the mind and frames new prospects for a special test. The heart is right. Prayers, from the lips of saddened spirits, hover to and fro till some apportioned duty claims their aid. The essence of a stainless life soon permeates, in golden flakes, the hearts of two awe-stricken gazers. And, as each new scene unfolds itself, the destiny of lettered minds exults in glory, and breathes freedom with the stirring element.

Oh ! prophets, priests, and kings, be ye the witnesses of purity and truth. Be ye the rich propounders of a principle.

Let one and all look up to God ; betray no virtue, and live peacefully till called away ; still meditating on that sure embodiment of pure sensations : EVERLINE.



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